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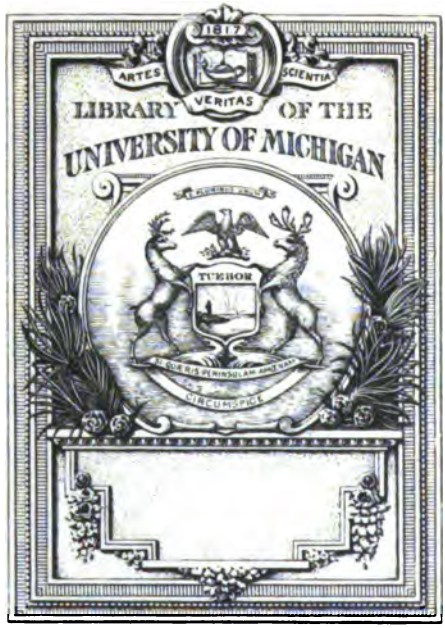
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THE

WORKS

OF THE

Right Reverend, Learned and Pious

Thomas Ken, D.D.

Late Lord Biſhop of

BATH and *WELLS.*

VOL. IV.

CONTAINING

Preparatives for DEATH.
Pſyche and *Sion.*
Urania: Or, *The Spouſe's-Garden.*
Dameret, Thyrſil, and *Dorilla*: Or, *Chaſte Love deſcrib'd.*

LONDON:
Printed for *John Wyat*, at the *Roſe* in St. *Paul's* Church-yard, MDCCXXI.

English
Hebber
11-22-40
40964

ΕΥΘΑΝΑΣΙΑ

OR,

Preparatives for Death.

Rev. xiv, 13.

Bleſſed are the Dead that die in the Lord.

Aduco by the Winter of his Age,
Warn'd from the World himſelf to diſengage,
Fix'd on his latter End his ghoſtly Eyes,
The King of Terrors to familiariſe,
And chooſing Conſcience for his heav'n-ward Guide,
To ſing of Death his future Thoughts apply'd.

The MISER.

I Saw this Day a Miſer Old,
Receive and Count a Bag of Gold,

His Spectacles he clear'd,
And on his Noſtrils rear'd,
Then mov'd his Table tow'rds the Light,
To gain an unobſtructed Sight;

The Pieces one by one he took,
And fix'd on either ſide his Look,
The Edge he ſearch'd with Care,
To find Deficience there,
Next to the Touch-ſtone it apply'd,
And by the current Standard try'd:

Then reach'd his Balance nicely made,
Which ſmalleſt Things minutely weigh'd;
The Piece which paſs'd his view,
Into the Scale he threw,
Accounting what he muſt abate
For ev'ry Atom ſhort of Weight.

Soon from the Wretch I turn'd away,
Idolater of ſhining Clay,
But Conſcience me here check'd,
And chid my Self-neglect,
She back me on a ſudden drew,
My Obſervation to renew.

You, Conſcience ſaid, that wretch deſpiſe,
Who yet may teach you to be Wiſe;
He with a Mind full bent,
On his own Gain intent,

His ſhort-liv'd Riches tells and weighs;
You thus ſhould number all your Days.

Bleſs'd *Jeſus* warn'd, that here below
Miſers would in their Conduct ſhew,
More zeal for ſhort-liv'd Toys,
Than Saints for endleſs Joys:
If Saints and Miſers we compare,
The Worldly-minded wiſeſt are.

All Love be to the Love divine,
Which on my Conſcience deign'd to ſhine,
And from an Object vile,
My Soul to unbeguile,
A clear Conviction thence to dart
Into my inconſid'rate Heart.

O Madneſs to the laſt Degree!
That all Man's Life ſhould ſquander'd be,
Things worthleſs to purſue,
Which he'll for ever rue!
Had half that Care on Heav'n been drain'd,
It wou'd eternal Bliſs have gain'd.

My Conſcience then my Thought improv'd,
And me to think of Judgment mov'd,
When ev'ry Act, Word, Thought,
To God's Tribunal brought,
The Searcher of our Hearts will try,
More nicely than the Miſer's Eye.

On my paſt Time I then reflect,
Deploring ſadly my Neglect:
Vaſt Treaſure I had heap'd,
And ſhou'd at Death have reap'd,
Had I the Minutes, as they roll'd,
Heeded, as that vile Wretch his Gold.

In Vanity I ſpent my Prime,
In Age I waſted precious Time,
Time which I ſhould employ
To purchaſe endleſs Joy,
Time which when once away it flies
I never, never can repriſe.
I nothing ſhou'd too dear eſteem,
My heedleſs Minutes to redeem;
O that I had the power,
To live a Year each Hour
That I might 'ere I breath'd my laſt,
Retrieve my Idle Minutes paſt!

NOW.

THE paſs'd can be no more,
Whoſe miſemploying I deplore;
The Future is to me,
An abſolute Uncertainty:
The Now, which will not with me ſtay,
Within a Second flies away.

On the ſhort N o w s, God ſends,
My everlaſting State depends,
And ſhou'd I but this N o w,
To cultivate my Soul allow,
Short as it is, 'twou'd me prepare,
To be of Bliſs eternal Heir.

I oft made ſolemn Vows
To conſecrate to God my N o w s,
This N o w, I wou'd begin,
But worldly Thoughts came rushing in,
Then I the Next, and next deſign'd,
When the next came, I chang'd my Mind.

I by Experience found,
The more I to the World gave Ground,
The leſs my Soul won'd heed
The N o w s, God for my good decreed:
When Sin was up to Habit wrought,
Of N o w, I rarely had a Thought.

I heard God often ſay,
N o w, of Salvation is the Day,
But turn'd from Heav'n my View,
I ſtill had ſomething elſe to doe;
Till God a Dream inſtructive ſent,
To warn me timely to repent.

Methought, Death with his Dart,
Had mortally transfix'd my Heart,

And Devils round about,
To ſeiſe my Spirit flying out,
Cry'd, Now of which you took no Care,
Is turn'd to *Never*, and *Deſpair*.

I gave a ſudden Start,
And wak'd with *Never* in my Heart:
Sad *Never* rais'd my Dread,
But when I found my ſelf not Dead,
A thouſand Thanks to God I paid,
That my ſad *Never* was delay'd.

Never, the dol'rous Cry,
Of Souls who in hot *Tophet* fry,
Eternally in Hell,
They *Never*, *Never*, *Never*, yell,
With God they *Never* can have Peace
Their Torments *Never*, never ceaſe.

Still I that *Never* felt,
Never upon my Spirit dwelt;
Never I oft repeat,
Which makes infernal Woes compleat.
The damn'd might on ſome hope preſume,
But that ſad *Never* is their Doom.

While *Never* on my Breaſt,
Was thus convincingly impreſt;
Now I began to weep,
Confeſs'd my Sins with ſorrow deep;

Now,

Now, I was from the World eſtrang'd,
Now happily my Soul was chang'd.

I felt the Force of Now
To which all Difficulties bow;
Shou'd we God's Nows embrace,
His Opportunities of Grace
Bring ſuch ſweet mighty Aids, that they
Work Wonders, when we them obey.

In our terreſtial State,
For Opportunities we wait,
We its kind Movements trace,
And run with eaſe a well-tim'd Race.
God's Gracious Nows continuous are,
Heav'n always opens to our Pray'r.

I then my Vows renew'd,
I wou'd no Heav'nly Now elude:
Sad *Never* I'll not fear,
From Now to *Now to* Heav'n I'll ſteer;
My Final Now will happieſt be,
Abſorb'd in Bleſs'd Eternity.

DAYS NUMBERED.

GOD a Command upon me lays,
Rightly to number all my Days,
Of all paſt, preſent, and to come,
To caſt the Sum,

That

That Gracious God may be obey'd,
I call *Arithmetick* to Aid,
The Sum, to which they all amount,
I ſtrive to count.

But ſoon as I begin to caſt,
The number of my Days now paſs'd,
All look like an evanid Dream,
All Cyphers ſeem.

My Now when I minutely weigh,
'Tis but a Moment, not a Day,
My Future is to all unknown,
But God alone.

I then *Arithmetick* ſuſpect,
And on the paſs'd again reflect,
To number not by Days but Sins,
My Soul begins.

When I thus calculate my Years,
Each guilty Day an Age appears,
Time tedious is which we miſpend
God to offend.

My Sins to ſuch vaſt Numbers ſwell,
Which no *Arithmetick* can tell;
Their Multitude, which has no Bounds,
My Soul confounds.

My

My Cyphers I to Figures change,
And in a Total fain wou'd range;
But when I reſurvey the Score,
I ſtill find more.

And yet a Sum much greater lies
Hid from my intellectual Eyes,
Of Sins forgot whoſe Guilt remains,
And Crimſon ſtains.

Lord, in thy Book they are enroll'd,
O might I there the Sum behold,
That I the Debt immenſe may know
Which there I owe.

With Fountains, Lord, ſupply my Head,
A Wave for ev'ry Sin I'd ſhed,
I'd ſtrive to pay the full in Tear,
My Debt to clear.

But ſhou'd the Streams which from me flow,
Up to a new *Atlantick* grow,
'Twou'd not the Obligations pay
Of but one Day.

The Blood of dying God alone,
Can for my vaſt Arrears atone;
His Merits far my Sins exceed,
Them, Lord, I plead.

Accept

Accept my Plea, and when that's done,
While I my future Race ſhall run,
I'll not by Sins, but Duties rate,
My future State.

I'll ev'ry Morn my Vows renew,
I'll God retain all Day in View,
My Conſcience Court in me ſhall keep,
Before I ſleep.

Conſcience, you made me firſt awake,
Due Care to keep me waking take,
Mind me of Duty, ſteer my Will,
And guard from Ill.

My paſt loſt Moments I diſclaim,
My preſent ſhall at Duty aim,
And all my future as they glide,
To Heav'n I'll guide.

I then no more the Fool ſhall act,
Or Friendſhip with the World contract,
Or ſquander precious Time, to gain
Eternal Pain.

But duly numb'ring all my Days,
I ſhall a Stock of Wiſdom raiſe,
And from the Hours I well employ,
Reap endleſs Joy.

CON-

CONSCIENCE.

THY glorious Throne is, Lord, on High,
Beyond the Reach of Mortal Eye,
But thy Vicegerent we all know,
Is here below.

To Conſcience Thou in ev'ry Mind
Thy Deputation haſt aſſign'd,
And Conſcience who are all ſincere
Next thee revere.

Lord, on the Ark form'd to enſhrine,
Two Tables of thy Law Divine,
Thou 'twixt the Cherubs didſt diſplay
Thy gracious Ray.

Thou humane Soul for Ark haſt choſe,
In which Thy ſacred Laws repoſe,
There Conſcience ſheds with Splendour bright
Vicarious Light.

I grieve, my God, when I reflect,
On treating Conſcience with Neglect;
Neglect to thy Sub-regent's Throne
Affronts thy own.

Great God, Thou art my Judge, my Guide,
My Witneſs, when I fall, or ſlide,

My

My Regiſter each Beam, each Mote,
Each Hour to note.

My juſt Remembrancer to keep,
The Memory of Sins which ſleep,
My Monitour to point at Snare,
And rouſe my Care.

My Conſcience is all this to me,
Lord! following that, I follow Thee;
It guides my Way, it wakes my Fear,
When Danger's near.

In Conſcience I recorded read,
Each ſinful Thought, and Word, and Deed,
When ſearcht minutely it recalls,
Forgotten falls.

It is my Judge, and when I die,
Dooms me to ſink, or mount on high;
God will the Sentence fix at laſt
Which Conſcience paſt.

Urim, and *Thummim*, on each Breaſt
Is for our Oracle impreſt.
By its Reſponſes Souls to guide,
And Doubts decide.

Conſcience thy Throne I'll re-erect,
All that's within me to inſpect;

How

How from God's holy Laws I ſwerve,
Do thou obſerve.

All my paſt Sins, with Time, Place, Kind,
Continuance, Number, call to Mind;
Each Paſſion, each Propenſion vain,
Each thought arraign.

All my Omiſſions ſuperviſe,
And to what Guilt they all ariſe,
To my own ſelf my Vileneſs ſhew,
Incurring Woe.

Mind me of Death and Doom ſevere,
'Till Shame, Confuſion, Dread, and Fear,
Together from my Spirit ſtart,
And break my Heart.

My Heart, when broken with a Senſe
Of its offending Love immenſe,
Shall bleed 'till God ſhall pity take,
For *Jeſus*' ſake.

When God a-new my Heart ſhall mould,
And quite annihilate the Old,
You, faithful Conſcience, I adjure,
To keep it pure.

At your Tribunal in my Soul,
Each Motion of my Love enroll,

And to your Judgment ev'ry Night
The Lover cite.

Shou'd my Love wane, your Care ne'er ceaſe,
'Till it returns to the Encreaſe;
That Love may at God's Bar appear,
From Outrage clear.

Tyrants, you Saints with Tortures kill,
But can't inflict a Conſcience ill;
Juſt Vengeance that reſerves for you,
Your Portion due.

Mild are the Martyrs Racks and Wheels,
Compar'd to what ill Conſcience feels,
To that Exceſs no Horrours ſwell
On this ſide Hell.

The Worm which an ill Conſcience breeds,
A thouſand Scorpion's Stings exceeds;
'Tis of all Woes the Damn'd ſuſtain
The ſov'raign Pain.

Had Hell for Wretches damn'd no Fire,
No Brimſtone Lake, no Tortures dire,
Hell is in Conſcience when defil'd,
From Heaven exil'd.

Conſcience whene'er it is ſerene,
From all Pollution wilfull, clean,

Of

Of Joys has Prelibations ſweet,
In Heav'n compleat.

Of Death it will be free from dread,
And at God's Throne erect its Head.
God reconcil'd with Joy will eye,
And rapt'rous dye.

All praiſe to God who to controul
The Helm plac'd Conſcience in my Soul,
It in the Heav'n-ward courſe will ſteer
Will never veer.

To me, ſaid Conſcience, ſince your Soul you truſt,
I'll to my Charge, taught by God's Law, be juſt,
And with aſſiduous Tenderneſs ſuggeſt
Preparatives to your eternal reſt;
Learn then to ſpend your fleeting Minutes well,
And my Suggeſtions never to repel.

Time to be improv'd.

WHat the Bleſs'd Son of *Amos* told
Good *Hezekiah*, I grow old,
My age inculcates ev'ry Day,
Obſerve your crazy mould'ring Clay,
Of all your worldly Cares diſpoſe,
For you of Life are near the Cloſe.

The pious King wept, mourn'd and pray'd,
Three Luſtres God his Death delay'd,

And to ſupport his Faith divine,
Indulg'd him an illuſtrious Sign;
The Shadow ten Degrees turn'd back,
Re-meaſuring its diurnal Track.

My God ſhou'd I a Sign implore,
I ſhou'd be ready to ask more,
That thou woud'ſt a Permiſſion give,
That Life miſpent I might re-live;
In hope to live my new Life o're,
To mend what was amiſs before.

But, Lord, I fear my treacherous Will
Wou'd live re-acting the like Ill;
I'll rather to thy goodneſs fly,
Which can, what I have loſt ſupply,
And teach me to retrieve my Prime,
By husbanding reſiduous Time.

Three Luſtres more to ſinful Days
My Guilt wou'd infinitely raiſe;
Rather my God, 'tis my Deſire,
Of Love ſuch Ardours to acquire,
That I may the Love-off'rings pay,
Of three whole Luſtres ev'ry Day.

Though, Lord, in my declining Age,
I in thy Vineyard Work engage,
Do thou in me ſuch Zeal create,
That though my Work began ſo late,

In

In one elev'nth Hour it equal may
Thoſe who have labour'd all the Day.

Thy Talent, Lord, plac'd in my truſt,
By my Neglect contracted Ruſt;
May it now Gain ten Talents more,
And daily multiply my Store,
'Till of good Works whene'er I die,
I may rich Treaſure have on High.

May I no more my Hours miſpend,
On which my Hopes of Heav'n depend;
I'll part with all I have, to buy
The Field where Heav'nly Treaſures lie;
And I the goodly Pearl to gain,
Shall think my Blood not ſpent in vain.

My Sins are many, and the Score
By Aggravations is much more:
O I have long hard Work to do,
My Sins with Sorrow to review;
My Soul for Judgment to prepare,
O I no Minute have to ſpare.

Alms Lib'ral, Faſting, Hymn and Tear,
Aſſiduous keeping Conſcience clear,
Writ Sacred, Meditation, Pray'r,
Shou'd daily be my ſov'raign Care,
I on my Knees ſhou'd chiefly dwell;
And from my Thought the World expel.

What Hours to ſpare from theſe remain,
My Calling juſtly ſhou'd obtain;
Tow'rds Heav'n I Day by Day muſt ſtrive,
Nearer and nearer to arrive,
That Death when he my Fleſh ſhall ſeiſe,
May find me fix'd upon my Knees.

And from my Knees my Soul I'll raiſe,
Tranſcending Pray'r to endleſs Praiſe:
No time I there ſhall miſemploy,
No time is in eternal Joy.
My Knees, at the great Day of Doom,
To meet my Judge I ſhall reſume.

Your Vow Baptiſmal, Conſcience ſaid, renew,
Its Violations with ſad tears review;
'Tis that you in Church Militant enroll'd,
'Tis that exalts to the Triumphant Fold,
Wear Jeſus Yoke, which you will eaſy find,
'Twill prove a Sabbatiſing to your Mind.

Vow Baptiſmal.

BLeſs'd Hour! when I was Born again,
And cleans'd from either Guilt or Stain;
I then adorn'd with Chriſt's dear Name,
To Chriſt-like Bliſs had Chriſt-like Claim;
My ſelf in the Baptiſmal wave,
An Holocauſt to God I gave.

The

The Heav'n-born Love which me then fir'd,
Shou'd have to Native Heav'n aſpir'd;
But woe is me my Pondus turn'd,
And with ſtrange Fire my Off'ring burn'd,
A ſenſual Miſt eclips'd my Mind,
My Will from God to Sin declin'd.

I when at Font a New-born Child,
Great God, my God, my Father ſtyl'd;
But ſoon as Filial Love and Dread
From my degenerate Soul were fled,
I felt my Sins Companion, Shame,
I durſt not uſe that gracious Name.

While Shame yet in my Soul remain'd,
Tears ſoon might have my Steps regain'd;
Shame for Preſervative decreed,
That Chriſtians might from Filth be freed,
Hell is of Souls but half poſſeſs'd,
While Shame lurks in the Sinners Breaſt.

But when my Spirit Shame eras'd,
And hard'ned was to Sin bare-fac'd,
'Tis from that Moment I muſt date,
My Provocation of God's Hate;
I Conſcience damp'd, my Heart grew Stone,
And *Satan* claim'd me for his own.

My Vow of Duty which I made,
I to God's Adverſary paid,
And a vile Slavery endur'd,
To Hell, World, Luſt, which I abjur'd;
Renouncing Joys of Heav'nly Bliſs,
For Torments in the Dark Abyſs.

An indelib'rate Thought aroſe,
Of Death and everlaſting Woes,
Can I at Judgment-Day appear,
And, Go ye Curſed, fearleſs hear?
I fain wou d have the Thought ſuppreſs'd,
But ſtill it ſtir'd, and gave no reſt.

Since pure *Philanthropy* Divine,
Did not to Duty me incline,
It pleas'd God Horrours to inſtill,
Which ſhould deter my Soul from ill;
Yet from ſoft Love thoſe Terrours came,
At once to frighten and enflame.

From Holy Fear Love Filial grew,
Made me Baptiſmal Vow renew:
Let Heav'n and Earth my Vow atteſt,
And hymn God's Love which me thus bleſs'd.
Lord, keep alive my Chriſtian Flame,
With Chriſt-like Love, and Chriſt-like Aim.

Baptiſmal Unction.

UNction the Chriſtian Name implies,
In that a Chriſtian's Safety lies:
The Holy Ghoſt on Jeſus Head
Unmeaſurable Graces ſhed;
His Unction's influential Force,
Of all his Actions ſteer'd the Courſe.

Chriſtians, who Chriſt's Anointed are,
In his Celeſtial Unction ſhare;
The Spirit templing in their Hearts,
His All-ſufficient Aid imparts;
The Chriſtian feels no Wants, no Fears,
By Unction who to Chriſt adheres.

Perſons and Things, to God apply'd,
Were by Anointing ſanctify'd;
To turn them to a Wordly Uſe,
Was Sacrilegious Abuſe.
Chriſtians, when they to Sin decline,
Loſe Unction, and their Name Divine.

When *Pagan* Tyrants Scepters ſway'd,
The Chriſtian Name a Crime was made;
But Chriſtians glory'd in that Style,
They heard the *Infidels* revile;
Chriſtians in Tortures dire Effort,
Felt from their Name ſtrong ſweet Support.

As od'rous Ointment pour'd on Sores,
Diffuſes kindly through the Pores,
Enlivens, Supples, Heals, and Chears,
By gentle Force the Cure endears;
The Chriſtians thus their Unction find
Cures all Diſeaſes of the Mind.

O may I with a Faith unfeign'd,
Preſerve my Chriſtian Name unſtain'd!
To Copy Chriſt, O may I ſtrive,
From whom, I that dear Name derive!
And die when Death ſhall me Arreſt,
A Chriſtian with Chriſt's Unction Bleſt.

Chriſt's Yoke eaſy.

AS through the Town my Courſe I ſteer'd,
I various Lamentations heard;
At each Lamenter I ſtood ſtill,
And noted his peculiar Ill.

I heard ſome doleſully Complain,
Of Miſery, of Diſeaſe, of Pain;
I pitied ſome with Want diſtreſs'd,
And others cruelly oppreſs'd.

Of Death ſome had a ghaſtly Sight,
I ſaw them trembling at the Fright;

On

On ſome the Fears of Judgment ſeis'd,
With Horrours hard to be appeas'd:

Others againſt the World inveigh'd,
Which though it mighty Offers made,
Was Falſe, Afflicting, Tranſient, Vain,
And led to everlaſting Bane:

In ſad Deſpair ſome Wretches groan'd;
Impending Vengeance ſome bemoan'd;
Some for their Turpitude had Shame,
And Terrors of infernal Flame:

Theſe grop'd for Truth with darken'd Mind,
Thoſe to no Rule their Wills cou'd bind;
Theſe ſtrong Antarctick Paſſions rack'd,
Infernal Legions thoſe attack'd.

I heard them all with Grief diſcloſe,
Not their Tranſgreſſions, but their Woes;
All heavy laden, or enſlav'd,
Eaſe, rather than Gods Pardon, crav'd.

My Eye of Faith Bleſs'd *Jeſus* ſaw
Near to each Soul in anguiſh draw;
With ſoft Benignity to all,
He utter'd this endearing Call.

Come unto me, ye Spirits griev'd,
By me your Woes ſhall be reliev'd;

I'm

I'm Meek and Lowly, learn of me,
I'll ſet you from all Anguiſh free.

The Call was gracious and brought Aid,
That it by all might be obey'd;
And none with that ſweet Call comply'd,
But inſtantly their Tears were dry'd:

Yet Men of a Lethargick Mind
Deſpis'd the Bliſs for them deſign'd;
They courted Sin, and madly choſe
To aggravate their penal Woes.

Had they obey'd dear *Jeſus* Voice,
And made their Happineſs their Choice,
One Healthy Minute more would pleaſe,
Than num'rous Ages of Diſeaſe.

O! wou'd unthinking Mortals poize
The ſenſual with Celeſtial Joys.
They then wou'd wilfull Sins deplore,
And firmly vow to Sin no more.

Since I, when call'd, to *Jeſus* ran,
In his kind Arms my Joys began;
Each Step I in Repentance trod,
I more enamour'd grew of God.

My Pray'rs Meek, lovely *Jeſus* heard,
Sin was by Abſolution clear'd,

No

No Joys below the Joys on high,
Can with the Joys of Pardon vie.

Since that, with Zeal I Souls beſpoke,
To take on them Bleſs'd *Jeſus* Yoke:
O! I with Pleaſure have it worn,
Than Sin, much eaſier to be born.

An humble Soul is ſtill at Eaſe,
No Heights can the Ambitious pleaſe;
Alms-giving lighter far appears.
Than an Oppreſſour's inward Fears.

Sobriety more glads the Soul,
Than Vomits in which Drunkards roll;
The Glutton ſurfeits at his Meals,
The Temp'rate kind Refreſhment feels:

Pure Chaſtity excells in Guſt,
The Calentures of baneful Luſt;
Sloth lives expos'd to furious Hell,
The Watchful fiery Darts repell.

The envious their own Souls torment,
Bleſs'd Charity creates Content;
'Tis Predamnation to deſpair,
'Tis Bliſs to truſt God's tender Care.

Anger's an Harricane inbred,
Meekneſs, a Calm in Heart and Head;

Revenge,

Revenge of War runs all the Ills,
Forgiveneſs Sweets of Peace inſtills:

Rebellion an whole Realm annoys,
Subjection beſt ſecures our Joys;
Self-Love inſatiate ſtill remains,
God's Love full Satisfaction gains.

All Yea and Nay more nat'ral deem,
Than horrid Oaths which God blaſpheme;
To be ſincere, than Act a Part,
A Single, than divided Heart.

A Converſation courteous, ſweet,
Than Temper ſowre, and peeviſh Heat;
A Competence, and moderate Mind,
Than Av'rice to no Bounds confin'd:

An inoffenſive quiet Life,
Than Jealouſy and Cauſeleſs Striſe;
A Juſtice to each rightful Claim,
Than of a Cheat the Guilt and Shame.

The Damn'd in Hell ſhall moſt be pain'd,
To think they greater Woes ſuſtain'd,
To get Damnation, than the Bleſs'd
E'er ſuffer'd for Eternal Reſt.

The Wicked like the troubled Sea,
Are ne'er from Storms of Conſcience free;

They

They outrage God's All-ſeeing Eye,
Till they the Devil's Martyrs die.

Ill Conſcience moſt outragious grows,
When on Death-Beds they ſeek Repoſe;
Shrieking, Deſpairing, they expire,
Ingulfing in infernal Fire.

To Souls I *Jeſus'* Call explain,
A Proſelyte yet rarely gain:
Men patent Truth here diſbeliev'd,
And, till in Hell, live undeceiv'd.

Lord, Thy light Burthen may I bear,
Thy eaſy Yoke for ever wear;
Keep ſtill a Meek and lowly Heart,
Till I at Death take heav'nward Start.

All Praiſe to Thee, who mad'ſt the Way,
Eaſy to everlaſting Day:
I, Lord, to follow thee intend,
Till I, like thee, to Bliſs aſcend.

SABBATISM.

TO a Seventh Day God *Jews* reſtrain'd,
For Joy, Reſt, Praiſe Ordain'd;
But ſince the happy Hour,
Bleſs'd *Jeſus* roſe by his own Pow'r,

He

He reſting from his Pains,
Perpetual *Sabbath* to his Saints remains.

Dear *Jeſus* gives to Vot'ries Reſt,
Which nothing can moleſt;
Nor Sin, nor troublous Care,
For Sin and Grief coeval were,
From both He ſets us free
That Evangelick Age might *Sabbath* be.

Sabbatick Dawn, a Prieſt of Old,
By Sound of Trumpet told,
You when the Cock ſhall crow,
Will then, my Soul, your *Sabbath* know,
And at the Morning Ray,
Devote to God your whole *Sabbatick* Day.

Saints Reſt on daily *Sabbaths* take,
And their own Works forſake;
Our wilfull Sins alone,
Are Works we truly call our own;
Such ſervile Works, as theſe,
Diſturb of Conſcience the *Sabbatick* Eaſe.

All Works which Callings juſt enjoin,
Conſiſt with Reſt Divine,
Sloth from our Spirits chace,
Make each Man uſeful in his Place,
Maintain with God Converſe,
When they Ejaculations interſperſe.

Each

Each Day *Sabbatick* Duty claims,
Each has *Sabbatick* Aims;
Devotion to attend,
Heav'n in the Cloſet to aſcend,
And at all Hours Opportune,
In God's own Houſe to worſhip God Triune.

On all the Works to fix our Thought,
By mighty Goodneſs wrought;
But chiefly to remind,
The Love of *Jeſus* unconfin'd,
That Love of Loves to ſing
Of *Sabbath*'s ghoſtly and eternal Spring.

God's Book with humble Hearts to read,
Prepar'd for Heav'nly Seed,
With an attentive Ear,
Celeſtial Truths diſplay'd to hear,
With Saints to hold Diſcourſe,
Of mutual Light and Conſolation's Source.

All who in Mind or Body grieve,
With Pity to relieve,
Like Angels of pure Light,
To live of God in awfull Sight,
In Hymn to ſpend effort,
And by warm Pray'rs, Souls Heav'nwards to tranſport.

On

On God to re-transfuſe the Mind,
And live with Will reſign'd,
Pleas'd only with God's Choice,
In all God's Orders to rejoice,
To bear a filial ſmart,
With a ſerene and unrepining Heart.

With Men to keep a Temper mild,
To live God's tender Child;
When Death ſhall you releaſe,
To die with God at perfect Peace,
And long tow'rds Heav'n to riſe.
'Tis by theſe Acts Saints daily *Sabbatiſe.*

Hell with a fierce Confed'rate Rage,
Will 'gainſt our Peace engage;
But God is our retreat;
Hell Powers we by his Aids defeat,
On God our Souls repoſe,
And *Sabbatiſe* while fighting with our Foes.

Our Dangers us ſhou'd Watchful keep,
Shou'd hinder Ghoſtly Sleep,
Our Frailties Pray'r excite,
For Succours from unbounded Might,
Such Succours which ne'er fail,
In Spirit, Hope, *Sabbatick* to prevail.

By ghoſtly Wars we here ſuſtain,
We Peace internal gain,

To

To Victory inur'd.
Our Glory is the more ſecur'd
With the more zeal we fly;
To endleſs *Sabbath* undiſturb'd on High.

Caduco walking out to take the Air,
Led by unſeen yet providential Care,
Came where his Ear was with a Paſt'ral charm'd,
Which the Great King of Terrours quite diſarm'd.

THEODORE and *ROSELLA*, *On the Shortneſs of LIFE.*

Theo. Where had you thoſe ſweet Flow'rs, *Roſella*, ſay.
Ro. O *Theodore*, I pick'd them by the Way.
Theo. The Plains around us, no ſuch Beauties yield.
Ro. They in a Garden grew, not in a Field.
You of our great Man's Garden know the Fame,
And as I tow'rds you with our Dinner came,
I ſaw it open, and my greedy Eye
Stood at the Door its Beauties to deſcry,
When a kind Maid, who of the Flow'rs took Care,
Invited me to take the Garden Air;
I ent'ring walk'd about with ſtrange Delight,
Had of all Curioſities a Sight:
At parting, ſhe her Neighbour to endear,
Gave me the Flow'rs and Fruits which I have here.

A thouſand Thanks I paid her, and made haſte,
That you, my Love, may of my Dainties taſte;
I of the Flow'rs will two ſweet Noſegays make,
And my Dear *Theodore* his Choice ſhall take.
Theo. We'll eat the Fruit for Banquet to our Meal,
But what is that you in your Hand Conceal?
Ro. It is the prettieſt Creature ever bred
In Garden, or that browſe d on Flow'ry Bed.
Theo. Shew it; *Ro.* I dare not, it away will fly,
And I ſhall looſe the Darling of my Eye.
Theo. You looſe it now, while hidden from your View,
As much, Fond Girl, as if away it flew.
Ro. My Heart miſgives me. *Theo.* Open by Degrees,
On ſome one Limb I'll to ſecure it ſeize;
Ro. O touch it gently; *Theo.* I have got the Wing,
You without Fear your Fingers may uncling.
Ro. This Beautious Fly which I have hither brought,
Amidſt the Flow'rs I in the Garden caught;
Know you its Name? Ah! make you no Reply,
Know you its Name, I ſay? Ah can a Fly
Give you this ſudden, and this ſtrange Surprize,
Ah that I e'er expos'd it to your Eyes!
Why, *Theodore*, thus ſolemn? O your Tears,
Run trickling down, this ſtill more ſtrange appears,
My Dear I cannot weeping ſee, but I
Muſt fall a Weeping too, yet know not why.
If for *Roſella* Paſſion you retain,
Say, *Theodore*, what thus creates you Pain?
Ah! ſhall this little Fly my Rival be:
You fix'd on that, have no regard for me.

Theo.

Theo. O with what Wiſdom are all Things deſign'd,
Man of his God and latter End to mind!
Duty and Death is by all Creatures taught,
Tho' Earthly, they raiſe Heav'nly minded Thought:
God makes the *Ant* to heedleſs Man a Guide,
For Heav'n to teach him timely to provide;
This Fly God's Goodneſs to inſtruct me ſends,
O may I learn the Leſſon God intends!

Ro. I little thought, Dear *Theodore*, that I
Brought you a Preacher, when I brought a Fly.

Theo. You have for me and for *Roſella* too;
The ſame it teaches me, it teaches you.

Ro. What *Theodore* eſteems a Teacher fit,
To that *Roſella* gladly will ſubmit;
But tell me what, and how this Fly can teach:
To me 'tis Myſt'ry, and beyond my Reach.

Theo. Once more, my Dear, the amiable Mold
Of this ſtupendous little Thing behold;
The Lillies which Great *Solomon* outvy,
Are far leſs Glorious than this little Fly;
The great Creator's Power and Wiſdom ſhine,
Concenter'd in this Miniature Divine;
Bright various colour'd Rays his Wings adorn,
He of the Garden is the Sov'raign born,
He o'er the Beds, Trees, Buſhes takes his Range,
And for his Pleaſure can his Region change;
Now with ſpread Wings the pliant Air he ſweeps;
Then on his Legs he on the Surface creeps:
He perches on ſweet Plants, ſucks od'rous Flow'rs;
Enjoys the Sun, retreats to ſhady Bow'rs,

Abundance, Beauty, Freedom and Delight,
In full Perfection all in him unite;
He's with the World at Peace, provokes no Foe,
Thrice happy Creature did his Bliſs he know!
Ro. The Sight to you is pleaſant I perceive,
Why on a ſudden did I ſee you grieve?
Theo. This little Creature I no ſooner ey'd,
But I the Draught of Humane Life eſpy'd,
'Twas that firſt made me ſolemn, and the Thought,
Flew heav'nward with Ejaculations fraught; Light,
Ro. Tell me your Thought, my Dear, from the ſame
My Soul may take to Heav'n like vig'rous Flight.
Theo. This Fly, my Love, you ſee ſo Briſk and Gay,
Never lives longer than a ſingle Day;
'Tis therefore ſtyl'd a Day-Fly, and in this,
Learn the evanid State of Earthly Bliſs;
Man's Life is narrow'd to much ſhorter Date,
Expos'd each Moment to untimely Fate.
Ro. Now I perceive, my Deareſt, that the Fly,
May of a Preacher well the Place ſupply.
The. In Bliſs, my Love, none here that Fly tranſcend,
Born in a Paradiſe his Life to ſpend,
To die on ſome ſweet Flow'r, and in its Womb
To lie Embalm'd and have its od'rous Tomb:
If you with ſinfull Men ſuch Flies compare,
They of the two on Earth much Happier are,
They Paradiſe enjoy which we have Loſt,
They have full Eaſe, we to and fro are toſs'd;
Our Life Vexatious, Tranſient is, and Vain,
And ev'ry Morning we renew our Pain:

The

The World we ſhou'd renounce, we moſt admire,
All things in our Eternal Bane conſpire;
By Poys'nous Errour and Converſe miſled,
Of Death and Judgment in perpetual Dread,
Congenial Guilt up with our Stature grows,
Accumulating everlaſting Woes.
Did but a New-born Infant fully know,
The wretched Life he is to undergo?
He at his Birth wou'd rather Bliſs begin,
Than run the Hazard of one wilful Sin;
Or of this Fly he'd chooſe the ſhort-liv'd Age,
And as the Sun withdraws forſake the Stage,
The Humane Butter-flies of either Sex,
Who with their gawdy Dreſs themſelves perplex,
Live but a Day, though flutt'ring many Years:
Life on the Death-bed like one Day appears.
This Earthly Life *Roſella* then deſpiſe,
And to the Life Supernal lift your Eyes.

Ro. Though Life is troublous, yet upon the Plains
We Shepherds wont to ſing Celeſtial Strains,
Far from the Wicked noiſy World remote,
More freely may our ſelves to God devote;
If we leſs Joy, we yet leſs Sorrow have,
And paſs with greater Quiet to the Grave.
I happy am in *Theodore* alone,
Enjoying *Theodore*, I envy none,

Theo. I, Dear, am happy equally in thee,
But yet our Plains are not from Troubles free;
The Tempter here lays many baneful Snares,
And of Temptations Shepherds have their Shares.

Ro,

Ro. Dear *Theodore*, O tell me how we beſt
With Trouble and Temptation may conteſt.
Theo. We like the Fly muſt from the World retreat,
And wiſely manage our ſhort vital Heat;
What is our Life but a repeated Day?
We quickly paſs our Noon, and waſte away,
We daily the like ghoſtly Dangers meet,
We the ſame Duties ev'ry Day repeat:
Strive that this Day may yeſterday out-doe,
Of Virtue nobler Heights each Day purſue;
God to the preſent Day our View confin'd,
Wou'd have us for the Future live reſign'd;
Taught us to pray for only daily Bread,
And truſt on him to be to morrow Fed.
Lord, daily Bread, but Love perpetual give,
Without thy Love we can no Minute live;
We'll to the preſent Day our Cares conſign,
And live in Rev'rence of the Eye Divine:
We may our Flocks aſſiduouſly inſpect,
With Minds to Heav'n habitually erect;
Each Day we from the World as looſe ſhou'd ſit,
As if aſſur'd the World at Night to quit:
Accounts with Heav'n we'll daily even keep,
Shou'd the laſt Trump ſurprize us in our Sleep;
But Death can truly ſudden be to none,
Who by Repentance daily God atone:
We'll live God's Children, and to God reſign'd,
A Brother and a Siſter to Mankind,
We'll to our Fly give Freedom that he may,
Live his Age o'er with Happineſs to Day;

He with his Lot was in the Garden pleas'd,
'Till you the well-contented Creature seis'd;
From him each Day we'll learn to live Content,
Upon the daily Manna God has sent;
With Thanks to God we'll now our Meal begin,
Sweet is the Meal, which is not sow'rd by Sin;
Sweet is the Meal, which wasted Strength recruits,
That God may of our Vigour have the Fruits;
Sweet is the Meal, when, as our Body's fed,
Our Spirit hungers for supernal Bread;
This Day to future Days shall be the Plan,
We'll ev'ry Day do all the Good we can:
By God's sweet Aid no Minutes we'll mispend,
On these Time-drops eternal Joys depend.
A thousand Years to God is but a Day,
Eternity of Love feels no Decay.
We'll strive to imitate our God above,
And live each Day a thousand Years of Love.

Conscience then to enforce th' Impressions strong,
Made on *Caduco* by the Past'ral Song,
Suggested that his Thought a while should dwell
On transient Life, Death, Judgment, Heaven and Hell.
They the Incentives are of Hope and Fear,
To fright from Sin, and Duty to endear.

LIFE.

O Life, what art Thou? oft I try,
To Paint thee to my ghoſtly Eye;
I all evanid Things ſurvey,
But them when I againſt thee weigh,
A Vapour, Flow'r, a Sleep, a Dream,
Preponderating turn the Beam.

A Vapour 'ere diſſolv'd in Air,
A Flower 'ere ceaſing to look fair,
A Sleep, a Dream, 'ere they expire,
Some ſhort Duration ſtill require;
But Life fleets rather than abides,
Away in half a Second ſlides.

Methinks when Death I call to mind,
Life might be eaſily defin'd;
Death's a Privation of our all,
Life then we ſhou'd Fruition call;
Yet nothing we to Life allow,
But the Fruition of this Now.

Thought Life infers; to Duſt we ſink
That Moment when we ceaſe to think:
From Thought to Thought my Life runs on,
'Tis irretrieveably ſoon gone:
Thought, 'ere I can enjoy it, flies,
'Till a new Thought freſh Life ſupplies.

O Fool, of ſhort-liv'd Goods poſſeſs'd,
In meer Incertainties to reſt,
From your full Barns and Bags of Gold,
To Dream of ſlowly growing Old;
Can you bribe Death with all your Store,
To reſpite you one Moment more?

Ah! who can this ſhort Life enſure,
That it beyond this Thought ſhall dure?
Of Millions Death the End has wrought,
Juſt in the Middle of a Thought.
This Life of mine each Moment lies
In Danger of a like Surpriſe.

Surpriſe! Ah me that Word I dread,
To drop down on a ſudden Dead,
And be by Fiends to Judgment hal'd,
'Ere Prayers for Mercy have prevail'd;
No Wretch but quakes, when we relate
The Horrours of ſo dire a Fate.

Tell me, my Soul, is there no Art
To arm againſt Death's ſudden Dart?
Has gracious Heav'n contriv'd no Way,
Of lengthning here our Mortal Stay,
Or on this Momentaneous Stage,
In a ſhort Time to live an Age?

'Tis Sin which ſhortens vital Day,
And when we feel our Breath Decay,

Con-

Convictions then came rushing in,
That Life has been but Death in Sin;
On time misspent we ne'er reflect,
'Till we are damn'd for its Neglect.

The Infants, from the Font who fly
Unsully'd to the Joys on High,
Live longer than obdurate Men,
Who Sin to Threescore Years and Ten:
Old Sinners ne'er true Life obtain,
'Till ghostly Babes and Born again.

Were I immortal Life to spend,
In all the Woes which Sin attend,
In Dangers, Sickness, Troubles, Pain,
Which we in wretched Life sustain;
I Death wou'd court, this Life not prise,
And Immortality despise.

Souls who to endless Joys aspire,
This Life endure, but Death desire:
The shortest Life they deem the Best,
The soonest freed from Sin and Bless'd;
No weary Pilgrim but revives,
When he at wish'd for Home arrives.

Saints live eternally above,
In Beatifick Joy, Hymn, Love,
At Life's unbounded Source they Drink,
Of God they never cease to think.

We

We thoſe dear Moments only live,
Which we to God devoutly give.

Lord, may I never loſe thy Sight,
May I in thy ſole Love delight;
I am, live, move in Thee alone,
God-Man will for my Sins atone;
While I by trebled Zeal and Tears
Strive to retrieve my careleſs Years.

D E A T H.

OF Follies to which *Adam*'s Race,
Immortal Souls debaſe,
None ever yet was known to gain
So univerſal Reign,
As that which thought of dying flies,
'Till Pangs of Death the Wretch ſurpriſe,

That they muſt die, all Men confeſs,
None Time, or Place can gueſs,
The Manner, Kind, all ſecret own,
To all but God alone,
All on ſhort Life depending know,
Eternity of Bliſs or Woe.

What Folly, Madneſs, Stupour then,
Un-mans the Sons of Men?
Careleſs of their eternal Lots,
They live ſpiritual Sots;

Deep

Deep of foul, ſenſual Philtrums Drink,
What they ſhou'd ne'er forget, ne'er think.

When ſummon'd to Infernal ſhade,
Death's Horrours them invade
Too late, alas, they'll ſtand aghaſt,
For Stupefaction paſt:
Death's Terrours there ſhall haunt their Breaſt,
Which ghoſtly Fools till then ſuppreſt.

My Soul, this Fleſh when in its Urn
Muſt to Corruption turn,
You'll to the Source of Spirits fly,
To your Birth place on high,
Heav'n is of Souls the Native Sphere,
O Heav'n born Soul, live Stranger here.

Evanid Joys with Scorn ſurvey,
At Death they'll fleet away;
The Riches you to Heav'n may bear,
Are Hymn, and Alms, and Pray'r:
When God's mild Eyes ſhall them behold,
Your Gain will be Ten Thouſand-fold.

Of Death you'll never live in dread,
When, you to Sin are Dead;
'Tis Sin makes Death of Terrours King,
Sin Arms him with his Sting;
But Jeſus' Croſs his Terrours quells,
The Venom of his Sting diſpells.

Life

Life has of Troubles various Scenes,
Death Storms of Life ſerenes;
All Praiſe to God who Death deſign'd,
To diſembroil the Mind;
That it might free from fleſhly Weight,
Spring into the immortal State.

May my Accounts Great God with thee,
Each Night adjuſted be,
Grave on my Soul my dying Day,
That I may Watch and Pray,
And joy when Death ſhall Summons give,
That then I ſhall begin to live.

RESURRECTION.

GReat Day! to Mortals kept unknown,
When an Arch-Angel from the Throne
Shall on his radiant Wings appear,
And hov'ring o'er this lower Sphere,
His Trumpet blow, whoſe mighty Sound
Shall undulate the Globe around.

All ſep'rate Souls where e'er they dwell,
In the Out-courts of Heav'n or Hell,
Soon as they hear ſhall Summons have,
To fly to each appropriate Grave,
And their Corporeal Bulk reſume,
To wait their Everlaſting Doom.

The Particles of Bodies Dead,
Though over num'rous Regions ſpread,
By ſympathetick Force impreſs'd,
Shall haſte in priſtine Form to reſt;
While to its Seat the Soul reflies,
And the ſame Man who dy'd ſhall riſe.

From glorious God an Angel ſent,
His Vial on *Euphrates* ſent,
Shou'd he his empty Vial fill
With *Hermon* Dew, and thence diſtill,
One Drop on ev'ry Stream which glides,
'Till it in Ocean loſt abides:

Yet ev'ry Drop Omniſcience knows,
And where it in each Billow flows,
Can ev'ry Drop entirely lave
From its Tranſfuſions into Wave,
Though diſtant as each Polar Shore,
Can to the Vial them reſtore.

Shou'd ev'ry Drop in Vapour riſe,
Turn Rain, Hail, Snow, when in the Skies,
Thence falling into Earth be ſunk,
And up by Vegetables Drunk,
God all their Shiftings can compute,
And into Dew them re-tranſmute.

From *Jeſus'* Body Virtue came,
Which cur'd the Blind, Sick, Dumb and Lame;

But

But ſince he from the Grave aroſe,
A nobler Virtue from him flows;
A Virtue over Death to reign
And raiſe all Dead Mankind again.

Pure Souls with rapt'rous Joy ſhall haſte,
In their lov'd Shells to be encas'd,
While impious Souls with hideous Cry,
In vain ſhall loath'd Re-Union fly.
Saints Graces them for Bliſs diſpoſe;
Guilt Sinners weighs to endleſs Woes.

God-man be prais'd, who Saints looſe Duſt,
To glorious Bodies will adjuſt:
Though Soul and Fleſh ſhall parted be,
They'll meet in bleſs'd Eternity.
That Thought devoutly, Saints, revolve,
And live in Languor to diſſolve.

JUDGMENT.

WHen the Arch-angel's Trump ſhall ſound,
And warn the World in Stupours drown'd,
At God's Tribunal to appear,
Hell-Pow'rs the Voice ſhall quiv'ring hear,
The Earth ſhall quake from Pole to Pole,
The Orbs Celeſtial trembling roll:

The Dead ſhall in their Graves awake,
The Hearts of all the Living quake,

Good

Good Angels ſhall the Sound revere,
And God adore with humble Fear;
God-man the Judge ſhall ready ſtand,
To leave his Throne at God's Right-Hand.

Supernal Hoſts who Beams diffuſe,
Through arched Heav'n ſhall rendezvous;
Horſes and Chariots, with which God
In Triumph through the Waters rode,
Shall to the Heav'nly Gates repair,
To wait on Jeſus to the Air.

The Angels at his March ſhall ſhout,
And all the Way, with Zeal devout,
Shall Hymns to the incarnate King,
Of Mercy, and of Juſtice ſing;
They'll then his Throne in Air erect,
That all the World he may inſpect.

God-man his Angels will enjoyn,
Saints' hallow'd Duſt to re-enſhrine,
And when their Souls they re-embrace,
Waft them to ſee his bliſsful Face;
The Saints they'll in their Chariots drive,
Till they at Jeſus' Throne arrive.

Damn'd Souls ſhall then too late, in Vain
Bewail their Sins which caus'd their Pain,
They'll wiſh eternally to die,
Or buried under Rocks to lie,

In

In vain their Wiſhes will be made,
No Guilt God's Judgment can evade.

The Heav'nly Book ſhall be unclos'd,
The Secrets of all Hearts expos'd;
God and their Conſcience Saints will clear,
They'll plead not perfect, but ſincere;
To their mild Judge they'll make Appeals,
Who with his Blood their Pardon ſeals.

The guilty Sinners, Self-condemn'd,
Who *Jeſus'* Laws and Croſs contemn'd,
Deſpairing to decline their Fate,
With Horrour ſhall their Doom await;
No Force of Language can diſcloſe,
Saints' Raptures, or curs'd Sinners' Woes.

Go, Curſed, doom'd to endleſs Pain,
Come, Saints, in endleſs Bliſs to reign,
Good Angels thence ſhall Saints attend,
With *Jeſus* they'll to Heav'n aſcend;
Curs'd Fiends ſhall drag the damn'd to Hell,
In everlaſting Pains to yell.

All Praiſe to God, who here below,
Prolongs my Choice of Bliſs or Woe;
My paſt ill Choice may I deplore,
Fear Hell, but Fear offending more,
Keep a Tribunal in my Mind,
And have by God my Pardon ſign'd.

The Trumpet.

IN Univerſal Dread I wak'd,
Each Atom in me quak'd,
Tremendous Sounds, methought, hung in my Ear,
Which ſhook the circumambient Sphere,
Methought it reach'd to Hell,
Where all the frighted Fiends a trembling fell.

I, ſtarting, to my Guardian ſay,
Sure 'tis the Judgment Day,
Woe, woe, is me my Soul is unprepar'd,
I am unutterably ſcar'd;
O for one Minute more,
In which I may my num'rous Sins deplore!

To God ſend Penitential cries;
My Guardian then replies,
God gives you time your Wand'rings to lament,
Which ſhou'd upon your Knees be ſpent:
What Sound, I then re-join'd,
Is that, which with this Horrour ſtrikes my Mind?

I ſaw, my Guardian ſaid, this Night
An Angel in his Flight,
One of the Seven, who at God's Throne of State
With their Celeſtial Trumpets wait,

Him

Him I in darted Thought,
To reſt himſelf a while with me beſought.

He mildly yields, I him embrace,
And as he took his Place,
I ſaw his Trumpet hang between his Wings;
As we diſcours'd of heav'nly Things,
And his Right-hand contain'd,
Seven Thunder-bolts for ſome curs'd Land ordain'd.

Ah me! ſaid I, how is Mankind
Turn'd Deaf, Dumb, Stupid, Blind!
To the Surprize of Death and endleſs Woes,
Each Moment they themſelves expoſe;
This Soul I tender here,
I rarely make my Warnings to revere.

I long my Pupil to ſecure,
And keep him Chriſt-like pure,
O lift your radiant Trumpet to your Head,
Sound in the Key which wakes the Dead,
Sound ſingly to his Ear;
Wake all ye dead, at Judgment to appear.

The Angel with my wiſh conſpir'd,
Sounding what I deſir'd,
But much more dreadful, more ſurpriſing Sound
Will through the hallow Graves rebound,
When the laſt Trump begins
To ſummon Souls to Judgment for their Sins.

I Thanks to my good Angel paid,
The Warning duly weigh'd,
The Sound continues lively in my Mind,
And when to Ill I am inclin'd,
The Trumpet I recall,
To keep me watchful, and prevent my Fall.

HELL.

WHen, Go ye, Curſed, God proclaims,
And Sinners plunge in endleſs Flames,
Think, O my Soul, what mighty Pain,
The Damn'd ſuſtain.

Self-rage for Breach of gracious Laws,
The Worm of Conſcience which ſtill gnaws,
Confuſion, Terrour, Trembling, Shame,
And fierce Self-blame.

Unpity'd Groans, the Brimſtone Lake,
Fiends who in tort'ring Pleaſure take,
Of Sin a clear and bitter Senſe,
And Hate immenſe.

Heav'n loſt, the Choice of Torments ſure,
Souls temper'd Tortures to endure,
Gnaſhing of Teeth, outragious Fire,
And Darkneſs dire.

All

All Miſeries which there o'er-flow,
Fill all Capacities of Woe,
Hope is for ever Baniſh'd there
By black deſpair.

My Soul, think how the Damn'd complain,
And to themſelves impute their Pain,
God bid me live, but wretched I
Wou'd chooſe to die.

How long have I 'gainſt God rebell'd?
How many gracious Calls repell'd?
More hardſhips ran to Work my Bane
Than Heav'n wou'd gain.

I ſlighted God's propitious Aid,
Damp'd Conſcience, leſt it ſhou'd upbraid;
The World I for my Idol own'd,
And God dethron'd.

My ſelf, I to curs'd Sin enſlav'd,
All Thoughts of my Repentance wav'd,
I light of *Jeſus'* Suff'rings made,
And never pray'd.

My Peſtilence I oft diffus'd,
Great God's long Suff'ring I abus'd,
And damn'd to theſe eternal Woes,
Have what I choſe.

Had I one Minute more of Breath,
Oh I might then prepare for Death,
With as intenſe an act of Grief,
As the good Thief!

'Tis Sin, my Soul, from which theſe Cries,
Theſe Torments of the Damn'd ariſe,
'Tis Sin makes Hell, 'tis Sin alone,
Breeds endleſs Moan.

Can, Go ye curs'd, mild *Jeſus* ſay,
Who wou'd his Blood for Sinners pay?
Whoſe ſweeteſt Lips on Humane race,
Drop'd boundleſs Grace?

Curs'd Sin, to God you Motives gave,
To damn thoſe Souls he dy'd to ſave,
To make Love infinite perſpire
Devouring Fire.

All Praiſe to God who ſpares me Time,
To Search and Mourn for ev'ry Crime;
Souls arm'd with Penitential Tear
Hell never fear.

HEAVEN.

NOR Eye, Ear, Thought, can take the Height,
To which my Song is taking flight,
Yet rais'd an humble Wing,
My gueſs of Heav'n I'll ſing;

'Tis

'Tis Love's Reward, and Love is fir'd
By gueſſing at the Bliſs deſir'd.

Gueſs then at Saints' eternal Lot,
By due conſid'ring what 'tis not,
No Miſ'ry, Want, or Care,
No Death, no Darkneſs there,
No Troubles, Storms, Sighs, Groans, or Tears,
No Injury, Pains, Sickneſs, Fears.

There Souls no Diſappointments meet,
No Vanities the Choice to cheat,
Nothing that can defile,
No Hypocrite, no Guile,
No need of Pray'r, or what implies,
Or Abſence or Vacuities.

There no ill Conſcience gnaws the Breaſt,
No Tempters Holy Souls infeſt,
No Curſe, no Weeds, no Toil,
No Errors to embroil,
No luſtful Thought can enter in,
Or Poſſibility of Sin.

From all vexations here below,
The Region of Sin, Death, and Woe;
Song to your utmoſt Streſs
Now elevate your Gueſs,
Sing what in Sacred Lines you read,
Of Bliſs for pious Souls decreed,

They dwell in pure ecſtatick Light,
Of God Triune have bliſsful Sight,
  Of Fontal Love, who gave
  God-Filial Man to ſave;
Of *Jeſus'* Love, who Death ſuſtain'd,
By which the Saints their Glory gain'd:

Of Love co-breath'd the Boundleſs Source,
From which Saints' Love derives its Force,
  Within the Gracious ſhine
  Of the co-glorious Trine,
The Saints in happy Manſions reſt,
Of all they can deſire poſſeſs'd.

Saints Bodies there the Sun out-vie
Temper'd to feel the Joys on High,
  Bright Body and pure Mind,
  In Rapture unconfin'd,
Capacities expand, 'till fit
Deluge of Godhead to admit.

In all-ſufficient Bliſs they joy,
Duration in ſweet Hymns employ;
  With Angels they converſe,
  Their Loves and Joys rehearſe,
Taſte Suavities of Love immenſe,
Of all Delights full Confluence,

With

With God's own Son they reign Co-heirs,
Each Saint with him in Glory Shares,
Like Godhead happy, pure,
Againſt all change ſecure,
In boundleſs Joys they *Sabbatiſe*,
Which Love Triune will eterniſe,

By boundleſs Love, for Souls refin'd,
Are Joys unſpeakable deſign'd,
When I thoſe Joys imbibe,
I then may them deſcribe;
Joys to full pitch will Hymn excite,
When from Senſation I endite,

Juſt as *Caduco's* Song of Heav'n was clos'd,
Enlighten'd Conſcience ſweetly interpos'd,
If Heav'n you value, learn what *Jeſus* taught,
That it, ſhou'd in the firſt Chief place be ſought.

Heaven firſt ſought.

WHether I will, or no, I find
My ſelf to Happineſs inclin'd,
What Happineſs I then deſire,
I next enquire,

I all my Inclinations weigh,
What won'd content them, bid them ſay,

But

But ſee they no Enough will own,
Inſatiate grown.

Pride, Luſt, and Av'rice, ſtill wou'd crave,
Shou'd they ten Worlds for Portion have,
Intoxicated though with Store,
They'd thirſt for more.

I then conſult each learned Sect,
Who Authors numberleſs collect,
They who all Sciences purſue
Enough ne'er knew.

In *Solomon* of all Mankind,
Wealth, Honour, Pleaſure, Wiſdom join'd;
He felt the quinteſſential Heights
Of all Delights.

He ſtrove with an unbridl'd Will
Of ſenſual Joys to take his fill,
Yet to his ſorrow found his Gain
Vexatious, Vain.

Our God in that great King deſign'd,
To unbeguile each Worldly mind,
And teach that higheſt Joys below,
Expire in Woe.

There's no true Satisfaction here,
'Tis only in the heav'nly Sphere;

Souls

Souls who to perfect Joys aſpire
Quite looſe Deſire.

In Death enough Saints ſhall not have,
Though Fleſh lies ſenſeleſs in the Grave;
And he their Spirits ſhall diſmiſs
To enter Bliſs.

Enough no ſep'rate Souls obtain,
'Till Bodies glorify'd they gain,
They'll live in languiſhing Deſire
For Bliſs entire.

Jeſus to fix our Choice aright,
Bids us firſt ſeek the Realm of Light,
And to his Righteouſneſs Divine
To co-encline.

None but the Righteous are diſpos'd,
For Joys in endleſs Light diſclos'd;
Polluted Souls the Region pure
Wou'd not endure.

Leſt the vain World ſhou'd us allure,
He deigns Heav'n's ſeekers to aſſure,
That God their Portion juſt decreed,
For earthly Need.

Thus Love unbounded overflows
Both Heav'n and Earth on Saints beſtows:

What

What can the Infinite give more,
Or Man implore?

If Heav'n ye Worldlings firſt wou'd chooſe
And not enjoy this World, but uſe;
'Twill pleaſe you to Subjection brought,
More than firſt ſought.

My *Jeſus*, had I ſought Thee firſt,
I ne'er had felt afflicting Thirſt;
But this vain World from heav'nly View
My Spirit drew.

Lord, to that ſov'raign Bliſs I tend,
Which All-ſufficient has no end,
Perfections which belong to none,
But Thee alone.

Mean while I on my God rely
The Wants, he wills me, to ſupply;
My juſt Enough He only knows
For Want or Woes.

In God's Enough my Soul ſhall reſt,
Though here I am but partly bleſs'd,
Saints of the Croſs have ſtill Alloy
To temper Joy.

Enough we have for Earthly Need.
Heav'ns Joys our Foretaſtes far exceed,
Enough,

Enough, my God, is where Thou art,
There lodge, my Heart.

Caduco, when his Meditation ey'd.
Between this Earth and Heav'n the Diſtance wide;
To reach that Height had an injected Fear,
'Till Conſcience him inſpir'd the Doubt to clear.

A Sigh Aſcending.

I Warm Ejaculations made
For inſtantaneous Aid,
But fearing Pray'r wou'd want a Speed,
Fit for my preſſing Need,
A vig'rous Sigh I ſent on High,
Thought that wou'd ſwifter fly.

Hell and my Luſts a Plot had form'd,
They me with Fury ſtorm'd;
They both my Spirit to moleſt,
Inceſſantly ſuggeſt,
The Sigh which from your Heart is flown
Can never reach the Throne.

Much rather our Delights admit,
Fond Expectations quit,
We ſtrictly leagu'd your Will can ſway,
And Force you to obey.

Then

Then Faith in God they to confute,
Philoſophy deputе.

A Cannon Ball diſcharg'd upright,
Takes ſwift and lofty Flight,
And in its pulſe it t'wards the Skies
Twice Fifty Fathom flies,
'Ere to the Sun it cou'd aſcend
'Twou'd five whole Luſtres ſpend.

From thence 'ere it to *Jove* cou'd ſoar,
Add Five and Twenty more,
From thence 'twou'd double the Account,
'Ere it to *Saturn* mount,
From thence to loweſt ſtarry Sphears
Seven Hundred Thouſand Years.

Gueſs then to Bliſsful Heaven how far,
'Tis from the loweſt Star;
A Sigh can ne'er to endleſs Bliſs
Shoot that immenſe Abyſs,
A Sigh, which into Air reflows,
And never higher goes.

Thus they trajected dubious Thought,
Which Trouble in me wrought,
My Conſcience bad me have recourſe
To God's unbounded Force,
And to experienc'd Saints below,
Who well the Wonder know.

Soon

Soon as I ſelf-reflections made,
They ſoon the Truth diſplay'd;
Curs'd *Satan* a ſharp fiery Dart,
Trajected to my Heart,
Which at my Pray'r drop'd out, I found
My Heart at eaſe, and ſound.

Sighs, whether ſwift to Heav'n they riſe
As Morning guilds the Skies,
Or God by omnipreſent Ear,
When they are ſigh'd, is near,
Since God vouchſafes what I deſire,
'Twere fruitleſs to enquire.

In Heav'n Accounts of Sighs are kept,
Of ev'ry Tear that's wept;
Saints feel the Bleſſings back they bring,
Swift as Angelick Wing;
The Humble what they beg obtain,
They never Sigh in vain.

Heav'n-ward Flight.

GUardian, when Death ſhall me ſubdue,
Shall I have Wings like you?
Or by ſome Angel up be caught,
And to my Manſion brought?

Or

Or ſhall I mount to endleſs reſt,
By heav'nly Force impreſs'd?
Or ſhall I by Magnetick might,
Be drawn to endleſs Light?
Or ſhall I like *Elias* fly,
In Chariot up the Sky?

God, he reply'd, by various Ways,
The Saints to Heav'n conveighs,
To weaker Souls he Wings ſupplies,
They ſwift as Seraphs riſe,
Bright Angels higher Saints up take,
Aſcent with them to make.
Saints who no deadly Sin embrace,
To damp Baptiſmal Grace,
With a full Vigour fly their Courſe
By their pure Virgin Force.

The Magnetiſm of heav'nly Love,
Draws ſome to God above;
They need no Wings, but ſtrong Deſire,
On that they all aſpire:
But on Heroick Saints of State
God's radiant Chariots wait:
None of the Saints who ſoar to Bliſs,
Their Way can ever miſs;
Of their own Pray'rs the Wakes are known,
They'll lead them to the Throne.

Which of theſe Ways, dear Soul, wou'd you
Your Flight to Heav'n purſue?

I paus'd a while and then reply'd,
You, Guardian, me muſt guide,
My Prayers of Fervency bereft
Small Track I fear have left;
And I ſo oft have gone aſtray,
I ſoon may loſe my Way,
My Mode of flying I ſubmit,
To what my God thinks fit.

The Chariots on which Saints aſcend,
No Common Souls attend:
My Fontal Grace, alas, is ſtain'd,
Curs'd Sin my Spirit ban'd;
I fear, ſweet Love's attractive Might
Is damp'd by foul Delight;
And a peculiar Angel flown,
To guard me from the Throne,
I worthleſs to expect forbear,
To waft me through the Air.

If my own Paſſage I might uſe,
I vig'rous Wings wou'd chooſe;
They'll mount me with a ſtrong Effort,
They'll beſt my Soul ſupport;
You, gracious Friend, cloſe to me fly,
'Till I am lodg'd on High;
O draw me from the World away,
Shou'd I my Flight delay,
As Angels by kind Heav'n diſpatch'd
Lot out of *Sodom* ſnatch'd.

Saints never tyr'd in Flight.

MY gracious Guardian on a Day,
Wou'd his bright Wings diſplay;
His Cloud he laid aſide,
And I his glorious Viſage ey'd,
While he ſuggeſted Heav'nly Things,
I took the full Dimenſion of his Wings.

Soft as the Light were all his Plumes,
Sweet as the Spouſe's choice Perfumes,
Each of his Wings I found,
Roſe a full Fathom from the Ground;
Within thoſe Wings my Soul he kept
All Night he threw them o'er me while I ſlept.

His Wings he rais'd, and o'er my Head,
To full Expanſion wou'd have ſpread,
But to my inward Pain,
He ſtrait contracted them again;
Alas! my Cloſet was too ſtrait,
And he could neither of his Wings dilate.

My Curioſity he ſpy'd,
And thus to me himſelf apply'd,
Tell me dear Heav'n-born Mind,
What was the Reaſon you inclin'd,
The Meaſure of my Wings to take,
And what ſtrange Obſervation thence you make.

Ah!

Ah me, ſaid I, my thoughtfull Breaſt
Has with a Scruple been oppreſs'd,
When I from Matter freed,
Shall fly with you tow'rds Heav'n full ſpeed,
I fear I ſhall not reach the Height,
Or waſte all my Eternity in Flight.

Shou'd God like Wings for me prepare,
You'd ſoon out fly me in the Air,
Ah! I may looſe your Wake,
Fall down the Gulph to *Tophet's* Lake,
Or wand'ring too and fro may tire,
While you to everlaſting Bliſs aſpire.

I oft have heard the Learned count,
The mighty Journey Souls muſt mount;
To Bliſs 'ere they aſcend,
Of Years they muſt a Million ſpend,
My Guardian then benignly ſaid,
No Saints are by this Diſtance 'ere diſmay'd.

A Star in twice Twelve Hours will run,
Of Miles a Billion round the Sun;
When you take Heav'n-ward Springs,
Propitious God will oint your Wings,
He'll Oil of Gladneſs on them pour,
A wond'rous Height you'll in a Second ſoar.

The Star when it in Height extream
Encompaſſes the Solar Beam,

Flies in the ſcanty Time
Of but one ſingle Minute Prime,
A Hundred Thouſand Miles, and more;
Saints ſooner reach thro' Heav'nly Waves the Shore.

All heavy Bodies through the Air,
Swift to their Central Reſt repair;
As they fall down the Sphear,
Each Inch they fall, mends their Career,
The nearer to the Point they tend,
They with the more Velocity deſcend.

The nearer thus to Bliſs you fly,
You'll ſtill the ſwifter mount on High,
When Heav'n is clear in ſight,
It will invigorate your Flight,
Thouſand of Leagues each Pulſe you'll move,
And beyond that your Motion will improve.

Your Spirit will be all Deſire,
You by the Way can never tire;
No Saint I ever knew
Tir'd, as to Central Bliſs he flew.
I on his Heav'nly Word repos'd,
And ſtrait his cloudy Vehicle he clos'd.

If Heav'n you ſeek, ſaid Conſcience, with warm Zeal,
In Joys Terreſtrial you'll no *Guſto* feel;
Like *Jeſus*, worldly Offers you'll deny,
And live unclog'd, as you Deſire to die;

Sing

Sing th' Heav'n-born Soul, too noble to be ſlav'd,
By Hell, the World, or by a Will deprav'd.

The World deny'd.

IN Vain, in Vain, deluded Soul,
You ſeek for Bliſs from Pole to Pole,
You ſooner may employ your Age,
The *Phœnix* to Surpriſe and Cage;
Than any Happineſs here find,
Proportion'd to a Heav'n-born Mind.

Experiments you daily make,
As oft diſcover your Miſtake;
Yet after each notorious Cheat,
You ſtill renew your ſenſual Heat,
Your Folly never till you die,
Gives the bewitching World the Lie.

On your Death-bed you will begin
To hate the Sorceries of Sin,
You'll feel a Vacuum in your Will,
Which all the Globe can never fill:
A Drop is to the Ocean more
Than to a Soul all Worldly Store.

If of the World you'd have a View,
In a juſt Light at diſtance due,
Down to the Gates of Death repair,
And ſee what Crowds come hourly there;

Note

Note at their Entrance what they ſay,
Juſt as they reach the parted Way.

Oh! curſed World the Sinner cries,
While I turn back on you my Eyes,
O like *Lot's* Wife may I behold
Brimſtone and Fire Ten Thouſand fold,
More ſhowr'd on you than *Sodom* burn'd,
And may I be to Marble turn'd!

You tranſient, deadly, worthleſs Thing,
You Dolour, Anguiſh, Poiſon, Sting,
Temptation, Danger, Trouble, Snare,
Pollution, Miſ'ry, ſleepleſs Care,
Your Friends with endleſs Woes you gore,
Falſe as the Mammon you adore.

Ah while the tempting World I blame,
I on my ſelf ſhou'd take the Shame,
God Goodneſs o'er all Things diffus'd;
His Bleſſings ſinful I abus'd;
Their curs'd Abuſe while I revolve,
I damn my ſelf and World abſolve.

Fierce hideous Devils at the Gate,
To drag me to their Dungeon wait,
O how tremendous God appears,
O how I rue my miſpent Years,
I'm dragg'd O—— but 'ere more he ſpake,
He ſank into the Brimſtone Lake.

Farewell

Farewell vain World which me allur'd,
You the Saint cries, I have abjur'd,
You turn'd all Creatures to my Bane,
I am Heav'n-born and you diſdain:
With conſtant War you me aſſail'd,
But I by *Jeſus'* aid prevail'd.

You with foul Pleaſures me Way-laid,
Againſt your Force I watch'd and pray'd,
My Love on God all-lovely plac'd,
The Love of tranſient Joys eras'd;
Heav'n was my Native Land I knew,
I'm born too nobly to mind you.

I haſt'ning to my Heav'nly Crown,
With full Contempt on you look down;
My uſeleſs Senſe I leave behind,
And now pure immaterial Mind,
With a bright Guard of Angels Bleſs'd,
Take flight to my eternal Reſt.

At the Expanſion of my Wing,
Angels and Saints my welcome Sing;
I am all Rapture, all my Way
Is Love, Joy, Triumph, Glorious Ray,
O boundleſs Oceans of Delight,
O how tranſporting is God's ſight!

My Soul, when e'er a Worldly Luſt
Allures or flatters ſenſual Guſt,
Fly to the Gates of Death, and ſtay
'Till of the Dead the Lots you weigh,
Be Death's Diſciple for a while;
Death, Death, will beſt you unbeguile.

The World Falſe.

FAllacious World, you with falſe Shows
Shall on my Soul no more impoſe,
No more with your Enchantments blind
My Heav'n-born Mind.

My Mind, which now I re-enthrone,
Its Proſtitutions I bemoan,
And you I challenge to appear
Your Ills to hear.

I ſummon all whoe'er drew Breath,
They moſt in Earneſt at their Death,
You for an Univerſal lie,
With hate decry.

Such num'rous Atteſtations none,
'Ere had of Guilt but you alone,
All Souls who living you believ'd,
Die undeceiv'd,

But

But often undeceiv'd too late,
When plung'd in the Infernal State,
There they of your Deceits complain
In hopeleſs Pain.

Mind which from long Experience knows
Your promis'd Joys are real Woes,
On Evidence of endleſs Harms
Damns all your Charms.

Mortification is your Doom,
You ſhall no more curs'd Life reſume,
Each Luſt ſhall to the Croſs be nail'd,
Which me aſſail'd.

I ſhall revive as you expire,
Heav'n then will be my ſole Deſire,
O for ſome Guide, my Courſe to ſteer
To that high-Sphere.

My Friends here moulder ev'ry Day,
And warn me of my ſinking Clay;
I am not ſure at Morning light
To live till Night.

O may I then no Minute waſte,
While to my Grave thus making haſte,
Till I have learn'd how to die Bleſt,
I ne'er ſhou'd reſt.

My Soul, God is to Heav'n the Guide,
Entirely in his Love confide,
He ſhews our Courſe, he Wings ſupplies
On which we riſe.

God in his Book has promiſe made,
Of Heav'nly Bliſs and gracious Aid,
Our very Love which God requires,
His love inſpires.

Our God is Love, Heav'n is Love's Sphere,
Our Souls find nothing lovely here;
By Native weight to God they tend,
Their Central End.

The Star which once the Sages ſteer'd,
A Thouſand Times leſs bright appear'd,
Than the Benignities which ſhine,
From Love divine.

Fly up, my Soul, along the Wake,
Which down from Fontal Love they make;
No Lover led by Love's ſweet Ray,
'Ere loſt his Way.

Soon as thou haſt one bliſsful Glance,
It will thee wholly ſo entrance;
Thou like the Bleſs'd wilt nothing love,
But God above.

The Tempter vanquiſh'd.

THough Death, the King of Terrour's ſtil'd,
Frights Souls, while here from Heav'n exil'd,
He's but a deſpicable Thing,
A petty Tributary King,
To Tyrant Sin, and to his Sire,
On his infernal Throne of Fire.

Death only mows down tranſient Lives,
Sin of eternal Life deprives;
Apoſtate Spirits Sin ſuſtain,
And ſpread by that their curſed Reign,
Whoe'er to *Jeſus* gives his Name,
Againſt all Hell muſt War proclaim.

My Soul, your ghoſtly Foes ſurvey,
And your own Hopes to win the Day;
Curs'd Principalities and Powers,
Who garriſon aerial Towers,
The Populace in *Tophet* fry'd,
With *Satan* the firſt-born of Pride.

All the Angelick Third which fell,
Will ſtrive to make you co-rebell;
Inviſibly they Souls invade,
Their chiefeſt Strength is Ambuſcade:
Heav'n clears your intellectual Eye,
That you all Dangers may deſcry:

See

See tow'rds your ſelf a Legion led,
With th' Arch-Murderer at Head,
Round you his Meſſengers diſperſe,
No roaring Lions are ſo Fierce;
All Spiteful, Subtle, Pow'rful, Bold,
Who where they faſten, keep their Hold.

All ſtrive with Number, Force, Fatigue,
To move you with Hell-pow'rs to League,
With goring Thorns, and fiery Darts,
And Weapons temper'd to wound Hearts;
For ev'ry Sin they have diſguiſe,
Doubts, Salvo's, Wiles, Excuſes, Lies.

With wild enthuſiaſtick Gleams
Of God and Heav'n invidious Schemes,
With all that can low Senſe allure,
Or cultivate a Thought impure,
With Horrours in preſtigious Forms
Hell Souls, as Malice guides it, ſtorms.

One while they light Angelick feign
Conqueſt they oft by Flatteries gain,
And to deturn from God our Wills,
Try all imaginable Ills,
Ferment fierce Perſecuting Ire,
And worry Saints with Tortures dire.

Yet

Yet too, too feeble is their Spite,
An humble Soul to daunt or fright,
All Snares, Thorns, Darts, Force, Fraud of Hell,
Souls who reſiſt are ſure to quell;
Souls who in God benign confide,
Have the Almighty on their Side.

The Love Celeſtial caſts out Fears,
Love all tremendous Woes endears,
Love Watches with a jealous Eye,
Againſt all Rivals drawing nigh,
Love gains of Boundleſs Love the Care,
By the ſweet Violence of Pray'r.

Arm me my God in ghoſtly Flight,
With Love's unconquerable Might,
May I my Arms like *Jeſus* wield,
And make the Tempter quit the Field,
That ſhou'd he ſlightly hurt my Heel,
His Head a mortal Bruiſe may feel.

All Praiſe to God who Aid ſupplies,
When Love he by Temptation tries,
Who the curs'd Tempter's Malice bounds,
And Love excites, which Hell confounds;
That Souls the brighter Crowns may gain,
The ſharper Wars they here ſuſtain.

Concupiſcence ſubdued.

WHether two Souls in me remain;
And Empire ſtrive to gain;
Or diff'rent Factions in one Breaſt,
My inward Peace moleſt,
I know not, only this can tell;
That Pow'rs Antarctick in me dwell.

Thou Lord didſt humane Race create
In intermediate State;
No Angels coul'd Things earthly uſe,
No Brutes thy Praiſe diffuſe;
Of Fleſh and Mind was humane Frame,
To taſte thy Gifts and Praiſe thy Name.

By thee we were harmonious made,
Mind govern'd, Fleſh obey'd,
'Till *Eve* of Humane Race the Root,
Long'd for forbidden Fruit;
She firſt Concupiſcence unſluic'd,
And War againſt the Mind traduc'd.

'Twas thence, my Soul, the War began
In unregenerate Man;
Our Heav'n-born and immortal Mind,
To Heav'n the Will inclin'd;
Our Rebel Fleſh to Heav'n averſe,
Wou'd only in this World immerſe.

Unnat'ral

Unnat'ral War! by Fleſh begun,
Which fights to be undone,
Which its own ſelf to gain falſe Joys,
Eternally deſtroys,
Strives ſtill the Quarrel to diſpute,
To make the Angel yield to Brute.

Oft my Concupiſcence prevails,
Oft Mind in Conflict fails
Then waiting till Diſorder ceaſe,
I mediate a Peace:
Concupiſcence Claims all or none,
And obſtinate uſurps the Throne.

Concupiſcence takes boundleſs Flights,
To ſeek ſhort-liv'd Delights,
But all evap'rate while enjoy'd,
Or ſhe grows quickly cloy'd,
And while my Soul ſhe undeceives,
Mind thus its Sov'raignty retrieves.

You vanquiſh'd when I ſingle fought,
But Aid from Heav'n I ſought,
Now though you World and Hell invoke,
I'll keep you under Yoke;
By Heav'n's Support I'll War maintain,
'Till I you Captive lead in Chain.

On my ſick Bed ſoon as I fall,
You'll bitt'rer be than Gall.
Each ſhort-liv'd Joy will turn below,
To an eternal Woe.
You'll cheat me here, torment me there,
And drown'd my Hope in dire Deſpair.

Deſpair! of Hell the Sov'raign Woe,
You, Luſt, ſhall undergo,
You ever ſhall Deſpair endure,
To ſate your Thirſt impure,
The more my Fleſh deſpairs, the more
Mind will tow'rds ſweet Aſſurance four.

The more, ſaid Conſcience, you from Clogs are free,
Death the leſs frightful to your Soul will be,
Sing of Bleſs'd *Jeſus*, when his Death drew nigh,
From his Example you'll beſt learn to die.

Jeſus teaches to Die.

DEath as your Rout by me you took,
You gave me ſuch a ghaſtly look,
Able againſt you to inſtill
A fierce Averſion in my Will;
But I no Will found in my Breaſt,
Your ghaſtly Viſage to deteſt.

You on a ſudden me ſurpris'd,
But now I have my ſelf revis'd,

My

My Will entire to God I gave,
From God you your Commiſſion have;
Aſſume your Looks which moſt affright,
And to my Bed I'll you invite.

Exert your utmoſt, you no Ill
Can work to one who has no Will:
My Life with *Jeſus* hidden lies,
It you and all Hell-pow'rs defies;
Beneath his Wings ſecure I reſt,
And am anticipately bleſt.

My *Jeſus* kept Death ſtill in Eye,
Often predicting he ſhou'd die,
Foreſeeing all the boundleſs Woes,
All the Inſults of *Jewiſh* Foes,
The Force of all Hell-pow'rs combin'd,
To grieve his Fleſh, and ſtorm his Mind.

Jeſus when near th'expected hour,
That Hell to grieve him ſhoud have pow'r,
As on his Croſs he kept his View,
Into an upper Room withdrew,
With all his Vot'ries there to meet,
And celebrate the Paſchal Treat.

Then he Himſelf for Death diſpos'd,
Of dying well the Art diſclos'd;
He waſh'd with Condeſcenſion ſweet,
And wip'd his happy Lovers Feet,

That from Pollution cleans'd they might,
Approach the Euchariſtick Rite.

The Euchariſt he then ordain'd,
With Food immortal them ſuſtain'd;
Then ſang an Hymn the Feaſt to cloſe,
And ſweeten his approaching Woes,
Scatt'ring Truths Heav'nly, high, and ſweet,
As to the Mount he made retreat.

While Death was lively in his Thought,
He Heav'nly Truths with Vigour taught,
How to be lov'd of God, and love;
Promis'd ſweet Peace and joys above,
And the Bleſs'd Spirit's conſtant Aid,
And for them all with Fervour pray'd.

He ſpent his preparation Hours,
To warn of Dangers and Hell-pow'rs,
Their Hearts to counſel, ſtrengthen, cheer,
To arm againſt degen'rate Fear,
Pure Love fraternal to inſtill,
And form them to his Father's Will.

Soon as he to the Mount withdrew,
Upon the Ground himſelf he threw,
There he began to agoniſe,
Offer'd up moving Tears and Cries,
Begg'd the dire Cup might be declin'd,
Yet to his Father's Will reſign'd.

Three

Three times he pray'd to Love immenſe,
His Ardours ſtill grew more intenſe;
Three times he his Diſciples found,
In ſtupifying vapours drown'd,
Enjoyn'd all three to watch and pray,
To arm againſt the evil Day.

There bath'd in a ſtrong Bloody Sweat,
Which all the Turf ſurrounding wet,
Heav'n ſent an Angel to condole,
And comfort his afflicted Soul,
When unimaginably pain'd,
Paternal Love his Son ſuſtain'd.

Thus for his Death prepar'd, he roſe,
With Mind ſerene to meet his Foes,
Self-ſacrific'd, his Father's Will,
And our Redemption to fulfill;
His Reſignation Woes endear'd,
And him in boundleſs Sorrows chear'd.

Patience invincible he ſhew'd,
When Angours all his Pow'rs o'er-flow'd:
He never at the Pains repin'd,
His Father for his Lot aſſign'd;
He Lamb-like was to Slaughter led,
And for our Guilt contented bled.

When with Infernal rage oppreſs'd,
And unconceiveably diſtreſs'd,
When nail'd to the tormenting Wood,
Where from his Wounds ran Streams of Blood,
Heard all his Woes a Mock'ry made,
He for his Perſecutors pray'd.

The God ſeem'd from the Man to hide,
Sorrow then roſe to a Spring-tide,
My God, Why doſt thou me forſake,
With Anguiſh moſt intenſe he ſpake?
Spake not diſtruſting Heav'n's Relief,
But from Infinity of Grief.

At his laſt Dolorous Effort,
Paternal Love was his Support;
Himſelf to that Dear Love he gave,
And when juſt ſinking to his Grave,
Father, into thy Hands, he cry'd,
My Spirit I commend, and dy'd.

I keep my *Jeſus* ſtill in Eye,
For me he dy'd, and taught to die;
Oft in my Cell I call to mind,
How he himſelf to Death reſign'd,
Like him, my Life I down will lay,
It ſhall be giv'n, not ſnatch'd away.

My Soul, O copy ev'ry Line
Of this original Divine,

On

On *Jeſus'* Vot'ries you muſt tend,
To waſh their Feet muſt condeſcend;
You Pleaſure for ſweet *Jeſus'* ſake,
In Humble Charities muſt take.

With Zeal waſh your own Spirit clean,
From all Concupiſcence terrene,
When, waſh'd in Penitential Dew,
Then your Baptiſmal Vow renew,
What *Peter* wiſh'd for, waſh all o'er,
And take great Care to Sin no more.

Waſh'd in heart-purifying Tear,
You muſt at *Jeſus'* Feaſt appear,
With Food immortal to be fed,
That you nor Hell nor Death may dread;
Then ſing an Hymn of the like Strain,
With that above of the Lamb ſlain.

An Hymn for Tribute ev'ry Day,
To *Jeſus'* Love devoutly pay,
Your Friends warn, counſel, chear, inſtruct,
And to celeſtial Bliſs conduct.
To Solitude like *Jeſus* fly,
Your Duty undiſturb'd to ply.

There proſtrate fall upon the Ground,
With ſerious Thought, and awe profound,
Shou'd Agony upon you ſeiſe,
Pray not for peremptory Eaſe,

But learn your Will to Will Divine
Irrevocably to reſign.

To Watch and Pray from *Jeſus* learn,
Death's hourly Threatning to diſcern:
Let Fervour, as your Sorrows riſe,
Ingeminate your Cries;
God will at laſt your Pray'rs attend,
Or for Support an Angel ſend.

When to your dying Bed confin'd,
Then, ſuff'ring *Jeſus*, moſt remind;
If in ſharp Pains you lye and groan,
Like *Jeſus* make no murm'ring Moan,
For Patience at God's Throne entreat,
And *Jeſus*-like the Pray'r repeat.

God's Love to all with Zeal ſuggeſt,
And from the Flame in your own Breaſt
Fire other Hearts, that they the Name
Of *Jeſus'* Friends may humbly claim,
From God's Love, Love fraternal fire,
In which all *Jeſus'* Friends conſpire.

Your Foes both pray for and forgive,
And when you ceaſing are to live,
Strong Cries to Love Paternal ſend,
Into Love's Hands your Soul commend;
In Love's ſoft Hands to Bliſs you'll fly,
Taught by lov'd *Jeſus* how to dye.

Since

Since *Jeſus* you the art of Dying taught,
Said *Conſcience*, keep Death always in your Thought;
Jeſus Death's Sting has damp'd, and void of Fear,
Saints welcome him when they perceive him near;
Sing of him, not as Enemy, but Friend,
He diſenvenom'd, can no Ill intend.

The State of Separation.

OFT of my Grave I take Reviews,
On what Death is, I daily muſe;
'Tis Separation to endure
Betwixt my Soul and Fleſh impure;
Fleſh falls to Duſt, when in its Urn,
Soul will to God, her Source, return.

Of both, the State will be the ſame,
As 'twas 'ere they together came;
'Tis nat'ral to diſſolve to Earth,
Since 'tis from that Fleſh had its Birth;
'Tis nat'ral for the Soul to fly
To God, who breath'd her from on High.

Fleſh, when 'tis buried in the Grave,
Will nothing want, will nothing crave;
It as inſenſible will lie,
As 'twas before its vital Tie;
While Worms devour its very Heart
'Twill nor Diſturbance feel, nor Smart.

The Soul, when ſhe to God aſpires,
Poſſeſſes all that ſhe deſires;
Here ſhe's impriſon'd and exil'd,
By baneful Vanities beguil'd,
There ſhe lives ſafe at Home, uncurb'd,
In Bliſs ſupernal undiſturb'd.

Sages of Old who beat their Brain,
True Happineſs cou'd ne'er explain,
Some it by Indolence defin'd,
And Quietation of the Mind,
Some Happineſs in Motion thought
And it in active Pleaſures ſought.

Neither was Happineſs, disjoin'd
In happy Death they are combin'd;
In Indolence the Fleſh remains,
The Soul an active Joy obtains,
Death on this Side the awful Day
Is to our Bliſs the ready Way.

The Soul will indolent abide,
Though from her Conſort Fleſh unty'd,
From Fleſh in which below ſhe dwelt,
She ſuch a vaſt Encumbrance felt,
That till it is by Death refin'd,
She's to Re-union not inclin'd.

Soul

Soul corruptible Fleſh diſclaims;
She at a glorious Body aims,
Has no Propenſion to unite,
But to a Body Chriſt-like bright,
Which ſhall her Faculties enlarge,
And Duty to full Height diſcharge.

Soon as the Soul to God reflown,
At diſtance ſees the glorious Throne,
And the Angelick Orders Nine,
Hymning the Majeſty Divine,
Her ſelf ſhe'll at God's Footſtool fling,
And thus of her paſt Bleſſings ſing:

Father of Spirits, by that Name,
I lay to Love paternal Claim,
Thou me Heav'n-born didſt yet enjoin,
My ſelf in Body to enſhrine,
Death at thy Pleaſure ſet me free,
And I unclog'd return to thee.

Ah had I ſeparate remain'd,
I in thy ſight had been unſtain'd,
But fleſhly Clogs weigh'd down the Mind,
Joys ſenſual kept it un-refin'd,
My trial was thy Will Divine
I cannot at thy Will repine.

Succeſſive

Succeſſive Flatteries of Ill
From Thee warp'd my embody'd Will;
But thou didſt pity on me take,
For ſweeteſt, deareſt, *Jeſus'* ſake,
And 'ere I parted from my Clay,
In Tears I waſh'd its Filth away.

Thy Tenderneſs Abatements made,
When 'ere I was by Frailty ſway'd;
Thou didſt in Body me encloſe,
T' immortaliſe my Joys, not Woes;
Thy boundleſs Goodneſs I adore,
Who to Thy ſelf doſt me reſtore.

I durſt not at thy Throne appear,
'Till by thy gracious Pardon clear,
Thee long I ſtyl'd my God before,
But mine now infinitely more;
With thee my God I re-unite,
Never to looſe thy Bliſsful Sight.

This ſaid, God on the Soul will ſhine,
Some Manſion for her will aſſign;
While all the ſep'rate Souls in Bliſs,
Salute her with a peaceful Kiſs,
And a triumphant Hymn begin
For her Eſcape from Woe and Sin.

O Bliſs unſpeakable Divine,
Appropriating Godhead Trine,
Who wou'd not gladly Death deſire,
Such Bliſs ecſtatick to acquire,
From conſtant Indigence below,
To th' All-ſufficient to reflow?

Yet faithful Souls are but half bleſt,
Till glorious Bodies them inveſt;
They live in Acquieſcence ſweet,
Till they have Happineſs compleat,
Wou'd not compleatly happy be,
'Till God the Moment ſhall decree.

Fond men a Separation fear,
Which, wou'd they think, ſhou'd Death endear;
The Fleſh in Indolence at reſt,
The Soul in Joy among the Bleſt,
Are the Saints Lot who at Death's ſight,
In Exultation diſunite.

The Spouſe with all the Dainties fed,
Which grew on ev'ry od'rous Bed,
Repos'd in the ſweet Garden Shade,
Till Slumber did her Eyes invade;
She ſleeping felt her Heart awake,
And heard what her Beloved ſpake.

Saints

Saints thus Celeſtial Joys fore-taſte,
And when their vital Spirits waſte,
While gently Death lays Fleſh aſleep,
Their Souls celeſtial Vigils keep;
They *Jeſus* ſee, they hear his Voice,
They wakefully love, hymn, rejoice.

Watch and Pray.

IT chanc'd, juſt as the full-cheek'd Moon
Reach'd her nocturnal Noon,
I to a Garden Shade with-drew,
Heav'n undiſtractedly to view,
And as to God my Pray'r took flight,
I ſaw a very formidable Sight.

On a pale Horſe I Death deſcry'd,
Who ſeem'd tow'rds me to ride,
Of Coloſſean bones compos'd,
Which into Skeleton were clos'd,
Two wide-mouth'd Quivers fill'd with Store,
Of deadly Darts like Holſter's, hung before.

A Shoal of Deaths made up his Train,
Which ſpread the airy Main,

Who

Who at his Beck full ſpeed wou'd fly,
To Mortals doom'd that Hour to die;
For various Fates to Humane kind,
Peculiar Weapons were to each aſſign'd.

Next Death with faded *Cypreſs* crown'd,
To Bands for *Hades* bound;
His wake o'er the Horizon trac'd,
Of their corporeal Shells uncas'd,
He all the Way ſhot Darts, and Ghoſts
New ſtrip'd ſtill join'd the two unbody'd Hoſts.

At me his Arrows ſeem'd to point,
I trembl'd ev'ry Joint;
My Guardian to allay my Fear,
Caught me up tow'rds the airy Sphere,
Thence of the World I had free View,
Saw how his Darts the King of Terrours threw.

Death and his Squadrons Night and Day,
Unweary'd hunt for Prey;
They never ſpare or Sex or Age,
On all Mankind they wreek their Rage,
Electively ſhed humane Gore,
Let Miſers live to harden them the more.

Souls ſick of Life they pretermit,
Men fond of Life they hit.
They murder Infants in the Womb,
Send ſome by Sickneſs to their Tomb,

Some

Some fall by a ſurpriſing Stroke,
And have no Minute Mercy to invoke.

Death's Arrows ſeem'd at Random ſhot,
Yet never miſs'd the Spot;
An Angel guided ev'ry Dart,
When, where, and how to gore the Heart:
When, where, and how no Mortals knew,
And rarely died with Preparation due.

The Bad to Torment through the Air
Drag'd by fierce Devils were;
In dol'rous Howlings as they went,
In vain their Lamentations ſpent:
The Monſters which in *Babel* dwell,
At Midnight never made ſuch horrid Yell.

Bright Angels waited on the Juſt;
Free'd from afflictive Duſt,
They all the Way with Joy divine
Hymn'd Love immenſe of Godhead Trine,
All rob'd in beatifick Light,
Their Angels made not a more glorious Sight.

The Damn'd ſank to the Dark abyſs,
The Saints flew up to Bliſs;
The Shrieks of Thoſe, the Joys of Theſe,
I ſaw Seal'd up by firm Decrees:
My Angel Watch and Pray adviſ'd,
Leſt I by ſudden Death ſhou'd be ſurpris'd.

VIATICUM.

JEſu, I in thy Goſpel read,
That 'ere thou didſt for Sinners bleed,
Thou didſt the Euchariſt ordain,
Souls to ſuſtain.

From the bleſs'd Table thou didſt go
To thy ſtrong agoniſing Woe,
Thence Humble, Meek, Reſign'd, Sedate,
Thy Death await.

Thy Soul thou at thy dol'rous End,
Didſt to Paternal God commend,
And of pure Love to thy great Sire,
Martyr Expire.

Adoring him with Filial Dread,
Thou on the Croſs didſt bow thy Head,
Didſt die a Victim to fulfill
His gracious Will.

Saints whom Death threaten'd to invade,
Thy Altar ſtill their Refuge made,
Humbly aſſur'd they beſt cou'd there
For Death prepare.

Thy Death was pictur'd in that Rite,
Thy Dolours there were in their Sight,

Dolours

Dolours which all [who did behold,
With Tears condol'd.

Thee they not only pictur'd ſaw,
But thence were Virtue wont to draw,
Virtue which cur'd all Ills,
And gain'd their Wills.

Not only Virtue they poſſeſs'd,
They with thy Fleſh and Blood were bleſs'd;
They Food in that myſterious Treat,
Immortal eat.

Immortal Food they felt excite
A Super-humane Chriſt-like Might;
Like thee to die in Love enflam'd,
They chiefly aim'd.

They of dire Torture had no dread,
By the *Viaticum* when fed;
They to that heav'nly Food inur'd,
The Croſs endur'd.

The Source of Life was in their Breaſt,
By Death they cou'd not be diſtreſt;
Death gave them of their Saviour dear
The Viſion clear.

Death both illumin'd and refin'd
By that Inflammative the Mind,

Love

Love watch its moſt exalted Height,
At *Jeſus* ſight.

Bleſs'd Age, when Saints were daily fed
With *Jeſus* their Life-giving Bread,
Which gave them Vigour ſtrong and ſweet,
Grim Death to meet.

Souls now ſtand trembling at Death's Sight,
We want true Euchariſtick Might,
Of Heav'nly Food we them deprive,
Scarce half alive.

The *Prophets* Cakes twice twenty Days,
Secur'd his Vigour from Decays,
Twice twenty Years God Manna rain'd,
Which *Jews* ſuſtain'd.

Nor Cakes nor Manna them ſuffic'd,
Their Hunger them again ſurpris'd;
But Souls who Food immortal taſte,
Shall never waſte.

After an Abſtinence ſevere,
Jonathan from his pointed Spear,
Suck'd Honey drops and his Eye ſight,
Grew quick and bright.

When Saints of all their Sins releas'd,
On *Jeſus* myſtically feaſt,

They reliſh with immenſe Delight,
Love infinite.

Jeſu, when Death approach ſhall make,
May I of thy dear ſelf partake,
That with a Will reſign'd I may
Thy Call obey.

May I like thee my Death-pangs bear
Reſting on God's Paternal Care,
Spreading my Wings to take my Flight,
To bliſsful ſight.

May I like thee, the World deſpiſe,
And languiſh till to thee I riſe;
In Hymning *Jeſus*, O may I
To *Jeſus* fly!

More Bleſs'd to Give than to Receive.

MOre Bleſs'd to Give than to Receive,
We, taught by Heav'n, believe:
That copies Deity immenſe,
This ſprings from Indigence.
To that the Saint with Zeal propends,
Which infinitely this tranſcends.

To

To Covetouſneſs I am inclin'd,
When that I call to Mind,
I wou'd at ev'ry Foreign Shore,
Freight boundleſs precious Oar;
I *Dives'* mighty Treaſures crave,
The Fool's full Barns I fain wou'd have.

Like *Solomon* I wou'd abound;
With Gains more precious Crown'd;
Yet Wealth, Oar, Treaſure, Barns and Gem,
I wholly ſhou'd contemn;
Had I not *Solomon's* large Heart,
Gold to the Needy to impart.

O happy Riches, which o'er-flow!
To all in Want or Woe,
Which have no Wings to fly away,
But with the lib'ral Stay,
Of Friends and Wealth, they Store provide
In Heav'n immenſely multiply'd.

Happy rich Man! did he but know,
How Riches to beſtow,
Who truſts not in his plenteous Stores,
Or Idol Wealth adores;
God's Goodneſs who to copy ſtrives,
And gains the Bleſſings of both Lives.

My God, we Indigent below,
Have nothing to beſtow;
Our All is from thy gracious Throne,
We nought can ſtyle our own,
And when to thee we Offrings bring,
The Drops are of thy Boundleſs Spring.

But O! Benignity Divine,
When Off'ring what is thine;
Thou doſt as ours thy own accept,
For which Rewards are kept,
We all our Days Receivers live,
Of what we to the Donor give.

A Dying Giver of God's own,
The living Poor bemoan;
He Advocates in Heav'n will find,
To plead for him combin'd,
Jeſus' poor Brethren will contend,
Who ſhall moſt ſhew himſelf his Friend.

Soon as by Heav'n's Appointment led,
Death ſhall approach his Bed,
His Guardian will to th' happy Sphere
Traject his Death is near;
And 'ere one Minute drops, the News
O'er happy *Hades* will diffuſe.

The

The Poor who Bliſs before had gain'd,
Whom he in Life ſuſtain'd,
At the trajected Thought will meet,
And falling at God's Feet,
With Ardour for him interceed,
And for Joys ſuper-effluent Plead.

The Hungry will recall his Bread,
On which they Daily fed,
The Thirſty, the refreſhing Bowls,
With which he chear'd their Souls;
The Stranger wand'ring in the Street,
His free, his Hoſpitable Treat,

The Naked, Cloaths which them ſecur'd,
From Cold they had endur'd;
The Sick the Viſits they receiv'd,
And how by them reliev'd,
The Priſoners helps and Succours kind,
He ſhew'd them when in Chains confin'd.

The Debtors how their Debts he paid,
By Loſſes when Decay'd;
The Chriſtians, Slaves to *Pagans* ſold,
Whom he redeem'd with Gold;
Widows and Fatherleſs ſupply'd
By him, when by the World deny'd.

His Foes for whom Chriſt-like he pray'd,
And Good for Ill repaid,
Damn'd Souls to whom he Warnings gave
And try'd all Means to ſave,
Shall Self-confus'd before the Throne
His Charities to either own.

The Guardians whom Heav'n deign'd to ſend,
The happy Poor to tend;
Devoutly will the ſame declare,
Enforcing all their Pray'r,
And his own Angel will recount
Vaſt Sums to which his Alms amount.

None to ſearch *Chronicles* ſhall need,
For a paſt noble Deed;
As the great King by *Eſther* gain'd
For *Mordecai* ordain'd:
Each Grain of Charitable Gold,
Is in the Book of Life enrol'd.

There the poors Pray'rs recorded lie,
And all his Succours by
There the poor's Praiſes patent ſtand
For Succours from his Hand;
And him the Favourite of Heav'n's King,
Guardians and happy Poor will ſing.

Bleſs'd

Bleſs'd *Jeſus* ſolemnly will own
Love to his Brethren ſhewn
And Guardians of the Poor he fed
Diſpatch'd to his Death-bed,
His Beatifick flight will aid,
With an Angelick Cavalcade.

Jeſus the Judge will at his right
Allot him Manſions Bright;
Among the Bleſs'd with a high Place,
His bounteous Lover Grace,
Heav'n ſhall in Hymn the Truth atteſt,
To give, then to receive more Bleſt.

May I to *Jeſus'* Brethren ſpare,
In all his Gifts a Share,
And not defer till I go hence,
My Portion to diſpenſe,
A Death-bed Alms extorted ſeems,
A Life of Alms God moſt eſteems.

Love ſtrong as Death.

A Saint to few but God well known
Who ſeem'd in Town to live alone;
Who Worldly Toil and Cares diſclaim'd,
And was with Love Divine enflam'd,
Yet though enflam'd wou'd make no Blaze
But of his Graces damp'd the Rays.

With few but Saints who e'er convers'd,
His Alms in ſecret who diſpers'd,
A private Life below who choſe
His Soul for Glory to diſpoſe,
Who kept ſweet *Jeſus* ſtill in Mind,
And his own Will to God reſign'd.

Whoſe Virtues lay ſo out of View,
That *Satan* ne'er his Saintſhip knew,
As God in *Jeſus* he ne'er Thought,
Till Miracles his God-head taught,
Whom *Satan* deem'd an eaſy Prey,
To tempt him on a vacant Day.

Such was the Saint to *Jeſus* dear,
Who often made him Viſits here,
And ſaw his humble Lover ſeis'd,
With ſoft Impatience to be eas'd
From Clogs Terreſtial, that he might
In Bliſs of *Jeſus* gain the Sight.

Jeſus to Death Commiſſion gave,
To reſt his Body in the Grave,
That his enamour'd Soul might fly,
Into lov'd *Jeſus* Arms on High;
Death to confed'rate *Hell* reveal'd,
For whom his Warrant next was ſeal'd.

Death

Death and Hell out together went,
On the Saint's endleſs Ruin bent,
They both approaching his Sick-bed,
His watchful Angel o'er his Head,
Brandiſh'd his bright Angelick Blade,
That neither cou'd the Saint invade.

His Licence Death began to plead;
That, ſaid the Angel, you exceed,
For when his dying Heav'n deſign'd,
You ſhou'd have left your Hell behind,
Hell, which Heav'n damns to ſtrict reſtraint,
From troubling a departing Saint.

The Angel with his two edg'd Fire,
Made the infernal Fiends retire;
Your Dart, ſaid he, now on him try,
In Slumbers ſweet you ſee him lie;
Truth ſays, that Love as Death is ſtrong,
To ſee the Experiment I long.

This Lover whom I beſt ſhou'd know,
Too humble is his Love to ſhew;
Death, what your Strength is fully ſay,
And I'll his Love againſt it weigh;
Grim Death reply'd, What Lovers dare,
Weak Love with this ſtrong Arm compare?

I a Crown'd King, this Scepter ſway,
All living Creatures me obey;
I daily round the Heav'nly Arch,
Arm'd with Ten Thouſand Terrors March,
My Darts I at my pleaſure fling,
At States-man, Heroe, Prelate, King.

Your Crown is made of *Cypreſs* Dead,
Love crowns with Rays a Lover's Head;
You have your Bounds, but Love has none,
Love ſits with *Jeſus* on a Throne,
Saints by her borrow'd Splendour ſhine,
And all Things in Love's Good combine.

No Wretch againſt me 'ere rebell'd,
But his audacious Pride I quell'd,
I no Fatigue, no Danger know,
No Difficulty I forego;
Name if you can one ſingle Soul,
Who ever cou'd my Might controul.

Bleſs'd *Enoch* and *Elias* flew,
To Heav'nly Reſt in ſpite of you;
Love over Dangers, Tortures, Pains,
Invincible the Conqueſt gains,
Contemns you when you fierce appear,
And never feels what 'tis to fear.

Your

Your fatal Keys bleſs'd *Jeſus* keeps,
He Mortals raiſes from Dead-ſleeps,
Like Power he to his Lovers gave,
To raiſe your Priſ'ners from the Grave;
By him Love Vict'ry gains in Fight,
Though all Hell-powers aſſiſt your Spite.

I vanquiſh'd your Incarnate God,
And on his Grave Triumphant trod;
And can weak Love my Force withſtand,
When *Jeſus* own'd *my* Conqu'ring Hand?
God-man, ſaid th' Angel, you ſubdu'd,
You dearly that feign'd Conqueſt ru'd.

'Twas Love, not you, made God to die,
That Lovers might your Darts defy;
He down his Life was pleas'd to lay
A Ranſom for Man's Guilt to pay:
Saints Off'ring make of Life, God's Will,
Not yours, alacrious to fulfill.

Behold this Sting which Mortals gores,
And throws ſtrong Poiſon through their Pores,
The fiery Serpents were ſafe Things,
When you compare them to my Stings,
No brazen Serpent when in ſight,
To cure the Wound I make has Might.

Death

Death, when to Lovers you draw nigh,
You're forc'd to lay your Terrours by,
When Warrants are for Lovers ſign'd,
You leave Sting, Scepter, Crown, behind:
Love eyes dear *Jeſus* on the Tree,
And from your Tyranny is free.

A Glance which the chaſte Spouſe let fly,
From the ſweet Langour in her Eye,
Wounded her Heav'nly Lover's Heart,
Death, when at Saints you throw your Dart;
You with like Softneſs pierce their Breaſt,
They feel themſelves when wounded bleſt.

To Sin your Birth and Strength you owe,
And Sinners only dragg'd to Woe:
Love, which from Sin has glad Releaſe,
And lives with God belov'd at Peace,
Of all that's dreadful you diſarms,
To Lovers you can work no Harms.

You Force exert on brittle Clay
Which has no Pow'r to diſobey;
Love fights with Luſt, the World, and Hell,
Has Foes un-number'd to repell;
Love runs through Life a dangerous Courſe,
And muſt at laſt take heaven by Force.

On

On Duſt, you like the Serpent feed,
By Love the Soul from Duſt is freed;
You Sin-born ſeiſe the Baſer part,
Love keeps for God the Heav'n-born Heart;
You Mortals bury in cold Urns,
Love to the Source of Life returns.

Fiends, who wou'd die, you cannot kill,
To Angels you can Work no Ill;
God a Command on Angels laid,
In all its Motions, Love to Aid:
Angelick Guardians Love ſupport
In ev'ry rapturous Effort.

Death you are Mortal, you'll at laſt,
Into the fiery Lake be caſt:
Love will immortal ſtill abide,
Eternally beatify'd;
Death Sin-born, Heav'n-born Love compare,
Love has of Might the noble Share.

Lord, with thy Love my Spirit fire,
To thee in Triumph to aſpire;
Death need not me with Dart to gore,
I what thou gav'ſt to thee reſtore:
Love, *Jeſus* like, ſhall Life lay down
To haſten to my heav'nly Crown.

Jeſus keeps the Keys of Death and Hell.

BLeſs'd Guardian, careful to inſtill
Good Things, as *Satan* Ill,
Of Death, and its confed'rate Hell;
The Force and Progreſs tell;
They both in Holy writ are join'd;
And formidable when combin'd.

Death I cou'd welcome to my Bed;
But his Companion dread,
You have of num'rous Souls had Care;
Breathing out vital Air;
O ſay! when Death his Onſet made;
How did they Helliſh Force evade?

Death and Hell both with utmoſt ſpite;
On *Jeſus* ſpent their might,
Much more my Weakneſs they'll aſſail;
And may with Eaſe prevail;
My Guardian in trajected Thought,
What I deſir'd thus kindly taught.

Soon as we ſaw God-man expire,
In full Angelick Quire,
We ſung the New triumphant Strain;
Of *Jeſus* the Lamb ſlain,
Who Death and Hell's aſſaults endur'd;
And Conqueſt to his Friends ſecur'd.

God-

God-man both on the Croſs ſubdu'd,
Death never can intrude;
But by Permiſſion to a Saint,
While Hell is in reſtraint:
Jeſus by Heav'n's benign Decree,
Of Death and Hell ſtill keeps the Key.

From Sin their Sire, both Hell and Death
Co-evally drew Breath,
And when God-man unlocks the Gate,
Death marches with his Mate;
But *Jeſus* his good Angels ſends,
Who from Hell-pow'rs protect his Friends.

Laz'rus 'ere Death his Eye-lids clos'd,
In Angels Wings repos'd,
Hell-pow'rs they at a Diſtance kept,
Till his ſweet laſt he Slept;
Then with a tender Charge they flew,
'Till lodg'd in beatifick View.

The Fool who bigger Barns deviſ'd,
And Riches idoliſ'd,
To Death, with Hell at his Bed-ſide,
By God abandon'd, dy'd,
The Devils rav'nous for the Prey,
Tore his reluctant Soul away.

But

But how, ſaid I, can Angels tell,
Where they muſt Fiends expel?
Where e'er, ſaid th' Angel, they deſcry,
Saints with their Guardians by,
It is the Sign that they muſt there
Aſſiſt at Death the Guardian's Care.

Good Angels, Souls obdurate leave,
Who the bleſs'd Spirit grieve;
Devils of them Poſſeſſion take,
Plung'd in the Brimſtone Lake:
The Angels Wings, the Saints o'er-ſhade
Hell dreads their Miniſterial Aid.

God's Lovers all to God are dear,
Their Guardians are ſtill near;
Angels will haſte to take their Parts
'Ere Death can throw his Darts,
They'll be their Convoy while they fly,
To Bliſs unſpeakable on High.

Guardian, ſince *Jeſus* keeps the Key,
You me from Terrours free;
He dy'd to reſcue me from Hell,
And he'll its Powers repell:
I gladly ſhall that Death await,
For which God-man unlocks the Gate.

My *Jeſus*, cleanſe me from my Guilt,
Unlock then when thou wilt:

May

May Angels with my Death keep pace,
And Pow'rs infernal chace:
O may they waft me to thy Sight,
To which I languiſh to take flight!

Death, when thy Saints it ſhall ſurpriſe,
Is precious in thy Eyes,
The Wicked live in ſtrong Deſire,
Like the Saints to Expire,
Jeſu, be thou my Aid, that I,
May Saint-like live, Saint-like to die!

Death and Sleep compar'd.

SInce in this World wiſe God deſign'd,
To try the Love of free Mankind;
Foreſeeing our degen'rate Race
Their Option on falſe Joys wou'd place,
His Love with Outrages repay,
And his mild Precepts diſobey:

Mercy and Wiſdom then combin'd,
Some juſt Expedient out to find,
That might Rebellious Man chaſtiſe,
And Sin and Wrath not eterniſe,
Both Death for the Expedient choſe
Proper to ſhorten Sin and Woes.

Yet Death, for Bleſſing, though ordain'd,
Sinners with Horrour entertain'd,
They from their Thought grim Death expell'd,
They trembled when they him beheld;
They murmur'd that dear Fleſh ſhou'd ſink,
To Earth, Worms, Rottenneſs, and Stink.

Mens Hearts Triunal Wiſdom ey'd,
Saw how they all were terrify'd;
And the Bleſs'd co omniſcient Three,
To ſet our Race from Terrours free,
In Condeſcention gracious join'd,
And Death to be a Sleep defin'd.

The Saints of Old are rather ſaid,
To ſleep with Fathers than lie dead,
And e'er ſince Evangelick Day
Diffus'd its bright Heav'n-opening Ray,
The Saints are ſaid, when Life they cloſe,
In Dormitories to repoſe.

Death then my Soul in mem'ry keep,
And reſt aſſur'd it is a Sleep:
Sleep when with long Fatigue diſtreſs'd,
Gives to the Weary grateful Reſt;
Sleep after Man's laborious Cares
By ſoft Refreſhment Strength repairs.

Sleep

Sleep when ſharp Pains torment our Senſe,
Creates ſweet Eaſe and Indolence;
Sleep's a Vacation of our Pow'rs,
And innocently Waſtes our Hours;
Sleep chains our up diſtorted Will,
From Guilt of voluntary Ill.

Reſt undiſturb'd and Indolence,
Vacation and pure Innocence,
In Death laſt longer, more abound,
Than in a Sleep when moſt profound;
If we compare our Bed and Grave,
Death the Advantage ſeems to have.

Fleſh at the awful Trumpet's Sound,
When 'tis awaken'd under Ground,
Shall riſe more glorious from the Dead,
Then a tir'd Lab'rer from his Bed;
Sleep for a while from Sin reſtrains,
Death frees us from all future Stains.

Sleep often is in Bed diſturb'd,
When idle Fancy roves uncurb'd,
Chimæra's forms and monſtrous Schemes,
Or raiſes ſoul, or frightful Dreams:
Death in the Grave has full repoſe,
And no Diſturbance ever knows.

Sleep Soul and Body ſilent lays
In a Ceſſation of God's Praiſe,
Death which the Fleſh can only ſeiſe,
To Hymn great God the Spirit frees;
In ſleep the whole Man ſeems to die,
In Death the Spirit mounts on High.

Sleep ev'ry Night returns of Courſe,
Death to no Hour confines its Force,
T' enflame for Heav'n a watchful Zeal,
God choſe Death's Moment to conceal:
In ſleep by God we guarded are,
Death is much more God's tender Care.

Saints in the Earth when bury'd deep,
Their Friendſhip with dear *Jeſus* keep,
O'er *Laz'rus* dead ſweet *Jeſus* wept,
And ſtyl'd him Friend as there he ſlept:
Sleep Friendſhip, here a while ſuſpends,
Saints in their Graves are *Jeſus'* Friends.

Though when we weigh our Bed and Urn,
Death ſeems in worth the Scale to turn,
Yet Men in Life from Bliſs exil'd,
To Death are rarely reconcil'd,
By ſlumb'ring Spirits they poſſeſs'd,
Their Death Sin's Sov'raign Cure deteſt.

God gives them Ears, and they'll not hear,
Eyes, and they'll ſee no Duty clear,

Intellect

Intellect? and they baniſh Thought,
Their Cure in Hell will ſoon be wrought;
They'll wake, hear, ſee, feel endleſs Woe,
And think whether they will or no.

May I my God count Death my gain,
Deliv'ring me from Sin and Pain:
And welcome Death's protracted Night,
More gladly than the Morning Light,
While my freed Soul to thee aſcends,
And in ſweet Hymn my int'rim ſpend.

The Atheiſt Dying.

ON a pale Horſe, and in the Rout,
Which Providence ſtill pointed out,
Grim Death to a Saints Manſion rod,
Bright'ning his Soul to meet his God,
His Horſe he at the Portal ty'd
And ent'red to the Saint's Bed-ſide.

The Saint mean while his *Jeſus* hymn'd,
His Soul with heav'nly Graces trim'd,
His bleſs'd *Viaticum* receiv'd,
While his Friends rather pray'd than griev'd;
Heav'n for a while made Death retreat,
His Preparations to compleat.

Two ghoſtly Fools, while Death delay'd,
Near the Saint's Door Approaches made,

Aphron and *Morus*, they were ſtil'd,
With ev'ry kind of Vice defil'd;
Vice o'er their Reaſon drew a Cloud,
And they Blaſphem'd great God aloud.

Saints, *Aphron* ſaid, ſtrange pother keep,
When they begin their final Sleep,
Our Souls are Mortal, and Decay
As vital Heat conſumes away:
Our Atoms Chance together ty'd,
And they by Chance diſſolv'd abide.

Like Beaſts, ſaid *Morus*, all Men die,
With Beaſts their Aſhes mingled lie,
Our Souls like theirs, if Souls we have,
Are bury'd with us in the Grave,
Why then ſhou'd Mortals Death decline,
Why ſhou'd they dread their Anodyne?

At Saints, Old Men, Babes, Beggars, Kings,
His Darts Death by mere Hazard flings,
The Bad and Good promiſcuous fall;
If there's a God who made this all,
He either ſleeps, or idle ſits,
And the ſole Pow'r to Chance commits.

I'll try to ſtop Death's Courſe a while,
I'll of his Horſe the Wretch beguile,
What Death will ſay, Watch you to hear,
I'll on his Horſe ride full Career.

The

The Horſe wou'd not the Rein obey,
But with his Rider ran away.

Juſt to the Gates of Death he ran,
And there kick'd down the fooliſh Man.
The Angel who Death's Reign controuls,
And keeps the Key to let in Souls,
Wonder'd to ſee a Body there,
Where only naked Souls repair.

Soon as the Fool himſelf had rear'd,
The New ſtript Souls in ſight appear'd,
The fatal Gates ſtraight open flew,
Morus had there a diſmal View
Of the Inctial horrid Pains,
Which the accurſed Crew ſuſtains.

As the damn'd Furies drave them in,
They cry'd, O execrable Sin!
O I muſt Burn and not Conſume,
Juſt is great God, juſt is my Doom,
Curs'd, falſe, evanid, ſenſual Joy,
Our Souls you Cheat, and then deſtroy.

O for one precious Minute more,
That I might wilful Guilt deplore.
Ah fooliſh Soul, you wiſh too late,
One Minute more will ſhut the Gate.
O how my Conſcience me upbraids,
And damns me to infernal Shades!

Atheiſt I liv'd, Believer dy'd,
I now fear God whom I deny'd,
O Horrour, Anguiſh, Helliſh Woe,
Which a damn'd Soul muſt undergo!
My Sins to Devils me expoſe,
I nothing feel but what I choſe!

I ſhall have ſupplemental Smart,
For Sins in which I bore a part,
Like *Dives* ſocial Sins I rue,
Which, O that my Companions knew!
May they repent e'er they expire,
Leſt damn'd they fuel my fierce Fire.

Morus at that dread Sight believ'd,
A while he for his Atheiſm griev'd,
But when he left the frightful Gate,
Returning to his Worldly State,
His wonted Luſts he re-embrac'd,
And his Convictions ſoon eras'd.

Such are Convictions rais'd by Fear,
They'll at Temptation diſappear,
To Heav'nly Things Luſt makes us blind,
A Will perverſe perverts the Mind:
Vice to Dominion ne'er arrives
Till Faith and Reaſon it ſurvives.

In

In Converts Love when join'd with Fears,
Juſtice and Goodneſs both reveres;
Goodneſs which has enamouring Rays,
The Soul connaturally ſways,
Preventing Love will Souls conſtrain,
Being firſt lov'd to, love again.

Death, when the Saint was flown to Bliſs;
Wonder'd his Horſe at Door to miſs,
But leſt he ſhou'd his Prey give o'er,
A flying Serpent's Wings he tore;
His Meſſengers to fix them try'd,
That he through Air on them might glide.

Death at the Door ſaw *Aphron* ſmile,
Gueſs'd he was conſcious to the Wile,
And order'd one ſhou'd at him ſhoot,
A pain not Mortal but acute:
The Meſſenger ſtrait ſhot the Gout,
Left him in Torture crying out.

The Fool the Atoms curs'd, which clos'd
In Limbs for ſuch ſtrong Pain diſpos'd;
Curs'd the firſt Day which Life commenc'd,
Curs'd Stars which his Birth influenc'd;
Curs'd his good Friends who gave him Aid,
Curs'd Death, who then invok'd, delay'd:

He Swore, Blaſphemed, Roar'd out, and Rav'd,
In vain Help from Phyſicians crav'd,

Roll'd

Roll'd Agonizing to and fro,
Impatience aggravdis'd his Woe:
Fain wou'd he on his Dagger die,
Yet what might follow fear'd to try.

Such is the Atheist, when in Pain,
The Fool sees Worldly Succours vain,
No *Opiate* will his Pangs allay,
He curses Night, and hates the Day;
He living in Hell Torments shares,
And, what is their chief Woe, despairs.

Lord, when in Pain thy Lovers lie,
Thou sweetly dost thy Aids supply,
They seek the Ease of Wills resign'd,
Thy Love Paternal clears their Mind:
'Twill wonderfully Death endear,
To pass to Joys from Anguish here.

Silence in the Grave.

WHen I the King of Terrours view'd,
Dear Jesu, by thy Cross subdu'd,
He seem'd to me a harmless Thing,
When Void of Sting.

Death was to me familiar grown,
He visits made me when alone,
And serious Thoughts still left behind,
To store my Mind

Death

Death gave me Gleams of heav'nly Bliſs,
Which when he loſt me grew remiſs,
I wiſh'd for him much longer Stay,
More to diſplay.

I often kiſs'd the friendly Dart,
Which he reſerv'd to wound my Heart,
And long'd till it my Soul let out
In rapt devout.

Death and I thus a Friendſhip held,
'Till from my Thought I him expel'd,
The Cauſe of Change from Friend to Foe,
Death cur'd to know.

I thought it Happineſs, ſaid I,
For all who lov'd their God to die,
At nobler Heights their Heav'nly King,
To Love and ſing.

But when they in the Grave repoſe,
Their Love's ſtark Cold, their Hymns they cloſe.
From Death which Love and Hymn ſhall end,
Jeſu defend.

The Heroe after God's own Heart,
At frightful Thoughts of Death wou'd ſtart,
Death which wou'd lay him faſt a ſleep,
In ſilence deep.

Where

Where all his Organs ſoon ſhou'd rot,
Where all Gods Goodneſs was forgot,
Where he nor Harp, nor Voice cou'd raiſe,
To ſing God's praiſe.

That in the ſilent Grave the Juſt,
Nor love, nor hymn, when turn'd to Duſt,
Is of another Royal Saint,
The ſad Complaint,

Grave, I abhor Thee, 'twou'd be Hell,
One Minute in thy Walls to dwell,
If I muſt Hymn and Love forego,
What greater Woe?

You, ſaid pale Death, miſapprehend
The Meſſage of your filial Fiend,
My Darts which are for Fleſh deſign'd,
Ne'er reach the Mind.

While Fleſh in a Dead Silence lyes,
The Soul ſet free to Glory flies,
Employ'd with ſep'rate Souls above,
In Hymn and Love.

What you no more can do combin'd,
The Soul when 'tis from Droſs refin'd,
Will much more noble Heights attain,
Then Fleſh cou'd gain,

If

If I, ſaid Soul, ſhall hymn God more,
When free'd, than join'd my Heart then gore,
With Spirits pure, a pure Love ſong,
To ſing I long.

But muſt one half in ſilence reſt,
While th' other half ſings with the Bleſt?
Can Fleſh no ſhare in Duty have,
While in the Grave?

Your Fleſh ſaid Death, when in its Urn
Muſt to its priſtine Duſt return,
But of that Duſt dear in God's ſight,
Is ev'ry Mite,

Moſes when he reduc'd to Duſt,
The Golden Calf once *Iſrael*'s Truſt,
Yet then as well as in the Mold,
Each grain was Gold.

The Duſt of ev'ry Saint who dies
Moſt precious is in *Jeſus*' Eyes,
Each atom ſhin'd on by his Beams,
He dear eſteems.

When the Spouſe ſaw the undefil'd,
Advancing tow'rds her from the Wild,
With Powders ſweet, and od'rous Store,
Perfum'd all o'er;

Each Atom of thoſe Powders ſweet,
Diſpers'd throughout from Head to Feet,
By his ſole Touch did ſtrait aſſume
Divine Perfume.

Saints Atoms thus in Earth enclos'd,
Which *Jeſus'* Members once compos'd,
Will heav'nly Virtue from him drain,
And Bleſs'd remain.

Though void of Soul they loſe Deſire,
Heav'n-born Perfume will yet aſpire,
And raiſe Exilience to unite,
In Manſions bright.

Thanks, friendly Death, ſaid Soul, intent
I'll watch the Hour when you are ſent,
The heav'nly Deep I'll gladly ſwim
To Love and Hymn,

I'll love and hymn throughout my Flight,
But when I reach the Realm of Light,
With Seraphs, who ſing beſt on High,
In both I'll vie.

In both, when I of the Lamb ſlain
For me, not them, ſhall ſing the Strain
Of Love, and Hymn, lov'd more than they
I more ſhou'd pay.

Mean

Mean while like *Jesus* in the Grave,
Flesh will tow'rds Bliss propension have,
Flesh which with Soul to be co-blest'd
In Hope shall rest.

Fear to Part.

AH! foolish Soul, how oft have you,
When Death was present to your View,
Fear'd lest from Flesh his pointed Dart
Shou'd make you part.

The World is full of deadly Snares,
False Joys to fool you it prepares,
'Tis difficult where-e'er you run
Plague-Sores to shun,

Body, till by the Grave refin'd,
Weighs down to Earth your Heav'n-born Mind;
'Tis too impure for blissful Sight,
In spotless Light.

Your darling Flesh in which you dwell,
Against your Self will oft rebell;
What is there Valuable here
Life to endear?

You intimate you shou'd not grieve,
Your old Companion Flesh to leave,

Did

Did you the Place where you muſt go
But clearly know?

The *Jews* were happy you ſuggeſt,
Who enter'd not their promis'd Reſt,
Till they ſent Spies, who ev'ry Way,
Shou'd all ſurvey.

Of Thouſands here who ev'ry Hour,
Death is permitted to devour,
Not one returns, of what he ſaw
A Map to draw.

Saints who when *Jeſus* roſe appear'd,
In *Salem* were ſeen, known and heard,
Yet no Account of *Hades* gave
Beyond the Grave.

In ſtrange Reluctance you abide,
To ſee a Land yet undiſcry'd,
And in the double ſep'rate State,
To try your Fate.

Fond Soul, you have in God's own Book,
All your Deſire, yet over look;
None riſen, ſhou'd you that peruſe,
Cou'd more infuſe.

The everlaſting Joys and Ills,
God there in ev'ry Leaf inſtills,

Lax'rus

Laz'rus in Bliſs, *Dives* in Woe
Both regions ſhew.

The Saints with *Jeſus* on the Mount,
Of Bliſs preſented ſuch Account,
That ſtrait to Tabernacle there
Was *Peter*'s Pray'r.

To the third Heav'n th' Apoſtle rear'd,
Celeſtial Glories ſaw and heard,
Not poſſible to be Rehears'd
In Fleſh immers'd.

Eternal Joys and Woes no Speech,
No Faculty we have can reach,
They are to be believ'd, but known
Till felt by None.

My Angel oft to Heav'n takes flights,
To taſte its Glories and Delights:
I Watch the Point till back he flies
With longing Eyes.

Dear Guardian, give me ſome ſhort Gleams
Of beatifick Joys and Beams,
Which while, ſaid I, above you dwelt,
You lately felt.

What we above, ſaid the Angel, feel,
We are too ſcanty to reveal,

What Bliſs 'tis Godhead to poſſeſs,
None can Expreſs.

Thee, Lord, I for thy Book adore,
Ambitious to know nothing more;
Celeſtial Bliſs to ſuperviſe,
I want no ſpies.

Like *Abraham*, at thy gracious Call,
I'll leave my Country, Friends, my All,
In a ſtrange Land to make my ſtay,
Thee to obey.

I firmly in thy Truth confide,
Thou wilt be my Support and Guide,
My Faith abundantly ſupplies
My want of Eyes.

My Fleſh I offer, which inſtead
Of a lov'd only Son ſhall bleed;
Which when Love's flame ſhall th' Off'ring burn
Earth ſhall inurn.

My Soul when from this Body loos'd,
Shall into thee be re-transfus'd,
Till my Fleſh wakes when under Ground
The Trump ſhall ſound.

Thou, Lord, wilt then my Fleſh reſtore,
Purer and Brighter than before,

To

To make the Sacrifice compleat,
They both will meet.

I'll give my ſelf to thee entire,
Thy ſelf I in exchange Deſire,
Cent'ring in thee Deſire will reſt
Of all poſſeſs'd.

The Soul Hovering over our Aſhes.

WHen *Iſrael* ſaw the hallow'd Frame (Name:
Thrown down, where God had plac'd his
With Sighs and Tears and Groans,
They kiſs'd the broken Stones;
Though an unform'd, rude *Chaos* made,
A Reverence to its Ruins paid.

Soul, when this Body you forſake,
Your long'd for heav'nly Flight to take,
You ſep'rate muſt remind,
You ruin'd left behind
A Temple where the Spirit bleſs'd,
The ſole Propriety poſſeſs'd.

Deſcend a while and view my Urn,
See how my Limbs to Aſhes turn,

Though Heav'n your Tears may ſtop,
Yet you a Sigh may drop,
My Duſt to meet your Sigh will riſe,
And with your Yearnings ſympathiſe.

Sigh may become your ſep'rate State,
O'er my commiſerable Fate,
You now are but half bleſs'd
And in long Languor reſt;
And while in Languor you remain,
Sigh ſweetly till full Bliſs you Gain.

My Aſhes though they kindled lie
You can their proper Place deſcry,
This Atom Ear compos'd,
That was in Eye enclos'd;
That was in Tongue, and this in Heart,
Adjuſting them to ev'ry part.

You'll hov'ring view my Humane Ore,
Our Diſſolution you'll deplore,
Confeſs God's Sentence juſt
Of Man's return to Duſt,
That God when he the Soul repris'd,
Its Inſtrument of Sin chaſtis'd.

Four times a Year the Virgins kept,
When they for *Jephthah*'s Daughter wept;
Fleſh but one time will crave,
For Viſit to my Grave,

And

And that's th' anniverſary Day,
When you divorc'd your widdow'd Clay.

Soon then as you approach my Shrine,
Hymn the Philanthrophy Divine,
For Bleſſings we both ſhar'd,
For Bliſs for you prepar'd,
For Death which Sin and Pain deſtroys,
And ripens Fleſh for heav'nly Joys.

Fall proſtrate at my Tomb, and pray
For haſt'ning the All-quick'ning Day;
And that when both ſhall meet
At the dread Judgment Seat,
We may our Abſolution hear,
And mount to the Celeſtial Sphere.

Your Wings o'er my cold Atoms ſpread,
Brooding kind Heat upon them Dead,
They aiming to revive,
Will to embody ſtrive,
As o'er the Child the Prophet lay
Enliv'ning his cold lifeleſs Clay.

Watch when the Angel ſhall appear,
And his awak'ning Trumpet rear,
'Ere his firſt breath ſhall end,
Re-enter your old Friend,

That I may riſe among the firſt,
Who for a bleſs'd Re-union thirſt.

Life and Death compar'd.

SInce humane Race pale Death decry,
And live in Panick fear to die,
I mortal thought it worth my while,
My ſelf and Death to reconcile,
And weighing Life and Death intend
To court Death chiefly for my Friend.

Death ghoſtly Pilgrims, when they ſtray
In this World's broad, but many Way,
Leads ſafely to the Native Land
Of Spirits, where they may expand
Their ſtretch'd Capacities at Will,
For God who only them can fill.

When Strangers they at random rome,
Death guides directly to their Home;
When Foreigners for Harbour cry,
Death makes them Deniſons on high,
To Souls with Labour hard diſtreſs'd,
Death gives ſweet Sleep and grateful Reſt.

To Saints who with Hell-pow'rs contend,
Death gives their War victorious End,

On

On Heav'n-ward Racers Death beſtows,
The Prize when e'er the Race they cloſe;
Saints in this Vale of Tears who bide,
At Death feel their wet Eye-lids dry'd:

In life Souls with dull Fleſh depreſs'd,
By Death acquire Enlargement bleſs'd;
Lovers in Abſence here remain,
By Death they glad Fruition gain:
The Saint a Trial here endures,
Death his Reward above ſecures.

In Life Souls grope in ghoſtly Night,
Death wafts them to the Realm of Light,
With Miſ'ries Life is loaded here,
Death lands us in the bliſsful Sphere;
Souls in the World contract a Taint,
Death fully purifies the Saint.

Life of the Fall the Maim retains,
Death happy Paradiſe regains;
Souls here good Seed in Plenty ſow,
At Death they only Reap or Mow;
In wants Saints here run out their Courſe,
Death heavenly Treaſure takes by Force.

Temptations here the Faithful gore,
At Death above their Reach they ſoar;

Life ne'er is wholly free from Sins,
Impeccancy at Death begins;
In Life Souls to revolt are prone,
Death keeps them Loyal to God's Throne.

In Life Saints mix'd with th' Impious dwell,
Where Tongues are ſet on Fire by Hell,
Like *David* when in *Kedar* Tents,
His Habitation he laments,
At Death they ſhall bleſs'd Spirits join,
Pure Vot'ries of the God-head Trine:

In Life the Beſt of Saints are frail,
Fleſh o'er the Mind will oft prevail,
Their Hearts when e'er they Hymn or Pray,
Will oft grow tir'd, their Zeal decay;
At Death no Cloud will intervene,
Souls will be fix'd, devout, ſerene,

In Life the World our Souls befools,
And Love Celeſtial often cools;
Love there unnumber'd Rivals meets,
Which are alluring, deadly Cheats;
Death will the Saints from Droſs refine,
Fir'd with unrival'd Love divine.

Devils and Men of Life partake;
But Devils Life their Grievance make,

They

They wou'd be overjoy'd to die,
And ſcape the Flames in which they fry,
Saints by their Privilege of Death,
End Sin and Trouble with their Breath.

The wiſeſt King who beſt cou'd know,
The quinteſſential Joys below,
When he with Heav'n thoſe Joys compar'd,
Vain and Vexatious them declar'd,
Pronounc'd the Day when laid in Earth
Much better than our day of Birth.

Life and its Joys to Age muſt bow,
Death gives us an eternal Now;
By Life we are to Earth confin'd,
Death wings for Heav'n the Heav'n-born Mind;
If Life and Death we juſtly view,
Death's the more noble of the two.

The Holy *Paul* who daily dy'd,
Who Death had long and often try'd,
Languiſh'd to be diſſolv'd, and gave
The pref'rence to the peaceful Grave;
May I with joy my pangs ſuſtain,
Aſſur'd like him that Death is gain!

Friendſhip with Death.

WHEN I on Death approaching think,
My Soul begins to ſhrink;
My Pow'rs wou'd fain that Thought poſt-pone,
Till tow'rds my dying Groan;
Belſhazzar's Tremblings on me ſeize,
And I together ſmite my Knees.

Soul, thou infallibly art ſure,
That Death I muſt endure,
Thou canſt not the ſet time deſcry,
But know'ſt that it is nigh,
Since then I ſhortly Death muſt ſee
Why ſhou'd we now ſuch Strangers be?

Children at bitter Potions grieve,
By which they Health retrieve;
To that which frees from worldly Snares,
Averſion Fleſh declares;
Soul, change on ſecond Thoughts your Mind,
Your Health, not Grievance, is deſign'd.

Bleſs'd *Jeſus* deigns to taſte for all
Death's Bitterneſs and Gall;
And ſweetens Death to Saints who tread,
The Foot-ſteps where he led;

As

As Faith and Hope in Votaries fail,
Death's Terrors by degrees prevail.

Death you e're long muſt undergo,
Whether you will or no;
Whether you will or no, I'll try,
To keep him in your Eye;
Look on him with a Conſcience clear,
And you will chide your childiſh Fear.

When *Jeſus* gain'd his Throne on high,
Death it ſelf ſeem'd to dye;
His open'd Grave ſhow'd how the Saints,
Shall force all Death's Reſtraints;
And open'd Heav'n aſſur'd their Eyes,
Their Bodies from the Graves ſhou'd riſe.

While in the Graves of all the Juſt,
Bleſs'd *Jeſus* keeps the Duſt;
Their Spirits free'd from Clogs of Senſe,
Shall Happineſs commence,
And *Jeſus* Hymn, who Death endears
To Souls in penitential Tears.

In the expanſe *Jehovah* plac'd,
A Pillar double fac'd,
Which through the Sea the Tribes ſhou'd guide
Safe to the adverſe ſide,

And

Which ſhou'd appear to *Iſrael* bright,
And to *Egyptians* diſmal Night.

Thus double-fac'd Death always flies,
Race humane to ſurprize;
To th' Impious dreadful He appears,
Darting outragious Fears;
To Souls to *Jeſus* reconcil'd,
His Looks inviting are, and mild.

The Wicked at Death's Look may quake,
Saints Friendſhip with him make;
May I, when he draws near my Bed,
T'wards *Jeſus* raiſe my Head,
And joyfully embrace my Friend,
By whoſe kind Dart I Heav'n aſcend.

Death's Darts repell'd.

I Wept, and liv'd, and when my Soul
Perceiv'd that it was whole,
To Tears and Love I Hymning joyn'd,
All Three my Soul refin'd;
And when refin'd I Courage took,
Death fearleſs in the Face to look.

Death

Death when his Sting he uſeleſs ſpy'd,
With Darts their Want ſupply'd;
With darted Thoughts he ſhot me through,
My Terrors to renew;
My Shield was Faith, and Love, and Hope,
My Helmet with the Foe to cope.

Death threaten'd Soul and Fleſh to part,
That was his leading Dart,
That Worms ſhou'd be my Body's Lot,
Which ſoon ſhou'd ſtink and rot;
That Soul went where no Mortal knew,
Its Separation there to rue.

Faith told me, though Fleſh buried lies,
Yet it ſhall glorious riſe;
Love Martyrs ſhew'd to *Jeſus* dear,
Now crown'd who caſt out Fear;
Hope on God's Promiſe fix'd its Claim,
Aſſur'd of Bliſs in *Jeſus'* Name,

Then at my Soul Death Thoughts let fly,
That when my Fleſh ſhall dye,
My Soul may in a Land unknown,
Her Exile ſad bemoan;
Where Rebels who durſt Heav'n out-brave,
Inſulting Heav'n-born Souls enſlave.

Faith oft high *Canaan* had ſurvey'd,
By *Jeſus* happy made;
Love long'd to live to *Jeſus* near,
In that Celeſtial Sphere;
Hope ſhew'd how Souls in *Jeſus* reſt,
Promis'd with him to be co-bleſs'd.

Next from Death's Bow a Thought took flight,
All which can Senſe delight;
Poſſeſſions, Honour, Friends and Gold,
Power, Pleaſure uncontroll'd,
Muſt for a Winding-ſheet be left,
And you of all that's dear bereft.

Faith ſhew'd me the good things above,
Prepar'd for heav'nly Love;
Love all that's dear, all Friends diſclaim'd,
With God ſole Love enflam'd;
Hope which on Heav'n ſtill fix'd its Eyes,
Bid me all ſhort-liv'd Joys deſpiſe.

Wiſe Providence to ev'ry Brute,
Gives Senſes moſt acute;
Shou'd God place Bliſs in ſenſual Sweets,
Which here a Worldling meets;
Beaſts who thoſe Pleaſures reliſh beſt,
Are more than Souls immortal bleſs'd.

By

By this Death's Quiver empty grew,
And vanquiſh'd he withdrew;
But he'll repleniſh it again,
And I'll the Fight maintain.
Faith and Love, Helmet, Hope my Shield,
Invincibly will gain the Field.

The Saints with Jeſus.

SOUL, when your Fleſh diſſolves to Duſt,
To God's ſafe Hands your ſelf entruſt;
Be not too curious to enquire,
Where to aſpire;

Whether to Paradiſe you fly,
Or in bleſs'd *Abram*'s Boſom lye,
Or to that Orb your Flight you raiſe
Where *Enoch* ſtays;

Or to the third celeſtial Sphere,
Where Wonders *Paul* was rapt to hear,
Or *Hades* bleſs'd where Souls elect
Full Bliſs expect.

Secure your Love while here below,
And Dying you'll to *Jeſus* go:
Paul long'd lov'd *Jeſus*' Face to view,
For that long you.

Bleſs'd

Bleſs'd *Jeſus'* boundleſs Bliſs divine;
In you in Miniature will ſhine,
Glory for Glory, Beam for Beam
Will on you ſtream.

A Crown, a Throne of God's right Hand,
Where Saints their Robes of Ray expand,
Where Saints are Kings, and on their State
High Angels wait.

Such Bleſſings on the Saints attend,
When *Jeſus*-like they Heav'n aſcend,
The Lamb, of Joys the boundleſs Spring,
They'll ever ſing.

Death our Fore-runner is, and guides
To *Sion*, where the Lamb abides,
There Saints enjoy ecſtatick Reſt
In Manſions bleſt.

Death, I well know, that ev'ry Day
Wiſe Providence appoints your Way,
Your Thirſt for Blood wou'd ſlay Mankind,
If not confin'd.

I long to reach the Lambs dear Sight,
Be ſure to hit my Vitals right,
Leſt Life half leſt prolongs my Days
And Bliſs delays.

Dying

Dying to the World.

DEath, when for me you are deſign'd,
But little Work in me you'll find.
I have employ'd my Cares,
So to diſpoſe Affairs,
That from my ghoſtly Shield your Dart,
Back on your Skeleton will ſtart.

My All is God's Poſſeſſion grown,
I nothing keep to call my own,
If any Self you ſee
Remaining ſtill in me;
O that ſhou'd long ago have dy'd,
Had I the lurking ill deſcry'd.

Perhaps you'll at my Body aim,
But that's devoted to God's Name;
God there is pleas'd to build
A Temple with God fill'd,
Dare you to ruin that deſign,
Which Temple is of Godhead Trine?

By God's Permiſſion yet you may,
Diſſolve this Houſe built up of Clay;
In Ruins when it lies
It glorious ſhall ariſe,
And riſe to a much nobler Height,
Than the firſt Temple much more bright.

Shou'd you my Heav'n-born Soul attempt,
That from your Terrours lives exempt,
You ne'er with all your skill,
Cou'd Souls immortal kill;
You need not me and World divide,
I long ago the World deny'd.

I have prevented all your Force,
Which from my Friends might me divorce:
To Friends, though truly dear,
My Heart dares not adhere,
No perfect Friend but God I know,
For God I all the reſt forego.

Shou'd you invade me arm'd with Pain,
And make me num'rous Deaths ſuſtain,
My Will to God reſign'd,
Sweet eaſe in God will find;
God's Love will all my Pains endear,
With Joy my Diſſolution's near.

Death, when you ſhall approach my Head,
You'll nothing ſee but what is Dead,
Yet do not me forſake,
Care of my Body take;
Lay me with gentle Hand aſleep,
God in the Grave my Duſt will keep.

Deſire

Desire of Death.

ELijah to the Wild retir'd
In Pray'r to God aſpir'd,
Beneath a *Juniper* repos'd,
His Mind he thus diſclos'd;
Sated with Life I Death requeſt,
Lord, raiſe me to eternal Reſt.

Simeon, who held in glad Embrace
The Source of Truth and Grace,
Tranſported at his Saviour's Sight,
Stood Wing'd for Heav'n-ward flight;
From worthleſs Earth his Eyes withdrew,
He with an Hymn to Glory flew.

Paul rapt to the third heav'nly Sphere
Wonders to ſee and hear,
Re-ent'ring his terreſtial Frame,
Felt an Heav'n-kindled Flame,
Long'd to diſſolve, to *Jeſus* fly,
To eterniſe his Rapt on High.

O happy Souls, who Pilgrims here
Kept always Conſcience clear,
An ardent Love an Heav'nly Mind,
A Will to God reſign'd,

Made Death, which haunts with Aſpect dire
All common Mortals, your Deſire.

Ah, you were ripe for Heav'n, but I
Wou'd ripen 'ere I die,
'Ere I approach the View divine,
My lamp ſhou'd brighter Shine,'
Of Duty I have vaſt Arrears,
My Vial's ſcarce half full of Tears;

I Graces want to form a Saint,
And thoſe I have are faint:
A Man of ſorrows Heav'n to gain,
'Tis juſt I ſhou'd remain,
And purify'd 'ere Godhead pure
Will in his Sight my Soul endure.

I have a thouſand Things to do
'Ere I bid Earth adieu;
My Soul, ſhou'd Death this Fleſh ſurpriſe,
Wou'd rather ſink than riſe,
Death in ſuch dang'rous Views appears,
He raiſes not Deſires, but Fears.

My Conſcience here did Fleſh upbraid,
Wou'd you have Death Delay'd
Till you are fit pure God to ſee?
That time will never be,
Mercy, not Merit, Bliſs obtains,
Mercy which cancels Guilt and Stains.

Mercy

Mercy in *Jeſus'* Name implore,
Sin wilfully no more,
'Tis Mercy our Defects ſupplies,
In God's propitious Eyes,
The beſt of Saints juſt as they die
Mercy, ſweet *Jeſus*, Mercy cry.

One only thing you have to do
And ſtill to keep in View,
With Tears, Watch, Pray'rs and Alms to ſtrive,
At glory to arrive;
At full Perfection you may aim,
Though if ſincere, you Bliſs may claim.

Elijah like from Crowd retreat,
God when retir'd to meet;
Of *Jeſus*, *Simeon* like lay hold,
And in your Arms enfold;
In Thought to Heav'n like *Paul* aſpire,
And what Thought ſees will raiſe Deſire.

The Want of Death you then will know,
You'll think he comes to ſlow,
Death ſeen through *Jeſus* to your Mind
Will have an Aſpect kind.
You'll feel for Heav'n Exilience ſtrong,
For Death which once you fear'd you'll long.

Death teaches Duty.

DEath, though you Child of Sin abide,
By happy Parricide,
You daily murder your own Sire
When Saints to Cells retire
And to contemplate you begin,
You mortify your Parent Sin.

The Thoughts unclean which Saints diſtreſs
The Thoughts of Death ſuppreſs;
Death ſhews the Wretch who Riches craves,
What Want there is in Graves;
Death ſhews the Proud the Earthy ſpot,
Where he muſt moulder, ſtink, and rot.

Death when his Menaces we feel,
Warms penitential Zeal;
Death when for Souls he lays his Snares
Invigorates their Pray'rs;
Death teaches, when he's arm'd with Pain,
By will reſign'd ſweet eaſe to gain.

Death ſeiſes Sinners with Surpriſe,
To make the living Wiſe;
Death hangs ſtill hov'ring o'er Mankind,
To make them Heav'n remind:
All Sins Death moves us to decline,
And teaches ev'ry Grace divine.

Guardian

Guardian to Death's Abode take flight,
Built deep in diſmal Night,
His Meſſengers his Gates there crowd,
Vehicl'd in black Cloud,
Who when from his curs'd Hoſt detach'd,
O'er all Earths Regions are diſpatch'd.

Ask which is the deſtructive Band,
Alotted for this Land,
Search who is me encharg'd to harm,
Him of his Dart diſarm,
Keep that ſtill pointing at my Heart,
That I from God no more may ſtart.

When you ſee Death upon my Breaſt
Indelibly impreſt,
You may the Dart to him reſtore,
My Heart then let him gore:
My Soul lives but a ſtranger here,
My Country is the Heav'nly Sphere.

Or, if no Meſſenger appear,
Take your Celeſtial Spear,
Feather it from your Wings, and place
The Point juſt tow'rds my Face,
It will the Want of Dart ſupply,
And make me live prepar'd to die,

The Soul Polluted in the Body.

MY Soul, when you ſhall Freedom gain,
To launch into the airy Main,
And leave below my Body dead,
Committed to its earthly Bed,
Sure you a while will hov'ring ſtay,
O'er your once habitable Clay.

Your amicable vital Knot,
Though broken, is not ſoon forgot,
You perpendicular will wave
Your Wings expanded o'er my Grave;
To th' Angel then who ſhews your Way,
I gueſs, you looking down will ſay:

O happy Angels! who ne'er knew,
The fleſhly Clogs we ſadly rue:
Frail Bodies here which Souls encloſe,
Their Habitants to Sin expoſe,
A thouſand Ills I ne'er had known,
Had I unwedded liv'd alone.

Obſerve my Corps from Head to Feet,
The Vermin there together meet,
Conſulting Colonies to chooſe,
Which o'er the Region they diffuſe,
Where gnawing, till to ſurfeit fed,
They die upon the Carcaſe dead.

Ah

Ah! juſtly did great God decree,
That Death of Sin ſhou'd Wages be,
To Sin each Limb, each Senſe you View,
Was Inſtrument, or Avenue:
Mercy with Juſtice harmonis'd,
Leſt Sin ſhou'd be immortalis'd.

Thoſe Eyes, created for pure Light,
Took Pleaſure in the Deeds of Night,
On all forbidden Objects ſtray'd,
For foul Concupiſcence purvey'd,
Innumerable Swarms of Sin,
Through them came hourly flying in.

Theſe Ears, firſt form'd to intromit
The ſaving Truths of ſacred Writ,
To Vanities ſtill open ſtood,
Shut cloſe to the Approach of Good,
Greedy baſe Calumnies to glean,
And what was Impious or Unclean.

That Tongue, to hymn great God deſign'd,
To God's Diſhonour moſt inclin'd,
A World of Evil it contain'd,
Was fir'd by Hell and unreſtrain'd,
Had the whole Courſe of Nature fir'd,
By poiſ'nous Flames which it tranſpir'd.

That

That Heart, which God for Off'ring claim'd,
Which Love divine ſhou'd have enflam'd,
God wholly from its Thought exil'd,
Was univerſally defil'd;
Each Luſt it for its Idol own'd,
And to its Pow'r great God dethron'd.

See on my Lids the Maggots lie,
And eat the Apple of my Eye,
A Serpent at my Mouth is hung,
And greedily devours my Tongue,
Worms gorge themſelves on ev'ry Part,
An odious Toad there gnaws my Heart.

I ſhou'd too long my Bliſs delay,
My total Vileneſs to ſurvey:
Had not Repentance waſh'd me clean,
And *Jeſus'* Blood from Filth terrene,
That Fleſh to Hell had ſank me down,
And ſtop'd this Flight to gain my Crown.

Now, my good Angel let us fly,
All Glory be to God on High,
We'll both ſweet Hallelujahs ſing,
While we keep Heav'n-ward on the Wing,
I ſee, I ſee, the Portal bleſt
Glory-- In Bliſs ſhe ſang the reſt.

By

By chance *Caduco*, as the Sun declin'd,
A Meditation in the Field deſign'd,
Like *Iſaac*, where in ev'ry Herb and Tree,
Memorials he of God and Death might ſee;
And on a ſudden at ſmall diſtance ſaw,
A well-known Friend tow'rds his Retirement draw,
Who weeping cry'd, Adieu, dear Friend, adieu,
O might I watch, pray, hymn, and die like you!
Caduco him ſaluting beg'd to know,
What caus'd his Grief, that he might eaſe his Woe.
His Sorrow for a while his Speech reſtrain'd,
Which thus guſh'd out as he his Voice regain'd;
He's gone, he's gone, I clos'd his God-ward Eyes,
His Heav'n-born Spirit mounted through the Skies,
Juſto, of *Jeſus'* Flock one of the Beſt,
By this has reach'd his Throne among the Bleſt:
The Pointings of Death's Dart he daily ey'd,
His ghoſtly Watch and Pray'r he daily ply'd,
He counting ev'ry Step as Life retir'd,
Thus on his Death-bed ſang till he expir'd.

See, ſee my Fleſh, Death with his Dart,
You and my Spirit now muſt part:
I dol'rous Struggles feel of vital Force,
And all my Pow'rs diſpoſing for Divorce.

My Stomach fails, I can no more
With freſh Recruits my Strength reſtore,

My

My Feet begin to freeze, my flaccid Nerves,
Have for their craving Dreins no brisk Reſerves.

My Pulſe ſcarce beats, my Heart grows chill,
Can ſcarce with Blood my Arteries fill;
My Art'ries unrepleniſh'd ſtarve my Veins,
But little Circulation now remains.

My Eyes grow dim, I ſcarce can ſpeak,
Strong Pangs in twain my Fibres break,
Small aid my Tendons to my Muſcles lend,
My Joints grow ſtiff, with difficulty bend.

The Channels to my Heart grow dry,
My Spirits wanting due Supply,
But little Vigour to my Brain convey,
I colder grow, my Motion faints away.

My mournful Friends ſtand all aghaſt,
And think each Breath will be my laſt,
The World an univerſal Blank appears,
And a meer Cypher all foregoing Years.

My Will is ſeal'd, and with my Heir,
The Poor proportionably ſhare,
I pardon, and ask Pardon of Mankind,
And leave no Dues unſatisfy'd behind;

All humane Succours now are flown,
And I await my dying Groan;

My

My Soul is parting from this earthly Vale,
Into the State inviſible to ſail.

I my Viaticum receiv'd,
And that my ghoſtly Strength retriev'd:
'Tis by Repentance only I am eas'd,
And *Jeſus'* Love, who angry God appeas'd.

To God I have my Will reſign'd,
To God I elevate my Mind,
My ghoſtly Guide has me abſolv'd, and I
Have nought to do, but Pray, and Love, and Die.

Good God me from Delirium frees,
My Soul grows healthy by Diſeaſe,
Tow'rds Independency I feel it ſpring,
And my own Requiem now prepare to ſing.

My *Jeſus* treats me as his Friend,
I long till I to him aſcend,
Though Death ſtares on me frightful, pale, and grim,
My Soul ſhall entertain him with an Hymn.

My God, my Love this Soul ſuſtains,
And ſweetens all my dying Pains.
Thou Lord didſt bitter Death endure for me,
And haſt from all Death's Terrours ſet me free.

Sin only Death had dreadful made,
But ſince thou haſt our Ranſom paid;
Thou of his deadly Sting doſt Death diſarm,
He may my Soul unlooſe but cannot harm: *Jeſus*

Jeſus when dead, yet roſe again,
And from the Grave began his Reign,
His Soul and Body re-united were,
And flew to Heav'n Triumphant through the Air.

As the firſt Fruits God's hallowed due,
To God were offer'd by the *Jew*;
Which in God's Sight the Prieſt was wont to wave,
And God to all the Crop his Bleſſing gave.

Thus *Jeſus* riſen from the Dead,
On all Men vital Influence ſhed;
Death can no faithful Souls of Life deprive,
But by our firſt Fruits riſing ſhall revive.

You, my dear Fleſh, till the great Day,
Muſt to the Worms become a Prey,
This Debt you to the Lapſe primeval owe,
Muſt humbly with Submiſſion undergo.

You ſhall return to humane Ore,
But God will you to Life reſtore,
He'll regiſter each Atom of your Duſt,
And ſort it at the riſing of the Juſt.

As Grain lies bury'd in the Grave,
Till it a Reſurrection have,
Then from the Ground its lofty Head uprears,
And with an Hundred fold Encreaſe appears.

Thus

Thus you'll to priſtine Clay return,
Till God remands you from your Urn,
You'll the bright Form with Rapture then behold,
To which God ſhall your ſcatter'd Duſt remold.

Worms ſhall no more your Limbs devour,
In weakneſs ſown, you'll riſe in Pow'r;
From Mortal you ſhall to immortal paſs,
To Incorruption from corrupted Maſs.

Your Clay by the laſt Fire calcin'd,
Shall to Spiritual be refin'd,
And like Bleſs'd *Jeſus* Glorious Body, Bright,
Will fitted be to enter Bliſsful Light.

O'er Death you'll then full Conqueſt gain,
And Hymn the Love of the Lamb ſlain,
You'll, paſt all Storms, reach the Celeſtial ſhoar,
Your Body glorify'd can die no more.

Were there no Joys in that high Sphere,
Freedom from Sin wou'd Death endear:
God's Lovers here their Days in Sorrow ſpend,
While tempted boundleſs Goodneſs to offend.

To the laſt Spark of vital Flame,
My Lips ſhall gaſp out *Jeſus'* Name,

My

My Moments come, I ſink into the Grave,
Jeſu, my God, my Love---Thy Lover ſave,
We gueſs he mean'd, but in a Rapt devout,
His Soul at the dear Name of Love flew out.
Lov'd *Jeſus* in his Arms receiv'd his Friend,
He was in Bliſs before his Pray'r cou'd end;
Caduco ſtood in Tranſport a long Hour,
And when of Speech he had regain'd the Pow'r,
Pray'd with an Ardour not to be expreſs'd,
To live and die like *Juſto*, and be Bleſs'd.

PSYCHE:

OR,

MAGDALUM.

Col. iii. 13.

Let the Word of Chriſt dwell richly in you, in all Wiſdom; teaching and admoniſhing one another, in Pſalms *and* Hymns *and Spiritual* Songs, *ſinging with Grace in your Hearts to the Lord.*

I Sing the Sex by Nature more deſign'd,
For tender Senſe of Duty than Mankind;
But when they Modeſty of Conſcience looſe,
Into their Souls, foul Spirits Filth infuſe:
Filth vehicl'd in Verſe, the Bane to guild,
Verſe, by which Luſt is takingly inſtill'd;
Verſe, which Hell beſt can to its Purpoſe ſuit,
The Sex to Idolize, then Proſtitute:
O curs'd Abuſe of Verſe, by Saints deplor'd,
Who long to ſee its native Force reſtor'd!
Verſe, firſt traduc'd from Angels, to incline
Harmonious Souls to Hymn, and Love divine;
Sweet Verſe, which with its native Virtue grac'd,
Inſtructs and pleaſes the Devout and Chaſte;
May Heaven my Numbers proſper, to enflame
The Modeſt, the Immodeſt to reclaim.

BOOK I.

THE Love divine oft made benign Eſſays,
Above Things tranſient *Pſyche*'s Love to raiſe;
She damp'd as oft the darted heav'nly Light,
And to keep Conſcience ſleeping choſe the Night;
Impulſes, Wakenings, Trouble, Sickneſs, Pain,
Endearments, Tractions, Calls, were ſpent in Vain,
She all God's ſoft Inflammatives repell'd,
Yet his Long-ſuffering ſtill his Wrath withheld;
Tho' God's pure Eyes deteſt a Soul defil'd,
His Bowels yearn on a provoking Child;
She felt a ſudden indelib'rate Thought,
Which ſtrange Conviction in her Spirit wrought:
O wondrous Love, which Souls averſe invites!
'Tis God's preventing Love, our Love excites:
She fain wou'd have the irkſom Thought ſuppreſs'd,
But Conſcience waking, wou'd not let her Reſt,
A Voice within upbraiding her She felt,
Hard Heart at God's ſweet Yearnings not to melt!
God offers Life, Ah! Why will *Pſyche* die?
From endleſs Bliſs, to court Damnation, fly?
Sweet mighty Force of but one Thought, when ſent
By God, to move a Sinner to repent!
She 'ere her adamantine Heart was broke,
Began with Sighs God's Mercy to invoke.
When tow'rds Repentance Sinners but propend,
Their firſt Propenſions to the Throne aſcend,
And 'ere they can articulate a Pray'r,
God ſends their Guardians to reſume their Care.

Phylax,

Phylax, which ſacred Indignation fir'd,
To ſee how *Pſyche* God's ſweet Patience tir'd,
Had long abandon'd her; to Heav'n reflew,
Unable longer to endure her View;
But when he ſaw her Sigh receiv'd on High,
And ſofteſt pity yearning in God's Eye,
While Angels ready ſtood her change to ſing
He, warn'd by *Jeſus*, mounted on his Wing,
Swifter than morning Rays he took his Flight,
And re-appear'd to her tranſported Sight.
Phylax, o'er joy'd to ſee his Charge, to Tears
Improv'd from Sighs, her Spirit ſweetly cheers:
Yet ſaw her Danger, while ſhe ſtill remain'd
On the ſame Spot, where Sin its Conqueſts gain'd;
And caſt, to move her to ſome ſafe retreat,
Her penitential Purpoſe to compleat;
From tempting Objects to withdraw her Eye,
And the Occaſions of all Ill to fly;
Where undiſturb'd, ſhe time might ſet apart,
For ſtrict Examination of her Heart;
Where ſhe a faithful ghoſtly Guide might find,
To ſtill the Troubles of her Sin-ſick Mind:
God pleas'd to ſee her Guardians tender Love,
And prone all Heav'n-ward Tendence to improve,
Bid him tranſport her through the airy Deep,
To *Magdalum*, to learn to Love, and Weep:
Long ſpace he flew and rowl'd his piercing Eye,
To ſeek ſome Waftage for her thro' the Skie,
Meeting at laſt a Fiend, to *Topbet* doom'd,
Who for ſome Fraud an Angels ſhape aſſum'd,

And hov'ring o'er his Prey in Air above,
On Wings he tore from an innocuous Dove,
Who having lately flown that Airy track,
Was with her Meſſage now returning back,
The Wings he ſeis'd, but cou'd not on them fly;
Nothing of Dove with Malice cou'd comply.
From the curs'd Fiend, the uſeleſs Wings he rends,
And down with them to *Pſyche* ſwift deſcends.
Thus All-wiſe God at once gave *Pſyche* Aid,
And ſav'd the Soul for whom the Plot was laid;
For when unwing'd, the Fiend to *Topbet* fell,
For ill Succeſs to be chaſtis'd in Hell.

Glad *Pſyche* on her Wings ſtrait ſoar'd on High;
Such on which *David* once deſir'd to fly,
Wings Silver bright, and Feathers like pure Gold,
Like thoſe God promis'd to his Saints of old.
And 'ere one Hour Canonick fully drop'd,
O'er *Zabulon* their airy Voyage ſtop'd,
The antient Caſtle there was in their View,
Where *Magdalen* ſhed penitential Dew.
Pſyche juſt at the Caſtle Gate alights,
The Portreſs her to enter it invites;
An aged Matron from the World reclaim'd,
Kind, Lowly, and Devout, *Modeſta* nam'd;
She ſaw in *Pſyche*, penitential Air,
And joy'd ſhe would to *Magdalum* repair:
Magdalum once the Patrimonial Seat,
Of her who with her Tears waſh'd *Jeſus* Feet,
Much ſhe both lov'd and wept, God-man decreed,
His Holy Goſpel ſhou'd record the Deed,

No Statues, Pillars, Pyramids, or Song
Heroick, could like that, her Name prolong;
O Love and Tear, ineſtimably pris'd,
In Story by God-man immortalis'd!
In *Magdalum* chaſte Souls Receſſes keep,
And learn to Love, Hymn, Meditate and Weep,
Like humble Daughters, all Great God rever'd,
And vow'd to live like Siſters co-endear'd.
Sophronia with Celeſtial Wiſdom fill'd,
Who of her Sex the Guidance nicely skill'd,
Whoſe Exemplary Graces brighteſt ſhin'd,
Heaven for their ghoſtly Mother had deſign'd,
Mother and Daughters *Gratian*'s Rule obey'd,
Who for their Souls inceſſant watch'd and pray'd.
Seven times a Day to Heav'n they ſend their Cries,
And to their midnight Office duly riſe;
In intervals they meditate, or read;
Or work, the Poor to cloath, to cure, or feed;
Or ſweetly they each others Griefs condole;
Or ſtudy Medicines which reſtore the Soul;
Or of Divine *Philanthropy* Diſcourſe;
Or of their Prayers and Tears relate the Force;
Or of the gracious Power of Hymns, which raiſe
Freſh Ardours, when their ſacred Zeal decays;
Or Songs of weeping *Magdalen* endite,
Like penitential Fervour to excite;
Or with a co-enflaming Ardour vie,
In Hymning the Lamb ſlain, like Saints on High;
Their Fleſh ſpare Diet in Subjection keeps,
And every one on *Agnus Caſtus* ſleeps:

Magdalen's Story there in Hangings wrought,
Keeps her Idea in each Mourner's Thought;
Each Weekly, when her Mournful Courſe is o'er,
Comes to the Altar, *Jeſus* to adore
For ſtricter Union to their myſtick Head,
And with the Food immortal to be fed;
And ev'ry time they with Devotion came,
Lov'd *Jeſus* rais'd a freſh enamouring Flame.
Stations they kept, and on thoſe ſolemn Times,
They re-bewail'd their own, and publick Crimes,
With mod'rate Faſting, and with Alms, which bore
A due Proportion to their worldly Store.
Modeſta to the Chapel leads her Gueſt,
To Pray, with heav'nly Guidance to be bleſs'd,
Her firſt Fruits penitential to preſent,
And *Gratian* meet, who ſhou'd her Zeal foment;
Gratian, who melted into joyful Tear,
When he beheld a Penitent appear.
Pſyche, whoſe Heart was breaking, not quite broke,
With a full Freedom durſt not God invoke;
But like the Publican to God addreſs'd,
Have Mercy Lord, ſhe cry'd, and ſmote her Breaſt.
Gratian her Pangs of the new Birth deſcry'd,
And ſoſteſt Aids to eaſe her Labour try'd,
Then to the Sifters, the Deſpondent lead,
To learn Repentance, and becalm her Dread.
Modeſta various Cells to *Pſyche* ſhew'd,
But chiefly that where *Mary*'s Tears o'er-flow'd;
Pſyche beg'd in that Cell to live recluſe,
Her Love, her Tears, like *Mary* to unſluce.

Phylax

Phylax rejoic'd in the wiſe Choice ſhe made,
And ſweetly ſtrove her Love, Pray'rs, Tears to Aid,
While *Gratian* Truths initial to her taught,
Which ſhe, in Meditations deep, re-thought:
Uncertain Life, and, at the longeſt, ſhort;
Death certain, yet unknown, its Time, Place, Sort,
A Reſurrection to, or Bliſs, or Woe,
The dreadful Judgment all muſt undergo;
The endleſs Joys of beatifick Light,
The endleſs Angours of eternal Night;
Which ſtormy Paſſions rais'd in *Pſyche*'s Breaſt,
Life tantaliſ'd her, Death diſturb'd her Reſt;
Her Reſurrection was her Hope, yet Fear,
She trembled at God's Judgment to appear;
Heav'n ſhe deſir'd, deſponded yet to gain,
Hell ſhe abhorr'd, yet Guilt expos'd to Pain;
But lively Thought of *Jeſus* interven'd,
By God injected, which her Soul ſeren'd;
God's dear *Philanthropy* thro' *Jeſus* ſhewn,
To all who Sin with Hearts contrite bemoan,
To Love and Tears, initial her inclin'd;
Fear grew by Hope o'er-balanc'd in her Mind,
With Alms, Prayer, Faſtings, ſhe her Life review'd,
And daily with her Tears her Cell bedew'd:
Oft on her treacherous Heart ſhe would reflect,
Its labyrinthal Windings to detect,
Involuntary failings to deſcry,
That no one venial Spot might 'ſcape her Eye.
She ſearch'd remaining Tendencies to Ill,
The domineering Cravings of her Will;

Where Danger of Back-ſliding might ariſe,
Beg'd ſuperefluent Aid againſt Surpriſe,
Zealous to offer God a Heart ſincere,
And live like *Magdalen* in Love and Tear.
Phylax ſaw *Pſyche* more and more intent,
And to add Fuel to her Fervour, ſent
(By Angels who to Bliſs return'd) a Thought,
Which from his heavenly Stall, *Phylpenthos* brought,
In Heaven the Angel of Repentance ſtyl'd,
Wont to aid Mourners with a Treatment mild:
Phylpenthos mounts upon his radiant Wings,
And from on High, a golden Vial brings,
'Twas one of thoſe in which God Vengeance ſtores,
And on incorrigible Sinners pours:
It had with Plague for *Pſyche* long been fill'd,
Till her Heart ſoftned, and her Eyes diſtill'd,
And ſhe in *Jeſus'* Name for Mercy cry'd;
Then all the Wine of God's fierce Wrath was dry'd.
To *Phylax* he the empty Vial gave,
That he in that his *Pſyche*'s Tears might ſave;
Pſyche remaining fix'd upon her Knees,
Within her Cell the new-flown Angel ſees:
He, all Surpriſe, all Strangeneſs to prevent,
Declares he came to help her to Repent;
With that *Phylpenthos* from between his Wings,
Takes his Celeſtial Harp, and tunes his Strings,
Then ſounds the Chords, which *David* firſt devis'd,
When he *Saul*'s Evil Spirit exorcis'd.
At the firſt Chords he ſounded, *Pſyche* wept,
And with each Note, her Tears a Concert kept.

Phylax

Phylax his Vial to her Eyes apply'd,
And ſuffer'd no one Tear to drop aſide
A Song of Love divine *Phylpenthos* ſang,
The Source from which Love Penitential ſprang,

Ah *Pſyche* would you know,
How much to Love divine you owe?
Think on the Time,
When you lay overwhelm'd with Crime,
When you from Head to Foot all o'er,
Were ſtinking peſtilential Sore,
Abomination to God's pureſt Eyes,
Provoking boundleſs Wrath, your Outrage to chaſtiſe.

God's Glories Thought exceed,
God of your Service has no need,
Not the leaſt Mite
Your Hymns can add to Infinite;
God would adorable abide,
Should you be damn'd, or glorify'd,
You nought could plead your Ruin to repeal,
And juſtly might be doom'd, eternal Wrath to feel,

In this your woful State,
God eyes the Object of his Hate,
God firſt relents,
His tendereſt Love your Love prevents,
He Darts on you all gracious Beams,
Supplies your Head with mournful Stream

Think

Think on that Love with Application due,
And you will God re-love, for God's firſt loving you.

Love ſought you when you ſtray'd,
In all your Wand'rings you Way-laid,
Love kept you back
From many a deſtructive Track,
Love call'd, invited, and adjur'd,
With Bliſs eternal you allur'd,
With boundleſs Pity, Love for pure Love's ſake,
Mov'd that you on your ſelf, would ſome Compaſ-
(ſion take.

Pure Love when you delay'd,
Would argue, draw, beſeech, perſwade,
Year after Year
Would wait, and knock to make you hear:
Love all Night long for Entrance ſu'd,
Till Morning Drops his Locks bedew'd;
Love with Paternal Yearnings oft wou'd cry,
Return, return, dear Child, Why will my *Pſyche* die?

Your Outrage ſtill encreas'd,
Yet Love to court you never ceas'd,
Love you ſuſtain'd,
From Love you daily Bleſſings gain'd;
Long-ſuff'ring Love prolong'd your Breath,
Kept you on this ſide Hell and Death;
Yet Love's ſweet Tenderneſs you ſtill repell'd
Againſt unbounded Love, outragiouſly rebell'd.

Love

Love to the Heart was griev'd,
At the Repulſes he receiv'd,
Yet Wrath reſtrain'd,
Still reconcileable remain'd,
Proteſted he took no Delight,
In damning you to endleſs Night,
The God of Truth and Love, vouchſaf'd to ſwear,
He long'd that *Pſyche* ſhould in Joys eternal Share,

When you faint Offers made
Which the leaſt ſelf Remorſe betray'd,
You oft have felt,
How God would into Pity melt,
Before your Pray'r was ſpoke, he heard,
Your Heart with ſweet Attractives cheer'd;
But you turn'd back, when yearning God made haſte
With the dear Kiſs of Peace *Pſyche* to have embrac'd.

What more could Godhead do
A laps'd free Agent to renew,
Yet one thing more,
Love infinite reſerv'd in Store;
His co-eternal Son to give,
That Sinners by his Death might live;
You long God's laſt Reſerve fruſtraneous made,
God's Gift of filial God, ungratefully repay'd.

Pſyche, on your Neglect,
Of free unbounded Love reflect,

You

You Love diſown'd,
And in your Heart ſoul Luſt enthron'd;
No Choice was 'ere ſo ſhameful, baſe,
Such bold Defiance to God's Face,
So mad, Heav'n for Vexation to forego,
To gratify Hell-powers, and purchaſe endleſs Woe.

Pſyche the Song imbib'd, with heedful Ear,
And a devout Amazement ſtop'd her Tear;
Phylpenthos then to give her Spirit eaſe,
His Strings Harmonious ſoftned by Degrees;
Celeſtial Harpers in eternal Day,
No Tunes but rapt'rous and joyful Play:
He ſounded Airs, which he from Mourners learn'd,
As *Pſyche*'s Paſſions varying he diſcern'd,
He no one ſad Sonata could compoſe,
Yet to aid *Pſyche* the ſame Chords he choſe,
Which on his Harp the Royal Pſalmiſt plaid,
When weeping penitential Pſalms he made,
Each Chord hit *Pſyche*'s penitential Moan,
And ſhe ſtrait ſang in the ſame tender Tone.

Bleſs'd Angel you my Grief revive,
And I to vent it ſtrive,
But all Expreſſions fall below,
The Deluge of my Woe;
Ah! if you have the Skill,
The penitential Language now inſtill,
Teach me to ſpeak to God's ſoft Ear,
My Sorrow in articulated Tear.

But

But ah! in vain I this beſeech,
No penitential Speech,
You Angels skill, from Outrage clear,
You never ſhed a Tear;
You never felt the Smart,
Of a Love violating broken Heart,
But yet the Movements on your Lyre,
With my griev'd Soul moſt tenderly conſpire.

Can you call *David* from on High,
To diſcipline mine Eye,
Of Tears the Language he well knew,
But when I him review,
He ne'er had damning Guilt,
Till for his Luſt *Urijah*'s Blood he ſpilt.
My Sins I numberleſs muſt own,
And *David*'s Tears can never reach my Moan.

Sad *Jeremy*'s two Fountains fed,
By Rivers in his Head,
Seem much more proper to expreſs
The full of my Diſtreſs,
But all his Tears were ſpent,
Not his own State, but People to lament;
His numerous Tears which aliens are,
Cannot a Native Agony declare.

O could I *Peter*'s Tears obtain,
And feel his inward Pain,

When

When *Jeſus* him with pity ey'd,
As he his Lord deny'd,
But his denial Trine,
He thrice commuted into Love divine,
Of Tears I want a greater Store,
My Love is leſs, and my Denials more.

The Tears of *Magdalen* ſeem beſt,
To ſuit my troubl'd Breaſt,
I love, and weeping would commence,
Co-equally intenſe;
But when from God ſhe ſtray'd,
The Love Divine, but Morning Dawn diſplay'd:
My Sins were in Meridian Light,
Her Tears, her Love can never reach their Height.

Ah! ſhould I all their Griefs combine,
They would fall ſhort of mine,
My Sins are numerous, wilful, known,
And up to Habits grown;
My Powers by God infus'd,
I all to grieve Love infinite abus'd,
I feel my Voice by Grief ſuppreſs'd,
Play on kind Angel, while I ſigh the Reſt.

Gratian at Intervals kind Viſits made,
And gave her ſweet conſolatory Aid.
Phylpenthos, that he *Pſyche*'s Heart might know,
Watch'd hourly how her Tears would ebb, and flow,
And

And as by Obſervation he deſcry'd,
They ready were to ſwell to a Spring-tide;
Her Grief he ſweetly with his Lyre promotes,
And wiſely chooſes thoſe affecting Notes,
Repenting *David* playd, when he on Duſt,
Bewail'd in Song his Murder and his Luſt
Each Note he plays, thro' *Pſyche*'s Spirit flies,
And open ſets the Flood-gates of her Eyes,
Her Grief would to no meaſures be reſtrain'd,
While of her Guilt ſhe thus to God complain'd.
Ah worthleſs Wretch, from this low Earth,
I took my Birth!
I know my deſpicable Frame,
And to eternal Joys could lay no Claim,
Had I as God-like, and as pure a mind
As had the Mother of mankind,
When God into her form inſpir'd,
A Soul by fontal Love, which breath'd it, fir'd,
Turn, turn, my Song, from my vile earthly Mold,
And my congenial Ills with Tears behold,
Ah me, in Sin I was conceiv'd,
Of Purity original bereav'd!
Kids may as well have *Tygers* for their Dams,
Or *Wolves* engender Lambs,
Or a voracious *Vultur* hatch a *Dove*,
Or *Saul*'s ill Spirit breath celeſtial Love,
Or waſps balſamick Hony make,
Or a ſweet Stream flow from the Sulphurous Lake,
As Sinners Being give to Saints,
Clear from Parental Taints.

Ah

Ah! I am impotent, polluted, blind,
To Error prone, Inſtable as the Wind,
By Nature inconſid'rate, Vain,
Hating what may Concupiſcence reſtrain;
Thou in thy likeneſs, Lord, didſt me create,
Till falling from that God-like State,
Thy Image in me was defac'd,
And all my Powers to Sin debas'd;
The Filth I from my Parents drew,
I heightned ſtill by Provocations new:
My Soul can find no proper Strain,
My Vileneſs to explain.
A humane Carcaſe, when it lies,
On ſtinking Dung, and putrifies,
Though by a dear Friend's Spirit once poſſeſs'd,
Who would repoſe it on her Breaſt?
God infinitely Pure,
Can infinitely leſs, foul wilful Sin endure.

My Sins raiſe ſtormy Paſſions in my Soul,
I feel impetuous Billows rowl,
Guilt raiſes dread of everlaſting Flame,
Filth, Folly, Madneſs, a confounding Shame
To forfeit Heav'n for Trifles vain,
Excites a juſt Diſdain;
All my reſiduous Days my Grief to vent, (ſpent.
Should in Faſts, Pray'rs, Alms, Tears, and Agony be

When my delib'rate Sins I call to mind,
I Lord would fain Alleviations find,

But

But on my Sins the more I muſe,
The leſs I can my ſelf excuſe;
Thy Law is gracious, thy Rewards immenſe,
Thy Threats from Sin a ſtrong Defence,
Thy Aids are Mighty, Fatherly thy Care,
All Wants may be ſupply'd, by filial Pray'r;
Thy Angels on our Souls attend,
Thou doſt to all our Frailties condeſcend,
Yet I in ſpite of all that thou haſt done,
Into new Outrages againſt thee run.

My God, Love is thy proper Name,
All Creatures Thee unbounded Love proclaim,
Thou Love Immenſe, on me doſt overflow,
Numberleſs Loves to thee I owe;
Ah me, that I ſhou'd 'ere that Love deſpiſe;
And grieve thy pure all-ſeeing Eyes!
To the beſt Friend I Enmity repay'd,
The moſt indulgent Father diſobey'd,
Againſt the moſt propitious Lord rebell'd,
While nor Rewards, nor Threats my ſtubborn Will
(withheld:

When I my numerous wilful Sins compute,
And feel how deeply they my Soul pollute,
When I on their Continuance reflect,
And Aggravations recollect,
Thy gracious Offers I refus'd,
Thy gracious Aids which I abus'd,

My ſlighting thy Paternal Stripes,
My damping Conſcientious Gripes,
My ſecret Sins which I can ne'er re-count,
Omiſſions, which to mighty Sums amount,
My broken Vows, the Pleaſure vile
I took, my ſelf, or Neighbour, to defile;
How By back ſlidings I was ſtupid grown,
And my Heart turn'd to Stone:
Hadſt not thou Lord the Wonder wrought,
My Change I ſhould impoſſible have thought,
Ripe Grapes as ſoon from a wild Thorn might ſhoot,
Or *Figs* ſpring from a *Thiſtles* Root,
As one ſad Sigh could from my Heart ariſe,
Or one ſoft Tear bedew my Eyes.

My God, while I thy Love repel,
I live expos'd to Death and Hell,
From thee I yet my Heart withdrew;
Of thee I loſt the awful View;
My darling Sin above the reſt,
Reign'd Tyrant in my Breaſt,
'Twas firſt alive, and laſt ſubdu'd,
And quell'd a while, its force renew'd,
A Thouſand Stratagems it try'd,
To paſs my Conſcience undeſcry'd,
O how impetuous have I been,
To get my ſill of that one Sin?
But Lord by Force endearing, mighty, ſweet,
Thou my Deliverance doſt compleat,

O

O happy I, that thou Almighty art,
For a leſs Love, had never broke my Heart.

Sad *Pſyche*'s Tears were on a ſudden dry'd,
Till with freſh Streams *Phylpenthos* her ſupply'd;
He play'd the Solemn Air, ſung by the Saints,
To their ſoft Chriſt commiſ'rating Complaints,
When they lov'd *Jeſus*, whom their Sins had gor'd;
Dying for them out of pure Love, ador'd,
Never was there in *Hadadrimmon* known,
Such Sympathiſing, ſuch Heart-breaking Moan,
When all conven'd, who Harmony profeſs'd,
And ſtudied Chords to humour Sorrow beſt,
While *Judah* mourning for *Joſiah* kept,
And all in Numbers, and juſt Meaſures wept;
And as he touch'd the Heart affecting Strings,
Her Angel pluck'd bright Feathers from his Wings,
In the gold Vial dipt them, and then drew
Mount *Calv'ry* on the Wall to fix her View,
There ſhe ſaw *Jeſus* on the Croſs appear,
Painted by Art Angelical in Tear,
At Eyes, and Ears grief on her Spirit ruſh'd;
And out in Penitential Torrents guſh'd.

My Thought ſeem'd at full Height,
When at Paternal God it ſtop'd its Flight;
But as if Infinite could have Degrees,
My Soul in filial God Love greater ſees.
Methinks my Soul is at a Loſs
When I God-man contemplate on the Croſs,

Some tender Name I ſtrive to find,
To vent the Meltings of my Mind,
But that dear Name by God himſelf was taught,
And down from Heav'n by *Gabriel* brought;
It ſtretch'd the Angels Faith to think,
That filial God to Fleſh ſhou'd ſhrink,
But that God-man ſhou'd for vile Sinners bleed,
Seem'd Faith Angelick to exceed:
But when Man was on *Calvary* redeem'd,
They ſaw, what they incredible eſteem'd:
And when I *Jeſus* ſee
Dying upon the Croſs for me,
With Chriſt condoling Grief poſſeſs'd,
Jeſus is on my Lips, and on my Heart impreſs'd.

While *Jeſus* that dear Name I ſound
My Song will keep no bound,
Out of my Heart it flies,
And confluential Paſſions in me riſe,
For trampling on God's Law: Shame, Sorrow, Dread,
The Pains of *Jeſus* when for me he bled,
In tumult crowd my Lips, would Paſſage force,
And in Confuſion ſtop each other's Courſe.

Had Mortals free from Guilt remain'd,
And all our Race unſtain'd,
What Motive could we yet pretend,
That Godhead ſhould from Heav'n deſcend,
With Duſt and Aſhes to unite
To Purchaſe for us beatifick Hight!

Man-

Mankind tho' guiltleſs is a thing of nought,
Unworthy of God's Thought;
The Seraphims, when God they Praiſe,
Can nothing add to all-ſufficient Rays;
And ſhould great God in the Celeſtial State,
Brighter and brighter Seraphs ſtill create,
They who ten Myriads of Ages hence,
Their being ſhould commence,
Would all but finite be,
Bear no Proportion to Infinity:
Tho' they had Myriads of Degrees in Height,
Would little ſeem in God's unbounded Sight:
What then is Man, had he continued pure,
That God ſhould Heav'n forſake, Heav'n for him to procure.
The Angels ſinn'd, and ſtrait their Doom was ſeal'd,
Never to be repeal'd,
Man ſinn'd, and filial God forſook his Throne,
Cloth'd in our Fleſh, God's Vengeance to atone,
From hence the Guilt of Sin is juſtly weigh'd,
That only dying God our Expiation made.

When e'er my Thought ſurveys the awful Place,
Where *Jeſus* fell upon his Face,
Delug'd the Ground, with Rivers from his Eyes,
To his dread Father offer'd up ſtrong Cries;
Felt Agony his Soul invade,
Thrice, that the Cup might be averted, pray'd,
Bath'd in a Purple Flood,
Of ſweated Blood,

His unimaginable Woes,
The fierce Aſſaults of his infernal Foes,
While God an Angel purpoſely decreed,
To his Support to fly with ſpeed:
If ſpotleſs *Jeſus* with our Guilt oppreſs'd,
Was with ſuch boundleſs Grief diſtreſs'd,
O with what Grief ſhould Sinners Sin deplore,
Which made God-man ſhed Tears, and Bleed at ev'ry (Pore.

When *Jeſus* on the Croſs was nail'd,
All Heav'n his Agonies bewail'd,
Si'ence was kept in the Celeſtial Quires, (Lyres,
Harpers let down the Rays which ſtrang their
A Heav'n-quake rent the Adamantine Spheres,
When they beheld God-man in Blood and Tears,
Their Voice amidſt their Hymn was ſtopt,
And down to *Calv'ry* Tears Angelick dropt,
All Nature into ſtrong Convulſions fell,
The Brimſtone Lake o'er flow'd its Banks in Hell,
Earth trembl'd, and the mighty Rocks
To Valleys ſhrank, at the loud Thunder ſhocks,
Wide gaping the Abyſs appear'd,
And the Foundations on which Earth was rear'd,
Vaſt Globes of Hail, mix'd with devouring Fire,
And ſtifling Smoak proclaim'd *Jehovah*'s Ire,
The Sun lay buried in the Fume,
While livid lightning Flames poſſeſs'd his room.
Great God from Heav'n his bearded Arrows ſent,
On his beloved Son they all were ſpent,

Great

He bare the Sins of all Mankind,
He felt the Wrath for all deſign'd,
God his Paternal Beams withdrew,
Abandon'd him to Hell and *Jew*,
Darkneſs envelop'd Majeſtiack Light,
In Heav'n before they never knew it Night;
All Joy ſuſpended was among the Bleſs'd,
They all in mourning Vehicles were dreſs'd,
God his Pavilion made of thickeſt Cloud,
And to approach the Throne no Angel was allow'd.
On the dire Croſs while *Jeſus* groan'd,
The Seraphims his Pains bemoan'd,
Grief was with Love, and Admiration mix'd,
That *Jeſus* ſhould for Sinners be tranſfix'd,
Ah! how much more ſhould I, grieve, love, admire,
That on the Croſs God-man, ſhould for my Sins expire!

Ah! Lord each bold Offence,
Againſt *Philanthropy* immenſe,
Is infinite in Aim,
And infinite Remorſe may claim;
O that my Grief to infinite could riſe,
While I my Sins reviſe!
My Sins, which made incarnate Godhead die,
God-man re-crucify,
Each wilful Sin renews his Pain,
And wounds the God of Love again,
O when, I theſe Reflections feel,
Were not my Heart more hard than hardeſt Steel,

I to dark Solitude ſhould fly,
In Tears to live and die!

Ye Angels, who in Heav'n abide,
A full Spring-tide
Of your Super-celeſtial Wave
Into my Spirit lave,
I'll both my Eyes unſluice,
Till they new Seas produce,
But ah, ſhould I a watery heap
Equal to the Supernal Fluid weep,
Or ſhould my Heart an Ocean bleed,
Which ſhould the Oceans from my Eyes exceed,
Nor Tears, nor Blood, could waſh my Guilt away,
Or for one wilful Sin a Ranſom pay.

Pſyche then ſtops to give a vent to tear,
Phylpenthos ſtudied Chords her Soul to cheer,
And play'd the Minſtrel's Air, at whoſe ſweet Sound,
Eliſha with Prophetick Grace was crown'd.
And 'ere he ended o'er ſad *Pſyche*'s Head,
The *Dove* eternal Wings refreſhing ſpread,
Whoſe dear conſolatory Rays incline
Sad Penitents to cheerful Song divine.

When I moſt aimable *Jeſus* ey'd,
For me griev'd, bleeding, crucify'd,
I thought that Love could never higher riſe,
But beyond that it flies,

Infinite

Infinite Love divine,
Like God himſelf is Trine,
Paternal God gave filial God to die,
God filial God co-breath'd ſent from on High,
The Loves of *Jeſus* to unfold,
And Man enflame, by Nature cold,
From Heav'n fell down the Holy Fire,
God only can God's Love inſpire;
Deſcend on me All-gracious Dove,
Shed on my Heart ſoft penitential Love.

But wo is me, I quench'd the ſacred Heat,
I oft made boundleſs Love retreat,
My Heav'nly Comforter I griev'd,
I of my Heart, thy Temple, thee bereav'd,
Thy Temple, where to Luſts I Altars rais'd,
On which unhallow'd Offerings blaz'd.
But I repent, my Idols I abjure,
Thy Temple re-poſſeſs, and keep it pure,
Thou art eſſential Love, for thy own ſake,
Shew thy ſelf Love to me, and pity take,
Give to my Heart which Sin bemoans,
Unutterable Sighs, and Groans,
If Grief ſhall in Intenſeneſs fail,
Duration the Defect may counter-vail,
Strive then my bleeding Heart, my flowing Eyes,
Your Grief to eterniſe.

Grief eterniſe! O to what ſtrange Efforts,
My Paſſion me Tranſports!

Eternal

Eternal Grief dwells in the Shades below,
Where the damn'd live in hopeleſs Woe;
The Bleſs'd above live in eternal Joy,
Which can admit no ſad Alloy.
Sweet *Jeſus* ſuffer'd for my ſake;
That I might in that Joy partake,
Ah! did ſweet *Jeſus* die for me?
O unconceivable Benignity!
For me! that dear, and that enamouring Thought,
A Miracle has in me wrought;
Deep the All-gracious *Dove* impreſs'd,
That dear, *for me*, upon my Breaſt,
His Beams benign he on me ſhed,
And rais'd my Love long bury'd, from the Dead:
My Element I changing feel,
From Penitent to Euchariſtick Zeal,
My Sighs, my Groans have breath'd their laſt,
The Bleeding of my Heart is paſs'd,
My Fears ſeem rarify'd to lightſome Air
Since I in *Jeſus* have a Share,
With grateful Heart my *Jeſus* I adore,
And now ſhall grieve no more.

Shall grieve no more? 'tis true
I ſhall not grieve as I was wont do do,
My Grief before was chiefly ſpent;
God's Wrath, which I endanger'd, to lament,
Now I true filial Grief retrieve,
Now for offending Love Paternal grieve,
I weep,

I weep, sigh, Groan, and Bleed again,
Without afflicting Pain.

The greatest Saints, when they their Sins survey,
And with their Saviour's Sufferings weigh,
While in their View, their Sins abide,
Sorrow and Sin are so ally'd,
And Love such Grief will in all Lovers raise,
To think in Sin how they misspent their Days,
That it afflicting Passions will excite,
And in their Pardon more intense delight;
The more they love, sweeter will be their Mean,
More grateful their Love-offerings at the Throne;
But when their Souls shall Heav'n-ward fly,
And be absolv'd on High,
God's beatifick Sight shall ev'ry Trace
Of Sin and Sorrow quite erase,
The Joys of the bless'd Sphere,
Eternal, boundless as, annihilating Fear.

As the Song clos'd, *Gratian* the Mourner's Guide,
Who with kind Zeal, all ghostly Wants supply'd,
A Visit to her made, and brought a Lute,
That she might Chords to her Devotion suit:
'Twas one of those which in the Vestry hung,
To which the Mourners Griefs were daily sung.
Psyche with Joy the Instrument receiv'd,
Which rais'd fresh Fervours, as she lov'd and griev'd;
She, while with Vanities her Soul was fill'd,
Harmonious Hymn forgot, which once she skill'd,

But

But ſoon as Love divine had tun'd her Mind,
To Hymn, and ſacred Muſick ſhe inclin'd,
She gladly both reſum'd, both ſuiting beſt,
The mournful Languors, melting in her Breaſt.
Philopathos, who beheld her broken Heart,
With Hallelujahs took his Heav'n-ward Start,
He knew her Lute would in like Chords conſpire,
And carry'd back to Heav'n his radiant Lyre.
Pſyche, when all her Agonies were paſs'd,
Yet in her Heart, felt ſinful Relicks laſt,
Oft 'twould be falſe, weak, wand'ring, foul, or vain,
'Twas hard invet'rate Paſſions to reſtrain,
To cleanſe her Heart, of Ill the plenteous Source,
To ſacred Song and Lute ſhe had recourſe.
Give me thy Heart, my God enjoin'd,
And I to give it am inclin'd,
But ſince a Heart impure,
God's Eyes cannot endure,
In ſtrange Perplexities I live,
Twixt Fear to keep, and Shame to give.

To God Triune, I, when Baptiz'd,
My Heart entirely ſacrific'd;
But I my ſelf betray'd,
A Revocation made,
I from his gentle Yoke withdrew,
My own Perdition to purſue.

Soon as my Heart I had revok'd,
It in hard Servitude was yok'd,

By

By Sin it was deprav'd,
To Sin it was enſlav'd,
To Sin for Trifles it was ſold,
And would not be by God controul'd.

This Heart, which was no longer mine,
Liv'd outraging the Love divine,
After each Bait it ſtray'd,
Which the curs'd Tempter laid,
If for one Minute I it quell'd,
It the next Minute ſtill rebell'd.

O'er Hearts which humane Rule diſdain,
'Tis God's Prerogative to reign;
My God, my Heart reclaim,
To dread thy awful Name,
Or elſe annihilate the Old,
And in my Breaſt a new one mould.

A Heart deteſting Sin, which may,
Right Reaſon, not low ſenſe obey,
Illumin'd and Upright,
Soft, Humble, and Contrite,
Prepar'd for thee its Blood to ſpend,
And dreading nought but to offend.

A Heart by thy own Likeneſs made,
With Graces ſtor'd, which never fade;
When ſuch a Heart is mine,
To thee I'll it reſign,

To ſerve thee with a filial Fear,
And by thy Will its Courſes ſteer.

My Heart will then to thy pure Eyes,
Be conſtant, grateful Sacrifice,
Enflam'd by heav'nly Fire,
It will to Heav'n aſpire,
Rapt with the Joy of being Thine,
It never will from thee decline.

BOOK II.

THE humble Mourners in their Viſits kind,
Brought ſweet Reſtoratives for *Pſyche*'s Mind,
All equally with her made ſad Complaints,
That their Hearts rarely would endure Reſtraints,
Gratian at once his Penitent to eaſe,
And his Diſciples to inſtruct and pleaſe,
Invites her in the Hall to take her ſeat,
Where with the Siſters ſhe was ſure to meet,
Where they were wont their daily Taſks to bring,
And at their Work, Songs penitential ſing.
To ſympathiſe with *Pſyche* all agree,
That th' Heart ſhould of their Songs the Subject be,
Vagantia firſt the Siſters entertain'd,
By ſinging the Heart ſtraying, and regain'd.

Upon a ſolemn Day,
When Saints conven'd to Hymn and pray,
It was my fix'd deſign,
With them in Sacrifice to joyn,

But

But when My Heart I would prepare,
My Heart was gone I knew not where.

I went into the Street,
And there enquire of all I meet;
Saw you a Heart this way,
Which inconſiderate runs aſtray,
Which changes oftner than the Wind,
And will be to no Bounds confind?

The moſt make no reply,
With Air regardleſs paſs me by,
Some would in Mock'ry ſay,
We meet ſuch Straglers ev'ry day,
Others to pity me incline,
Their Hearts would ſtray as well as mine.

An aged Prieſt at laſt,
Of Rev'rend Viſage by me paſs'd,
And I freſh Courage took,
From his devout Paternal Look;
Strait I his Benediction crave,
Which he with yearning Bowels gave.

You Sir, ſaid I, well know,
One to compaſſionate in Woe,
With Patience hear my moan,
My Heart is from its Manſion flown,
I tidings fain of it would gett,
Say, if a wandring Heart you met?

A thouſand He rejoyn'd,
I ev'ry Day ſuch Straglers find,
Men's falſe back-ſliding Hearts,
Make from their Duty frequent ſtarts:
Strict Watch and Pray't keep mine at home,
Elſe like the Multitude 'twould roam.

But if you to my Eyes,
Can your own Heart characteriſe,
I then may tell you News,
Which Joy may over you diffuſe,
With Hearts I am acquainted grown,
By the long Study of my own.

I then my Heart deſcrib'd,
What Sins, what Errors it imbib'd,
My darling Sin confeſt,
Which domineer'd o'er all the Reſt.
That Heart, ſaid he, I newly ſpy'd,
By ſenſual Motives lead aſide.

Pray, and go ſtrait along,
Of wandring Hearts you'll ſee a Throng,
Of Vanities there's Store,
And yet full ſtock'd they covet more;
Your Heart is ready to lay down,
For tranſient Joys an endleſs Crown,

I Pray'd, as on I went,
Found on the World my Heart intent,
Its Madneſs I deplor'd,
The Stray I to my Breaſt reſtor'd,
I with diſdain the Bargain brake,
Its Bliſs it never more ſhall ſtake.

Probata, who her Heart had throughly ey'd,
Sang the Deluſions which ſhe there deſcry'd,

Let others ſail the World about,
To find ſtrange Countries out,
A Land unknown I have within,
Inhabited by Sin,
Which from my intellectual View,
Long time it-ſelf withdrew.

My Thought had often made eſſay,
Its Limits to ſurvey,
But ſtill it found out ſomething new,
Which ne'er before I knew,
And tho' I launch'd my Thought again,
It Voyage made in vain.

It glides away like floating Iſles,
My Anchor it beguiles,
Worſe Monſters there excite my Dread,
Then *Africk* ever bred,
Proud *Babel's* Ruins never bore,
Such a mis-ſhapen Store.

To God I then my ſelf apply'd,
That he my Courſe would guide;
Kind Heav'n a Compaſs to me gave,
To ſteer me in the Wave,
And coaſting round the moving Sands,
My Thought upon it Lands.

It was my Heart I ſearch'd, unknown
To all but God alone;
It was by God's all-gracious Aid,
I my Diſcoveries made,
His Law my Needle, in ſtrait Line,
Turn'd to the Pole divine.

With that I o'er the Region ſtray'd,
It was of Lab'rynths made,
And I when diſengag'd from one,
Into another run.
When their Amuſements me aggriev'd,
My Needle me reliev'd.

Equivocation, Mints of Wile,
All Shapes of baneful Guile,
Of all Impieties the Springs,
The Serpent's Bites and Stings,
Reſerve, Lye, Salvo, and Excuſe,
The Conſcience to ſeduce.

Luſts ſiding with the Powers of Hell,
Which 'gainſt great God rebell,

Strong

Strong Averſations to God's Law,
All theſe and more I ſaw,
I could much ſooner count my Hairs,
Than all its mazy Snares.

Long time theſe Furies had declin'd
The Empire of my Mind,
A thouſand Stratagems had try'd,
Themſelves from me to hide;
But I the Rebels vow'd to chain,
My Empire to regain.

When of the Foe I had this Sight,
I then began the Fight;
And I by Succours from on high,
Made my Heart proſtrate lie,
I plac'd my Spirit on the Throne,
Forc'd all its Rule to own.

But trait'rous Luſt me ſtill Way-laid,
Conceal'd in Ambuſcade,
They ſtorm'd my Mind with new-ſpun Cheats,
Till laſh'd to their Retreats;
And if I chance my Watch to ſlack,
My Soul they re-attack.

To gracious God I made my Prayer,
Miſtruſting my own Care,
The Guardian of my Heart to be,
Which was too hard for me,

He deign'd my Offering to accept,
He ſafe my Spirit kept.

God will its Frauds to me impart,
Sole Searcher of the Heart;
It ſhall no more on me impoſe,
Or with the Tempter cloſe.
The more its Powers to Thee incline,
Lord, 'twill the more be Thine.

Purgata's Heart God his own Temple ſtil'd,
When clear'd from Filth which oft had it defil'd.

I early to the Temple went,
My Supplications to preſent,
But ſaw no faithful there;
I waiting for the Hour of Pray'r,
A private corner choſe,
To Meditation then my Heart diſpoſe.

God preſent in that place I knew,
And while my Faith had God in view,
I proſtrate, God ador'd,
His Bleſſing fervently implor'd,
And felt like ſacred Awe,
As *Jacob* when he God at *Bethel* ſaw,

O Holy Seat of Pray'r and Praiſe!
Bright'ned by God's propitious Rays,

The

The world no place below,
Reſembling Heav'n, like you can ſhew,
King *David* long'd to ſpend
His Life, but at your Portal to attend.

Good *Hezekiah*'s impious Child
God's awful dwelling Place defil'd,
Unhallow'd Altars rear'd,
To the curs'd Idols he rever'd:
All Saints with Horrour read
The audacious Profanations he decreed.

God-man by Heav'nly Zeal devour'd,
With Scourge Profaners over-powr'd,
He from the Temple chas'd,
All who its Sacredneſs defac'd;
And ſtill his Saints it grieves,
To ſee God's Houſe of Pray'r, a Den of Thieves.

But here my frail inſtable Mind,
Impatient to be long confin'd,
All pious Thoughts diſpers'd,
And in the World it ſelf immers'd,
I cold and indevout,
Rov'd the expanſe of Vanity about.

My Guardian who each Symptom ey'd,
By which my Temper was deſcry'd,
And watching to inſtill,
Propenſions good, as Satan ill,

My Deviations gueſs'd,
And ſweetly thus to me himſelf addreſs'd.

You, deareſt Charge, who juſtly blame
Profaners of God's Houſe and Name,
Ne'er on the Diſteſpect,
Your ſelf have ſhew'd to both, reflect:
I ſtarting at the Thought,
He thus to me my Deſecrations taught.

When e'er from God you run aſtray,
Your Paſſions ſteal your Mind away,
Your Heart's a Den of Thieves,
All Profanations it receives,
You impious Altars build,
God's Houſe is with Abominations fill'd.

Your Heart God for his Temple choſe,
Each Luſt which there uſurping grows,
God there enthron'd degrades,
His Adoration due invades:
All-gracious God is griev'd,
And you are of his *Shechinah* bereav'd.

'Tis Sacrilege in high degree,
'Tis inſolent Idolatry,
Wilfully to profane
God's Temples, which ſhould pure remain,
Waſh that which lyes unſeen,
Pure God ne'er dwells in Hearts that are unclean.

Ah

Ah me, ſaid I, upon my knees,
Ghoſtly Vertiges on me ſeize,
E'en while my Pray'rs I ſpeak,
Imagination looſe will break,
My Heart will God forſake,
And foul Complacence in my wandrings take.

All Praiſe to God who warning ſent,
My Deſecrations to lament,
My Stains I will review,
Cleanſe them with penitential Dew;
My inward Temple pure,
I in the outward ſhall no Filth endure.

Vigilia's Heart, to wild Excurſions prone,
Was in God's keeping ſafe, not in her own.

My God, to keep my Heart,
That it from thee may never ſtart,
I know is thy dread Will,
But how ſhall I that task fulfill.
The Traytor with my Rebel Luſts will mix,
And 'tis beyond my Power, the *Mercury* to fix.

My Heart inclines to Bliſs,
Yet ſtudies the ſtrait way to miſs,
My Thoughts are looſe and vain,
When I moſt ſtrive them to reſtrain,
They fly at random all the World about,
And render my beſt Prayers careleſs and indevout.

Opinions falſe one while
My fond Credulity beguile,
In a miſtaken way,
With Pertinacionſneſs I ſtray,
I no deſtructive Conſequences heed,
Am harder to reclaim, the farther I proceed:

Whether I will or no,
Imagination out will go,
In its licentious Flights,
It diſagreeing Forms unites,
Forms monſtrous, Atheiſtick, or unclean,
And ſtrives with darling Vice my Conſcience to ſerene.

Ah! often have I try'd,
My Inclinations right to guide,
But my adult'rous Will,
Enamour'd grows of ev'ry ill,
All my Affections on my Will attend,
They Reaſon diſregard, and to my Bane propend.

Sin the internal Cells
Invades, where my Remembrance dwells
Paſt foul Ideas there,
In lively Colours pictur'd are,
When to recall Truths Heav'nly I deſign'd,
Things ſenſual overſpread the Surface of my Mind.

My Aims I ſhould refine,
In God's ſole Glory to combine,

But

But my chief Ends I wave,
A thouſand Projects vain I have,
I madly numerous ſelf ends purſue,
Which I, when they ſucceed, eternally ſhall rue,

Confederate with Hell,
Thus all my inward Powers rebell;
As ſoon in a weak Fold,
I furious *Panthers* may with-hold,
When hunger-bitt, from their nocturnal Prey,
As o'er this Legion wild the ſteddy Scepter ſway,

My God, thou only art,
Able to know, keep, rule the Heart,
O make my Heart thy Care,
Which I my ſelf to keep deſpair,
No Rebels then will garriſon my Breaſt,
Beneath All-mighty Wings, my Heart will live at reſt.

Conſtantia ſang how Hearts on God ſhould ſtay,
And turn from giddy Vanities away.

O fooliſh Heart, which often ſtrays,
And for deſtructive Luſts purveys,
You numerous experiments have try'd,
Yet ſtill return diſſatisfy'd,
Why ſeek you thus in vain,
For what you never can obtain?

All wordly Joys which glitt'ring ſeem,
And at a diſtance raiſe eſteem,

Soon

Soon as they have Admittance to your Arms,
Betray their meretricious Charms,
The Cheat apparent grows,
You only court eternal Woes.

Egypt with various Idols ſtor'd,
Such idle Fancies ne'er ador'd,
When to their Onyons they their Worſhip paid,
Their hunger was by them allay'd;
But all Things you purſue,
Allay not Hunger, but raiſe new.

Would you one Minute make eſſay,
Your ſelf againſt the World to weigh,
You then would ſoon perceive the World confin'd,
And the immenſeneſs of your Mind,
'Twixt an Immenſe and Bound,
Think what Proportion can be found.

It is not Narrowneſs alone,
Should make you this low World diſown,
Since it for Sin was curs'd, it is impure,
Saints its empoys'ned Baits abjure,
And where it once intrudes,
It damns, as well as Souls deludes.

Fix, O my Heart, your ghoſtly Eye,
On God's immenſe Benignity,
God is the only Object, which can fill
The Sphere of your capacious Will,

While

While you to God aſpire,
You all poſſeſs you can deſire.

In God is All-ſufficient Store,
My Heart, O never wander more;
O that I had a Cherub's num'rous Eyes,
To guard me from a Re-ſurpriſe!
Lord, to my Succour haſte,
To thy dear Love, O keep me chaſte.

Tranquilla's Heart below could never reſt,
Till in its Centre God it acquieſc'd.

God is the Centre of my Mind,
To God congenially inclin'd,
Though it diſtorted is by Sin,
Still it Exilience feels within;
When in this World diſtreſs'd,
To fly to God, to ſeek its native Reſt.

Yet oft I find a Scruple ſtart,
How God is Centre of my Heart;
The Centre we a Point eſteem,
Lines thither from the Compaſs ſtream,
But Godhead is Immenſe,
God is both Centre, and Circumference.

To *Jeſus* I for Guidance pray,
Jeſus the Truth, the Life, the Way,
He Mediator is betwixt
God and laps'd Man, the Centre fix'd,

Through

Through him my Spirit tends
'Tow'rds God, who all the Flight of Hymn tranſcends.

Thro' God Incarnate runs each Line,
Of the Circumference divine,
And while to *Jeſus* we adhere,
God is our circumambient Sphere:
In boundleſs God above,
Still centring, and ſtill circling is our Love.

If to the Centre down below,
You a full Glaſs of Water throw,
It will the central Point ſurround,
The wat'ry Globe the Point will drown,
And ev'ry drop will ſtrive,
Which neareſt to the Centre ſhall arrive.

Thus, to my Centre *Jeſus*, I
Will with my full Propenſion fly,
My Spirit ſhall around him twine,
My Love ſhall keep him ever mine,
Love which to God aſcends,
And ſoars much higher than it comprehends.

Experta next ſang the infernal Wiles,
By which curs'd *Satan* heedleſs Hearts beguiles.

Impuls'd by God, as ſince I learn'd,
Who guides us undiſcern'd,

I to a Mountain went one Day,
Like *Jeſus* there to pray,
I was ambitious of that Height,
To gain of Heav'n an undiverted Sight.

My Guardian with his Charge withdrew
And while I rais'd my View,
I ſaw thro' Air an Angel glide,
A Key hung by his Side,
A Monſter thro' the Cloudy Wave,
Hard loaded he in Chains of Darkneſs drave.

Guardian, behold that Sight, I cry'd!
That Angel, he reply'd,
Of the Abyſs Key-keeper made,
Rules the infernal Shade,
I'll call him that he may expoſe,
The horrid Dangers of your ghoſtly Foes.

Down to the Mount the Angel came,
With Spear of heav'nly Flame,
And to a Tree the Monſter ty'd,
Three Paces from my Side,
With a ſtrange Trembling I was ſeiz'd,
Till my Tempeſtuous Fears were thus appeas'd.

My Guardian then the Angel pray'd,
The Monſter to unlade,
It ſeem'd a confluential Shape,
Of *Wolf*, *Goat*, *Swine* and *Ape*,

It was a Fiend by *Satan* ſent,
A Saint to tempt, diſtract, pervert, torment.

All gracious God his Rage to quell,
Remanded him to Hell,
The Angel to ſecure the Saint,
Kept him in ſtrong Reſtraint,
Elſe he had ſuch Temptations form'd,
Which might the Fort ſucceſsfully have ſtorm'd.

The Angel from the Monſter's Back,
Took down the horrid Pack;
There of Snares, Lyes, Thorns, Darts was ſtore,
Mens Hearts to lure, or gore,
With Vehicles for Fraud; or Fright,
Of *Dragon*, *Serpent*, and mock-Angel Light,

The Angel, bidding then Farewell,
The Monſter drives to Hell.
Experta, ſaid my Guardian, weigh,
The Pack you ſaw to Day;
Such Wiles, ſuch Force by Hell is us'd,
When their Contagion deadly is transfus'd.

For Might and Wiſdom then I pray'd,
'Gainſt Force and Ambuſcade,
Oft thought of God's all-ſeeing Eye,
And what it was to dye,
Love Heav'nly, Jealous of each Ill,
Kept guard on all approaches to my Will.

Renatas

Renata next Concupiſcence diſplays,
The Foe internal which the Heart betrays.

Damn'd Spirits doom'd to endleſs Woe,
No joyful Moment ever know;
Elſe *Satan* had been over-joy'd,
To ſee me by my ſelf deſtroy'd;
He 'gainſt my Spirit ſaw my Fleſh engag'd,
Inſultingly beheld the War they wag'd.

Stand off, my Meſſengers, he cries,
I'll wave Devices, Wiles and Lies;
I'll fiery Dart, ſharp Thorn, and Snare,
All Hell's Artillery forbear:
Concupiſcence *Renata*'s Tendence ſways,
And madly ſhe herſelf her Heart betrays.

My baſer Part to Sin inclin'd,
Rebell'd againſt my nobler Mind,
My Conſcience oft would me upbraid,
I ſtrove its Laſhes to evade;
My Spirit holy Motions would inſtill,
My Fleſh ſtill turn'd towards the Antarctick Ill.

My God, who Conſcience in me plac'd,
Leaſt Senſe of Good ſhould be eras'd,
In Pity kept it ſtill awake,
Remonſtrances of Guilt to make;

Haunted

Haunted with Horrors of the dreadful Pit,
I vow'd at laſt the Rebels ſhou'd ſubmit.

I all Propenſions rendezvous'd,
My Fleſh had in the Conflict us'd;
Their paſt Rebellions to deplore,
And awe them to rebel no more:
All their reſiduous Outrage I reſtrain'd,
And kept them to their proper Objects chain'd.

My Heart, which all the reſt wou'd yield,
My beſt beloved Sin conceal'd;
To that I was by Temper prone,
That o'er all Paſſions held the Throne;
I ſooner could the Apples of my Eyes
Tear out, than that dear regnant Sin chaſtiſe.

In ſpecious Shapes I it diſguis'd,
A Thouſand Salvo's I devis'd:
A long, long Time my ſenſual Will,
The Checks of Conſcience ſtrove to ſtill;
But ſoon as Love Divine my Heart inflam'd,
I on a ſudden felt the Fury tam'd.

I watch'd and pray'd till I prevail'd,
And to the Croſs the Traytor nail'd;
As *Samuel Agag* I it hew'd,
Leſt its curs'd Life ſhould be renew'd;
Sweet Peace I by that Crucifixion gain'd,
And Heavenly Love ſince that unrivall'd reign'd.

Long

Long had Concupiſcence *Valentia* griev'd,
Till in the Garden of the Spouſe reliev'd;

As on a ſolemn Day,
My Life I ſtrove to reſurvey;
I felt upon my Breaſt,
A penitential Force impreſs'd,
My Sins I then arraign,
They raiſe Shame, Horrour, Hate, Diſdain;
And while thoſe Paſſions o'er me bear the Sway,
They chaſe all wilful mortal Sins away.

Satan who watchful lyes,
My preſent Averſation eyes;
His Weapons down he caſts,
While penitential Vigor laſts,
That I ſecure may grow,
When unaſſaulted by my Foe;
My Zeal by unperceiv'd Degrees grows cold,
And as Zeal cools, the Enemy grows bold.

As when the *Crocodile*,
Sleeps gaping on the Bank of *Nile*;
The *Ichneumon* which ſtill waits
To harm the Creature which he hates;
Flies down his open Jaws,
And Paſſage thro' his Bowels gnaws;
Then ſucks his ſparkling Blood at ev'ry Vein,
Till the vile Rat *Leviathan* has ſlain:

Thus when my Care declines,
Hell lurks on the unguarded Lines,
The Tempter ſhoots his Dart,
It enters Deep into my Heart;
'Tis headed with foul Luſt,
Oyl'd with concupiſcential Guſt,
With deadly Poyſon it my Will infects,
And Peſtilence thro' all my Pow'rs trajects.

By my own Strength in vain
I ſtrive the Vict'ry to obtain;
When I the War begin,
My imbred Traytor ſides with Sin,
And ſhort-liv'd Joys to gain,
Expoſes me to endleſs Pain:
O wretched Souls who 'gainſt themſelves rebel,
The Mock'ry, Triumph, and Contempt of Hell!

Still my ſuperior Mind,
Seeks all about ſome Cure to find,
Each Animal in Pain
Is reſtleſs till it Eaſe regain,
And taught by Nature ſpeeds
To ſome appropriate Herbs, or Weeds;
When it has found them ranging o'er the Field,
It grazes there, and the Diſtempers heal'd.

My Soul above ſhall fly,
Till I the Spouſe's Garden ſpy:

O thither

O thither I'll retire,
Of the fair Virgins to enquire,
Where the ſweet Lilies grow,
Amidſt whoſe Odours to and fro,
The Heavenly Bridegroom often walks, and feeds;
I'll from that hallow'd Spot ſupply my Needs.

I'll ev'ry Lilly taſte,
With *Jeſu's* healing Shadow grac'd;
Each Lilly will contain
A Lenitive to eaſe my Pain,
By Turns on ev'ry Bed;
My Meditation ſhall be fed,
My Spirit, when with Chriſt-like Graces ſtor'd,
Shall never mortally by Luſt be gor'd.

To temper all the Siſters Heart-Complaints,
Sophronia ſang the Mixtures in the Saints.

Lord 'tis not in thy Church alone,
That Tares among good Corn are ſown;
Satan our Hearts to diſcompoſe,
His Tares there ſows.

Soon as the amiable Dove
Sheds in our Hearts celeſtial Love;
And our clear'd Heav'n-erected Eyes
This World deſpiſe.

Soon as our Powers begin to feel
The Suavities of heav'nly Zeal,
And ſtand propending to obey
Love's gentle Sway:

Satan his Force and Wiles collects,
Looſe Thoughts into our Souls injects,
Which our Imaginations lure
To Loves impure.

Thy Word, Lord, in this Life declares,
That Corn will mingled be with Tares,
Thou Separation doſt delay
Till Judgment Day.

My God, let neither Tares nor Weeds,
Choke in my Soul thy heav'nly Seeds,
Keep Lord, what thou thy ſelf doſt ſow,
From the curs'd Foe.

From the curs'd Foe, for in my Heart
'Tis he would fain uſurp a Part,
But I to thee my Heart reſign,
Keep what is thine.

My Love ſhall *Satan*'s Spite oppoſe,
And if in me his Tares he ſows,
May he at Judgment bear the Blame,
I them diſclaim.

Tares

Tares in the Hearts of Saints remain,
Foils to the true and beauteous Grain,
For Love they Trials are deſign'd
In Souls refin'd.

Our Birth Propenſion ſenſual ſows
To wilful Sin, which cheriſh'd grows;
We all our Life muſt God invoke,
That Growth to choke.

To all the Daughters of laps'd *Eve*,
Eve-like Concupiſcences cleave,
And 'tis by Power of Grace divine,
We them confine.

Grace, which all Vot'ries wants ſupplies,
Which God to no weak Soul denies,
Strengthning the Fraileſt to repell,
The Powers of Hell.

Live ſatisfy'd to be ſincere,
Infirmities you'll ſuffer here,
None to Perfection can attain,
Till Heav'n they gain.

Lord ſow Love in our Spirits deep,
That each a daily Crop may reap,
To thee a Harveſt ev'ry Day,
Of Love to pay.

Pſyche of Grace divine who felt the need,
Which from Deſpondencies the Faithful freed,
Begg'd that *Sophronia* would that Gift explain,
Which ſhe encourag'd them by Pray'r to gain.
Grace to explain, *Sophronia* ſaid, is Task
Too great for me t' attempt, or you to ask;
The Daughters muſt their own good Motions heed,
Taught by Experience more, than what they read.
When on his Field good Seed the Farmer throws,
Which up to Blade, Ear, Corn in Seaſon grows,
Fed all along by Earth's nutricious Juice,
Warm'd by kind Heat, which Solar Rays produce;
He reaps a Harveſt, though he ſleeps and wakes,
And little care of his ſown Furrows takes;
Yet cannot by Philoſophy explain
The manner of the ripening of his Grain:
Thus when the gracious *Dove* to ſoftned Hearts,
The Seeds of Light, and Love divine imparts,
Tho' they his influential Succours feel,
And Ardours of a Heav'n-enkindled Zeal;
Though they each Hour in darted Pray'rs aſpire,
And melting live for *Jeſus* in Deſire;
Yet in their Souls the Springs they cannot trace,
Or ſolve all the Appearances of Grace:
None skill th' Outgoings, and Reſorts of Wind,
Much leſs the Spirit's workings on the Mind;
It is enough for humble Souls to know,
That all the good they think, to Heav'n they owe:
The God of Love is bound to keep us free,
Love never with Coaction can agree.

God

God, who Omniſcient all our Tempers knows,
Can our free Wills unviolenc d diſpoſe,
That with God's Movements Freedom may conſpire,
God will take Care, we need not to enquire;
He'll judge all our free Actions at his Throne,
Which if not free, he could not ſtile our own.
You'll feel no trouble, if you Hearts reſign
To ſweet, endearing, mighty, Grace divine.

Electa what *Sophronia* ſang enforc'd,
She in the World, liv'd from the World divorc'd.

Falſe World, I'll you no more endure,
Vexatious, tranſient, vain, impure,
Too long your Friendſhip feign'd
My ghoſtly Vitals ban'd;
You nothing are but Univerſal ſnare,
I 'gainſt your Charms *Antipathy* declare.

My Heart to God would fain reflow,
But I am ſtill detain'd below,
Ah! is there no retreat,
Secure from worldly Cheat?
If ſuch a one dear Guardian you can find,
O thither me tranſport, there lodge my Mind!

Your Wings between us two divide,
Each thro' Expanſe on one ſhall glide:
The *Doves*, their Wings to ſpare,
On one can ſwim in Air;

Our unwing'd Arms ſhall round each other lie,
And our wing'd Arms ſhall row us in the Skie.

Long we may range, our Wings may tire,
And yet not compaſs my Deſire;
While God here wills my Stay,
His Grace my Powers ſhall ſway:
Grace in a Peſt-houſe can my Health enſure,
Or Sick with noxious Steams, my Spirit cure.

Jeſus, whoſe Mind on Heav'n was fix'd,
Liv'd with terreſtial Joys unmix'd,
He ſtill to *Heav'n* aſpir'd,
To Solitudes retir'd,
He in the World, liv'd from the World; his Aim
Was to do good, and worldly Minds reclaim.

Thus Chriſt-like Charity and Pray'r
Should all my vacant Minutes ſhare,
My buſy Part I'll ſpend,
My Calling to attend,
When I the Poor in my Excurſions meet,
They *Jeſus'* Brethren are, I'll waſh their Feet.

With ghoſtly Alms I'll Souls relieve,
Inſtruct, Reprove, Exhort, Retrieve,
With God my Heart ſhall cloſe,
And when I die, repoſe:
Should any worldly Taint to me adhere,
I'll waſh it off in Oratory tear.

Watch,

Watch, Reading, Meditation, Pray'r,
And Hymn, of Saints th' Employments are;
While theſe we mind,
Hell can no Entrance find:
O wond'rous Goodneſs of the Law divine,
Preſervative and Duty to Combine!

This ſung, to their Apartments all withdrew,
Of their falſe Hearts the Searches to renew.
Pſyche retiring, ſearch'd her Heart impure,
And thus apply'd to *Jeſus* for her Cure.

Bleſs'd *Jeſus*, thy propitious Heart,
Would ſympathiſe with ev'ry Smart;
When Wretches to thee cry'd,
No help was e'er deny'd,
Thy wond'rous Goodneſs was diſplay'd,
In giving Super-humane Aid:

I bring an Object to thy Sight,
Will glorify thy gracious Might,
A Confluence of Needs,
Here for thy pity pleads,
I of thy Miracles implore,
A mighty confluential Store.

Lord, 'tis my Heart, let thy mild Eyes
Vouchſafe commenſurate Supplies,
To heav'nly Truths my Mind,
Is by the Lapſe, born Blind,

My

My Ears to thy ſweet Calls are clos'd,
My Tongue to Praiſe thee indiſpos'd.

By baneful Luſts I am poſſeſs'd,
Tempeſtuous Paſſions me infeſt,
I'm Impotence all o'er,
Invet'rate is my Sore,
With *Leproſy* I am beſpread,
Love in habitual Guilt lies dead.

My Lord, my God, to thee I pray,
Unpitied ſend me not away,
My Malady controul,
Command me to be whole;
Thy Word will me to Health reſtore,
Speak but one Word, I ask no more.

My Eyes thy Love will then ſee clear,
My Ears thy gracious Call will hear,
My ſilent Tongue will ſpeak,
And into Praiſes break,
Of Luſts I ſhall be diſpoſſeſs'd,
Sweet Peace will then becalm my Breaſt.

Thy pow'rful Aids will me ſuſtain,
Of Weakneſs I'll no more complain,
My rocky Heart will melt,
When it thy Love has felt,

No

No *Leprous* Spots will me ſurpriſe,
My Love from ghoſtly Death will riſe.

Thou didſt our Frailties undergo,
That thou might'ſt ſoft Compaſſion ſhew,
Thy tender Heart condoles,
With all afflicted Souls;
Oh! for thy dol'rous Paſſions ſake,
Haſte to my Reſtoration make.

Thou in one ſingle Act Divine,
A heap of Miracles wilt join,
In complicate Diſeaſe,
Give complicated Eaſe,
And when thou ſhalt my Heart reſtore,
With all my Powers I'll thee adore.

Among the Saints I'll Concerts raiſe,
To ſing thee complicated Praiſe,
My Heart by thee refin'd,
Shall live to thee reſign'd,
I Loves for Loves will ſtrive to pay,
New Hymns I'll offer ev'ry Day.

Thy Love kept thy own Mother pure,
And from Infernal Force ſecure,
No Luſt her Soul could harm,
Supported by thy Arm,
She in the World liv'd diſembroil'd,
And God's bright Image kept unſoil'd,

She always ghoſtly Health enjoy'd;
My Soul is with Diſeaſe annoy'd,
Do thou my Spirit heal,
Do thou my Pardon ſeal:
Oft a Deliv'rance more endears,
Than an Immunity from Fears.

Phylax, who ſaw his Charge was ſafe, as long
As ſhe engag'd in penitential Song,
With the Gold Vial, full of *Pſyche*'s Tear,
Took ſpeedy Flight to the Celeſtial Sphere,
An acceptable Off'ring in God's Eyes,
Who with Delight hears penitential Cries,
That offered there, it might for Pardon plead,
While of that Vial here ſhe had no need;
For in her Cell ſhe found the Vial kept,
Which *Magdalen* oft times brimful had wept;
And *Pſyche* all her penitential ſtay,
Fill'd with her Tears the Vial ev'ry Day;
Of *Jeſus* Crucify'd the Love immenſe,
Outrag'd by her, rais'd a Heart-breaking Senſe,
And whenſoe'er ſhe *Jeſus* thought, or nam'd,
Out in a Hymn her Heav'n-fir'd Spirit flam'd.

God-man, who on the dol'rous Tree,
Didſt Sacrifice thy ſelf for me,
For me! O Wonder! What am I,
That great God-man ſhould for me die?
I who 'gainſt Love immenſe rebell,
A Slave to Sin, and claim'd by Hell,

But

But thou haſt my Deliv'rance wrought,
Thou haſt me out of Slav'ry bought,
Thou boundleſs Vengeance haſt allay'd,
By price ineſtimable paid;
I am by Purchaſe wholly thine,
And juſtly can ſtile nothing mine.

Ah wo is me! I Lord am prone,
To rob thee Hourly of thy own,
For ſenſual Joys I oft purvey,
Which ſteal from thee my Heart away,
Thou canſt no Sacrilege endure,
My Heart, O help me to ſecure!

God-man, while here to live he deign'd,
In ſelf Oblation ſtill remain'd:
Centred in *Jeſus* I ſhould live,
My ſelf entirely to him give,
Himſelf he to redeem me gave,
Which makes me his devoted Slave.

His Slave? O no, in pity he
From ghoſtly Bondage ſet me free,
By his own Blood he me redeem'd,
That I ſhould be his Friend eſteem'd.
StrangeLove to Slaves,which thought tranſcends,
God Bleeds to raiſe them to his Friends!

I with my Friend ſhould ſympathiſe,
And live to thee in Sacrifice,

I well remember what I coſt,
Thou, Lord, ſhouldſt all my Pow'rs exhauſt,
My Faith ſhou'd keep my Friend in Sight,
His Will ſhou'd be my ſole Delight.

The more Souls love, the more they ſtrive,
To their Friend's Likeneſs to arrive;
My Soul, Lord, thy Veronique make,
That I may thy Reſemblance take,
That Will may be in both the ſame,
And both may have one Heav'nly Aim.

Such Elevations *Pſyche* ſoon acquir'd,
Still as her Eyes dropp'd Tears, her Love was fir'd;
Magdalen on her Meditation dwelt,
Like penitential Tenderneſs ſhe felt;
She weigh'd her Sins, by Blood of *Jeſus* ſpilt,
And thought ſhe ne'er enough cou'd weep for Guilt,
But God's Benignity, and not our Moan,
Gains our Acceptance of his gracious Throne;
Shou'd two *Atlanticks* from our Eye-lids flow,
Shou'd we ſpend Years in ſelf chaſtiſing Woe;
Nor Tears, nor Woe are pleaſing in God's Eyes,
But 'tis the broken Heart from which they riſe.
The God of Love ſaw *Pſyche*'s Heart contrite,
And from that Hour, took in her Tears delight.

BOOK III.

BOOK III.

THE Grace, which pleas'd the God of Mercy beſt,
Was Charity, which flam'd in *Pſyche*'s Breaſt,
God's Love, and odious Sin ſhe kept in Mind,
She pray'd, ſhe ſigh'd, ſhe wept for all Mankind;
To ſee Souls damn'd, and boundleſs Love diſpleas'd,
She thought were Sorrows never to be eas'd;
God, who in God-like Love, takes moſt Delight,
With a fit Object gratify'd her Sight;
For as ſhe wakes to her next Midnight Pray'rs,
And her ſweet Strings, to ſuit her Hymn, prepares,
She heard a Soul with pond'rous Grief oppreſs'd,
Sigh deep, groan loud, and often beat her Breaſt;
A thin Wall only ſtood their Cells between,
But till the Morning, nothing cou'd be ſeen,
In Silence *Pſyche* for a while remain'd,
Liſtning to hear, of what the Wretch complain'd.

Welcome, ſhe cry'd, my only Friend, dark Night,
Which hides me from my own, and others Sight:
O I want thicker Darkneſs, there to lie
Hid from the Wrath of God's avenging Eye:
O Sin exceeding ſinful! Bold Offence
Againſt juſt mighty God! O Guilt immenſe!
Baſe, ſhameful, odious, diabolick, curs'd,
This Heart that bred you, ſhou'd with Anguiſh burſt;
This Heart! Alas, it rather is a Stone,
That ſoftens not to penitential Moan,

Yet

Yet marble Walls will weep at ev'ry Vein,
And Earthquakes rend the hardeſt Rocks in Twain;
But woe is me, this Stone no Tears will ſhed,
Nor rend at Quakings for eternal Dread:
I am a Monſter, ſunk to ſuch a State,
Which no Compaſſion can excite, but hate.
With that ſhe ſtopp'd, and *Pſyche* all in Tear,
Invok'd God's Aid the mournful Soul to cheer;
She ſtrait in Song the Mourner's Thought purſu'd,
And ſinging, with her Tears the Lute bedew'd.

Of all the Monſters which appear'd,
Since God the World from nothing rear'd,
None ſhou'd ſo odious be eſteem'd,
As Sinners by God-man redeem'd;
Who Outrage for that boundleſs Love repay,
To make themſelves, to helliſh Spite, a Prey.

E'er ſince God Man for Sinners bled,
God his dear Love diffus'dly ſhed,
Of all he the Salvation wills,
Due Grace he into all inſtills;
God reconcil'd to Sinners, Love became,
Of Deity aton'd, the proper Name.

God who of Love the Title choſe,
Averſion to our Ruin ſhews,
Love pities, and complains, and grieves,
When e'er Repulſes he receives,
A thouſand ſolemn Proteſtations makes,
He no Delight in our Damnation takes.

Love

Love long for our Converſion ſtays;
Gently upbraiding our Delays;
Love for each Soul which Torment feels,
Can make unnumbred juſt Appeals:
Ah! What can Love do more to reſcue One,
Who Love contemn'd, and choſe to be undone?

Love, when provok'd, to Wrath is ſlow,
Unwilling to inflict a Woe;
His Anger he'll long Time ſuſpend,
To try if Sinners will amend:
God ev'n in Wrath is of a Temper meek,
Rememb'ring he is Love, and Man is weak.

Love, when a daring Guilt provokes,
Shortens, and moderates his Strokes,
On this ſide of eternal Pains,
God's Wrath allays, of Love retains;
And when they hardned own to Tophet fall,
Love Wiſhes, they had hearkned to his Call.

Say all laps'd *Adam*'s Offſpring, ſay,
When Love of Sin to Heart you lay;
When Men with Devils you compare,
Who have in dying God no Share:
Say, if your ſtretch'd Imaginations find,
More horrid Monſters than foul human Kind.

Dark Intellect, perverted Will,
All Pow'rs, all Paſſions warp'd to Ill;
The Likeneſs Diabolick plac'd,
Where God's bright Image was effac'd:
A Hell-fir'd Tongue, a Heart of ſenſeleſs Stone,
Are the foul Shapes by which the Monſter's known.

I ſuch a Monſter, Lord remain'd,
While I 'gainſt Love curs'd War maintain'd;
Thy Love, Lord, firſt propos'd a Peace,
Firſt made Hoſtilities to ceaſe:
Thy pure free Love created me anew,
Till from a Monſter, I a Lover grew.

Mind was enlightned, Paſſions tam'd,
My Powers rehallow'd, Will inflam'd;
I felt thy Image re-impreſs'd,
Well govern'd Tongue, a tender Breaſt:
I ever will that Love immenſe adore,
Who when I Monſter turn'd, wou'd me reſtore.

Relentings in her Heart the Mourner found,
And cry'd out, fais'd by the harmonious Sound,
Angel, or Saint, or whoſoe'er thou art,
Who doſt Impreſſion make on this hard Heart:
If Heav'n Compaſſion on me deſigns to ſhow,
It through your Strings, and Voice, will on me flow:
O leave not off, your Muſick Heav'n deſign'd,
O none but Heav'n, cou'd do an Act ſo Kind:

Pſyche

Pſyche then for her Lute a Subject choſe,
Which beſt the Mourner might for Tears diſpoſe.

When *Jeſus* Truth celeſtial taught,
And Miracles propitious wrought,
And Humble, in a Life divine,
Diſplay'd the Love of Godhead Trine;
That Penitents might Pardon gain,
And with God-man in Glory reign.

The tender Sex to him adher'd,
His awful Goodneſs ſome rever'd,
Some for the Loaves made up his Train,
Some Cure for Ailments to obtain;
But none 'till *Magdalen* appear'd,
To have from Guilt her Conſcience clear'd.

She early to Bleſs'd *Jeſus* came,
Led by the Odour of his Name,
All Souls with Sins hard Bondage tir'd,
A *Jeſus* ardently deſir'd,
And ſoon as ſhe of *Jeſus* heard,
Jeſus was to her Heart endear'd.

But Oh! how could a guilty Breaſt,
While by ſeven Devils 'twas poſſeſs'd,
Give Entrance to the Godhead pure,
Or God that odious Sight endure?
Jeſus firſt drave the Fiends away,
And cleans'd her Spirit with his Ray.

Great God tho' outrag'd by our Sins,
In pity yet our Change begins,
O wond'rous Love, 'twas that which broke,
The ſinful *Mary*'s grievous yoke,
She inſtantly impatient grew;
To keep ſweet *Jeſus* in her View.

From the firſt Moment of her Turn,
The Love divine began to burn,
A Sinner who her Sin bewails,
Weighs Sin and Pardon in juſt Scales,
Dear *Jeſus*' Name them both involves,
And Hearts to Love and Tear diſſolves.

When Souls in Love with *Jeſus* fall,
They Conſecrate to him their All:
Mary a Box of Ointment brought,
Which for a lib'ral Sum ſhe bought,
Yet 'twas too mean, in her Eſteem,
For him, who ſhould the World redeem.

Entring where *Simon* made his Treat,
She with her Tears waſh'd *Jeſus*' Feet,
Then kiſs'd them, to give Love its ſhare,
And wip'd them with her looſned Hair,
Then on his Head pour'd rich Perfume,
Which ſweetly ſcented all the Room.

O Heart by *Jeſus* highly priz'd,
Softned by Love, in Tears Baptiz'd!

From

From Sins habitual, num'rous, great,
Your Abſolution was compleat,
Jeſus himſelf to ſpeak it deign'd,
From thence you lead a Life unſtain'd.

When *Jeſus* journy'd too and fro,
Seed Heav'nly o'er the Land to ſow,
The Female Vot'ries by you led,
Still follow'd his Inſtructive Tread,
You from your Stores his Wants reliev'd,
And for the Ills he ſuffer'd griev'd.

But when you thro' the dol'rous Way,
Follow'd God-man to *Golgotha*,
Your Love, your Tear, ſeem'd then at Height,
At that ſad, wond'rous, tender Sight,
Yet both encreas'd each ſtep you trod,
After diſtreſs'd Incarnate God.

Out of your broken Heart there came,
A Flood of Tears, a fervent Flame,
The Flood ran down, the Flame aſpir'd,
One moiſt'ned, and the other fir'd,
Yet they in mutual Aids combin'd,
And in one Centre *Jeſus* join'd.

Each Dolour which you wept to ſee,
Your Love cry'd out, Ah! 'tis for me,
You in his Veſt beheld the Stains,
Of his late agoniſing Pains,

Freſh Blood, from Gorings of his Crown,
And from his Furrows trickling down.

You ſaw him with the Croſs oppreſs'd,
How on Mount *Calvary* diſtreſs'd,
You on the Croſs beheld him laid,
The Wounds which by the Nails were made,
Saw Blood from his wide Nailings ſtream,
And heard Spectators him Blaſpheme.

His dol'rous Cry, you heard him make,
My God, why doſt thou me forſake,
With Gall you ſaw his Portion mix'd,
And with a Spear his Side tranſfix'd,
To his bleſs'd Mother you ſtood near,
And vy'd with her in Love, and Tear,

You ſaw his Soul its Manſion quit,
The Lord of Life to Death ſubmit,
Recounting then the Boundleſs Pain,
You ſaw God-man for you ſuſtain,
You ſaw the Guilt of Sin diſplay'd,
When dying God our Ranſom paid.

As at dear *Jeſus'* Croſs you ſtood,
Weeping from either Eye a Flood,
'Twas then your tend'reſt Love and Tear,
Fill'd all the Expanſion of its Sphere,
While your compaſſionating Eyes,
Saw Love unbounded agoniſe.

Of *Jeſus'* Love a lively Senſe,
Mournful, endearing, and intenſe,
To Martyrs height rais'd Love, and Tear,
Love which like *Jeſus* caſt out fear,
In Grace your Progreſs was much more,
Than e'er it was in Sin before.

Eve's guilty Daughters, who ſhall hear
The Bliſs you gain'd by Love and Tear,
Will of their Sins take ſtrict Review,
They'll ſtrive to love and weep like you,
You! next to his own Mother Bleſs'd,
Belov'd by God Incarnate, beſt.

With Female Saints by break of Day,
You your laſt Honours came to pay,
For richeſt Gums you ſpent your Gold,
In them you would have him enroll'd,
By the void Grave you weeping ſtaid,
To learn the Place where he was laid.

God with a Viſion grac'd your Sight,
You ſaw two Angels rob'd in Light,
An Angel you aſſurance gave,
That *Jeſus* had unbar'd the Grave,
Jeſus the more you to endear,
Would firſt to your bleſs'd Eyes appear.

You were his Envoy to infuſe,
Into the Apoſtles the glad News,

His deareſt Mother never knew,
Her Son aroſe, till told by you,
Souls purify'd in God's mild Eye,
Thus with pure Souls in Favours vye,

O may we learn for Life miſpent,
Of weeping *Mary* to repent,
Heav'n her for our Example ſet,
Her Progreſs we ſhould ne'er forget,
We, if like Her in Love and Tear,
Shall be a like to *Jeſus* dear.

As raging *Saul* by evil Spirits ſeiz'd,
Felt all his Rage by *David*'s Harp appeas'd,
Thus on a Sudden as ſhe ſang, and play'd,
The Mourner's direful Paſſion was allay'd,
She ſigh'd, ſhe groan'd, ſhe beat her Breaſt no more,
And ſhe began God's Pity to implore;
Angel, or Saint, the Soul afflicted cry'd,
Rais'd by your Song, Tears from my Eye-lids glide,
O Thou Belov'd of God, for God I know,
Loves all who pity a poor Soul in Woe,
Play on, till by the Force of Song, and Lute,
This Stone you to a broken Heart tranſmute,
Pſyche thus mov'd, of God's Long Suff'ring Sang,
From whoſe ſweet force, Her own Repentance Sprang,
Is't not enough great God that Thou,
Shouldſt to forgive all Sinners vow,
And Duty to excite,
Shouldſt all to Heav'n invite,

Should'ſt

Should'ſt gracious Aids for all contrive,
That Frailty none may from their Duty drive,

But O! all-gracious what am I,
To ſay enough to Deity!
Thy love ſtill overflows,
And no Enough it knows;
When of thy Goodneſs we have Store,
We never have enough thou ſtill haſt more.

Heav'n, Lord, thy Love to me propos'd,
O had I with the Offer clos'd!
Thou long didſt Patience ſpend,
My will tow'rds Thee to bend,
Had not thy Patience boundleſs been,
I long ago had tir'd it with my Sin.

I oft have, Lord, thy Patience try'd,
While I continued to backſlide,
Oft while my Vows I made,
I my own Heart betray'd,
To tempt me *Satan* took his Cue,
When e'er faint Vows, I offer'd to renew.

My Heart ſo often me deceiv'd,
The Traytor I no more believ'd,
Yet Conſcience would not reſt,
'Till I my Sins confeſs'd,
And grief while I my Life revis'd,
Not for my Sin but Danger me ſurpris'd.

But

But as the Morning Cloud decays,
When ſtab'd by the encroaching Rays,
All the Reſolves I make,
I inſtantly forſake,
My ſuperficial Sorrow wanes,
And I revive Concupiſcential Stains.

Thus my own Heart I often cheat,
And Mockeries of God repeat;
But God long-ſuffering, mild,
To a revolted Child,
Year after Year my Change expects,
While I repay his Patience with Neglects.

My Friends God often took away,
Still warning me to Watch and Pray,
His Mercy paſs'd me by,
Saw me unfit to die,
Of Life indulg'd I made no uſe,
But ſtill prolong'd of Patience the Abuſe.

Still Lord thou would'ſt my Guilt endure,
Would'ſt to Repentance me allure,
Renew Attacks of Grace,
Till my hard Heart gave Place;
Long was it e'er the Rock was broke,
And Tears guſh'd out at thy Paternal Stroke.

When my backſlidings I recall
And how I'm ſtill Propenſe to fall,

Thy

Thy Mercies I adore,
Pour'd down in greater Store,
To turn my Heart ſo much depray'd,
Than might a ſinful Multitude have ſav'd.

O Hearts obdurate, long deſil'd,
Remember that God Love is ſtil'd,
For Pity humbly ſue,
He'll to his Name be true,
That you may ne'er Deſpondent be,
Think how he pitied *Magdalen* and me.

Soon as the Day's loud Herald wak'd to ſing,
The Morning ſpreading o'er the Expanſe its Wing,
Pſyche a Viſit to her Neighbour made,
Who let no Light her doleful Cell invade,
She *Pſyche* ſaw at opening of the Door,
While ſhe lay weeping proſtrate on the Floor;
Angel, or Saint ſhe cries, which of the two,
That I may render Veneration due,
Nor Saint, nor Angel, *Pſyche* cry'd, but one
Reſtor'd by Heav'n, when by my ſelf undone;
With that ſhe kiſs'd her Feet, and then was ſure,
'Twas Woman who began her ghoſtly Cure,
Dear Siſter, *Pſyche* ſaid, your Griefs relate,
You'll feel, how they'll by venting them abate.
The Man, ſaid ſhe, I lov'd, for Women vile,
Luſt, Love, to guild the ſhameful Paſſion ſtyle,
By Sickneſs ſeiz'd, ſometime had from me ſtaid,
I flew to him, his Coldneſs to upbraid,

And

And found him dying, when my Voice he heard,
With a ſtrong Spring his ſinking Bulk he rear'd,
His raving, and fierce look, no Words can reach,
He ſpent on me his laſt Efforts of Speech,
Go curſed Woman, odious, falſe, impure,
I owe my endleſs Torments to your lure,
O I am damn'd, I rue the Plagues of Luſt,
Hell moſt Tremendous is, and God is Juſt;
Damn'd Spirits, who now tare my Soul away,
Let that curs'd Woman next become your Prey,
Foul Female Devil! O! but here he ſtopp'd,
Shriek'd, quak'd, groan'd, howl'd, as into Hell he drop'd.
The filthy Devils who my Soul poſſeſs'd,
Self-murther then to damp my Grief ſuggeſt,
And ſtrait, as once the Swine, they hurry'd me,
Headlong into the *Galilean* Sea.

When I was plung'd, away they from me flew,
For fear they ſhould their own Temptation rue,
By ſinking to the Deep where Giants groan,
And hopeleſs their ſubaqueous Chains bemoan,
Thought of the Danger, when the Fiends were fled,
Seis'd me, of Death and Hell I had a dread,
Strait I attempt to ſwim, my Life to ſave,
When I a Plank, which floated near my Wave,
By chance eſpy'd, faſt hold of it I caught,
Which to the Shoar me tir'd, and fainting brought,
'Twas *Magdalum* I knew, knock'd at the Gate,
Which opening, all commiſerate my Fate,
The Sifters Cordials, and warm Cloths ſupply'd,
And choſe this Cell where I might beſt abide,
Ah! they my Danger, but my Guilt ne'er knew,
Which I now freely will confeſs to you, Know

Know then, I odious Wretch *Laſciva* ſtil'd,
Have long my ſelf, and num'rous Souls defil'd;
Souls, who will be my Torturers below,
Since to my Baits they their Damnation owe:
I with Conceit of Youth, and Beauty vain,
Drank at all Avenues my ghoſtly Bane:
Under a ſeeming modeſt Look, and Meen,
My Heart was atheiſtick, and unclean.
Balls, Theatres, all ſenſual Things, or gay,
Abſorp'd my Heart, and left no Time to pray;
Or if I pray'd, my Thoughts rov'd unconfin'd,
Foul Songs, Plays, Pictures ſtole away my Mind;
My precious Time I ſquander'd in my Dreſs,
Could ſpare no Alms for Neighbours in Diſtreſs:
My Heart was as thick painted, as my Face,
Studious all Senſe of Duty to eraſe.
I skill'd the Language of Eye, Look, and Fan,
To manage the Regards of ſenſual Man:
I feign'd barefac'd Obſceneneſs to deteſt,
But lik'd what was implicitly expreſt.
To Church I went in Hopes to be admir'd,
And look'd about, to ſee what Hearts I fir'd:
My Modeſty at firſt was kept by Pride,
But Luſt indulg'd, laid Modeſty aſide;
Sure Senſuality by Heav'n is curs'd,
When gratify'd, it only heightens Thirſt.
O Luſt ſhort-liv'd, foul, ſordid, beaſtly, vile,
How deeply you immortal Souls defile?
O you are Horror, Rottenneſs, and Shame,
And damn to raging, everlaſting Flame;

Baſe

Baſe Women, little do you think how dear
Twill coſt you but to ſhed one pious Tear!
Oft me my Conſcience check'd, but by Degrees
I laid it faſt aſleep, and ſinn'd at Eaſe:
But now 'tis broad awake, corporeal Maimes,
Eyes boar'd, Limbs flea'd, wild Beaſts, and raging Flames:
The Gridiron, Gibbet, Pincers, Rack, and Wheel,
All Martyr's Pains are light to what I feel:
I have a Worm now gnawing at my Heart,
In Hell much more Intenſe will be my Smart,
Seven Devils only *Magdalen* poſſeſs'd,
I with a filthy Legion am diſtreſs'd:
Pity, dear Saint, pity my ſad Eſtate,
O I want Words, my Vileneſs to relate:
O that ſome furious Storm had wrought my Bane,
When floating on the *Galilean* Main,
Fiercer than that which frighted once the Saints,
When ſinking, they to *Jeſus* made Complaints;
I ſhou'd with Joy have ſank, and ne'er had pray'd
Of *Jeſus* more, than of the Waves afraid:
Jeſus the Joy of Saints, had been my Dread,
I like the damn'd from the meek Lamb had fled:
O that ſome Hurricane had ſnatch'd my Plank,
Some Wave devoured me! that I might have ſank
Down to the Bottom of the Mountains deep,
There dropp'd into an everlaſting Sleep,
And with the Weeds wrap'd round about my Head
Beneath the higheſt Rocks had made my Bed!

Ah!

Ah! Wo is me! In vain I wiſh to hide
Beneath the Rocks, by Vengeance undiſmy'd;
Death down the Gulph infernal had me thrown,
With my ſoul Lovers to unpity'd Moan:
All whom I had defil'd, I there ſhould ſee,
Tortur'd themſelves, and yet co-torturing me;
At that dire Thought freſh Horrors on me ſeize,
O wretched Woman, who can give me Eaſe!

Our God, ſaid *Pſyche*, has of Pardons ſtore,
You'll Mercy gain, if Mercy you implore:
Like *Magdalen* for Provocations weep,
Sowing in Tears, you'll Joys of Pardons reap.
In God's Philanthropy, in *Jeſus* truſt,
Who raiſes Penitents from Tears, and Duſt:
'Twas from that deep Contrition ſhe profeſt,
I learn'd my Sin to rate, bewail, deteſt.
Think on the Plank by Heav'n in Pity ſent,
By ſparing you, to move you to repent:
Repentance is our ghoſtly Plank, which ſaves
The Penitent, from the infernal Waves:
Conſult bleſs'd *Gratian*, while you here abide,
He'll in Repentance be your faithful Guide.

O Happineſs which Charity endears,
When comforting another Soul in Tears!
Pſyche in cheering ſad *Laſciva*'s Moan,
Felt all the while ſtrong Cordials for her own:
Then God's ſweet Mercy ſhe in Song expreſs'd,
The Attribute which God himſelf loves beſt.

Of

Of all the Race of Women kind,
I rarely can a Sinner find,
More Guilty than 'was I,
Or who with me in Miſery could vie;
Who had of Sins a Heap,
To ſink me down to the ſulphureous Deep.

Sure none e'er greater Grace repell'd,
Or 'gainſt a greater Love rebell'd:
Sin was familiar grown,
And all Remorſe was from my Conſcience flown:
Foul Sin grew my Delight,
And *Jeſu's* Love with Outrage to requite.

My Sins innumerable, great,
Extinguiſh'd all religious Heat.
I made God long attend,
E'er I my Ear to boundleſs Love wou'd bend:
Say all, who love God's Law,
Whether you e'er a viler Sinner ſaw.

I to my ſelf no Pity ſhew'd,
But God with Pity overflow'd:
It cannot be deſcrib'd,
How my hard Heart his Influence ſoft imbib'd;
This only I can ſay,
My Heart was broke by an endearing Ray.

It

It ſweet Upbraidings firſt infus'd,
Should Love immenſe be thus abus'd?
Can you continue Foe,
To *Jeſus'* Love, who reſcues you from Woe?
Strait over my whole Frame,
I felt ſoft Meltings at dear *Jeſus'* Name.

God's Love to move me to repent,
Would ſweetly thus my Love prevent,
His Mercy all the while,
I ſtrove with Tears my Soul to reconcile,
Would ev'ry mournful Tear,
With an appendant Joy of Pardon cheer.

O wretched Souls! your Love to waſte,
On baneful Follies, ſhould you taſte
One of thoſe gracious Gleams,
Which from God's Mercy tow'rds a Mourner ſtreams,
You on your Knees would live
In Tears, till God ſhould all your Sins forgive.

Our Love by Mercy Godhead gains,
Mercy his Majeſty ſuſtains,
His Greatneſs we revere,
Dominion, Juſtice, Power may raiſe our Fear,
God would have Lovers none,
Did not his Mercy court us to his Throne.

His Joy to Angels God reveals,
When he a Sinner's Pardon ſeals,

And they who Stations keep
Near God's bright Glory ſee no Sinner weep,
But midſt their Hymns they reſt,
Till their new Joy is in new Song expreſs'd.

Lord, if my Tears can Joy excite,
In all the Denizons of Light,
If thou thy ſelf art pleas'd,
When thy own Mercy has a Sinner eas'd,
O with what ard'rous Zeal,
Should I Hymn, Love, and Joy, who Pardon feel?

Pſyche then in her Arms the Mourner rears,
Gave her a Kiſs of Peace, and wip'd her Tears,
Promis'd to make her Viſits ev'ry Day,
And for her Soul, as for her own to Pray,
Of what he ſang, God made Impreſſions deep,
Laſciva thence began to pray and weep.

Gratian who mark'd as *Pſyche*'s Love encreas'd,
Invites her to the Euchariſtick Feaſt,
Where all Inflammatives are at full Height,
While Crucify'd God-man is in our Sight,
Her broken Heart, as on her Knees ſhe mus'd,
Would humbly have her Worthleſs ſelf excus'd;
But the Memorial there of Love immenſe,
Was that, with what her Love could not diſpenſe,
And as ſhe lowly there to Heav'n aſpir'd,
Her Tears were dry'd her Love afreſh was fir'd,

Haſte

Haſte to her Cell ſhe full of Ardours made,
And try'd in Hymn her Spirit to unlade.

My *Jeſus*, at a Hymn I aim,
But ſtop, when I my *Jeſus* Name;
Love, Joy, Hope, Rapture, Zeal, Deſire,
In dear My *Jeſus* co-conſpire,
That I my *Jeſus* ſtill repeat,
Which overpow'rs poetick Heat.

Should Prophets, and ſhould Poets join,
Aſſiſted by the Quire divine,
O they no Poem could indite,
Which of my *Jeſus* reach'd the Height,
O none but the Co-boundleſs *Dove*,
Can of my *Jeſus* ſound the Love.

Bleſs'd Spirit, pardon me, if pain'd,
That all my Powers are too reſtrain'd,
They Aid too feeble to me bring,
When of my *Jeſus* I would ſing:
O ſtretch my Powers, my Love ſublime,
Till to due pitch of Hymn it climb.

Or if my Powers can never riſe,
To juſt Poetick Sacrifice,
O of my *Jeſus* may I feel,
More love than Numbers can reveal,
Love beſt my *Jeſus* comprehends,
Who all Poetick flight tranſcends.

Though here my Powers too ſcanty are,
I cannot of juſt Hymn deſpair,
Thou me, my *Jeſus*, doſt invite,
To thy ſuperna! Realm of Light,
When of my Manſion there poſſeſs'd,
With grace of Hymn I ſhall be bleſs'd.

Yet here my Love makes faint Eſſays.
My *Jeſus* in love-Hymns to praiſe,
When Hymn and Love I ſinking find,
My *Jeſus* elevates my Mind,
My *Jeſus* ſtill is in my Eyes,
That Name freſh Love and Hymn ſupplies.

Jeſus in pard'ning Rays on *Pſyche* ſhin'd,
And to his Mother's Likeneſs her refin'd,
Freſh Tears of Joy then trickled from her Eyes,
Her Heart felt ſtrong, and ſweet Propenſions riſe.
Jeſus ſtill bright'ning more and more his Beams,
She to her utmoſt Stretch in Love out-ſtreams,
Long ſhe enjoy'd Reciprocations dear,
She was all Love, Deſire, Joy, am'rous Tear,
My Love, ſhe cry'd, but then no more could ſpeak,
Into no Words ſhe could her Paſſion break,
My Love, ſhe cry'd; then ſtopp'd, then try'd again,
Till Love no longer ſilent could remain,
My Love, O all my Powers to thee incline,
My Love, my Love, I am entirely thine,
My Heart a Holocauſt to thee aſpires
In Love, which thy dear Love Celeſtial fires,

Jeſu,

Jeſu, I more would ſay, I more would Love,
Supply Love's Wants by thy co-gracious *Dove*,
Silent ſhe kneel'd, her Love the while, or glow'd,
With Ardours ſtrong, or in ſweet Languors flow'd.
Dear *Jeſus* pleas'd with the enam'ring Sight
Sent from the Realm of boundleſs Love and Light,
The Love-diffuſing Spirit, who impreſs'd,
The Image of lov'd *Jeſus* on her Breaſt,
His Croſs, and all Inflammatives divine,
Which in his Love endearingly combine,
Into my Heart, which open ſtands, ſhe cry'd,
Enter my *Jeſus*, and with me abide;
Thou hadſt on Earth no Place thy Head to lay,
See here my Heart which importunes thy Stay,
Enter, dear Lord, O let us never part,
Thou haſt the ſole Poſſeſſion of my Heart,
Give me thy Self my Love, for thou haſt me,
O may our Loves indiſſoluble be!
The gracious *Dove* into her Soul inſtill'd,
That her Deſire lov'd *Jeſus* had fulfill'd,
Jeſus firſt lov'd, ſhe Love for Love repaid,
In mutual Love was the dear Union made,
She from that Moment *Jeſus'* Spouſe commenc'd,
And *Jeſus* to his Spouſe freſh Love diſpenc'd,
She then a Life Angelical began,
Lov'd, joy'd in nothing, but to Hymn God-man,
Wiſhing all Souls would her dear Rivals be,
And love her Spouſe as much, or more than ſhe,
My Love, ſhe cry'd, is mine, I his, I claim
All that is ſtil'd by my beloved's Name,

His Love, his Grace, his Merits, and his Aid,
All that he on the Croſs for Sinners paid,
His Spirit, Pray'rs, Bliſs, God-head, all are mine,
All to beatify my Soul combine;
But what returns can I to *Jeſus* make?
Nothing but Love, and Suff'ring for his ſake:
Come all ye Torments Tyrants can invent,
Come all which Martyrs ever underwent,
I'll ſuffer all, by *Jeſus'* Love ſuſtain'd,
And triumph moſt, when moſt acutely pain'd,
How ſhort will this of Love unbounded fall?
But my dear heav'nly Spouſe knows 'tis my all,
O wond'rous Love, which flows in Oceans out,
And yet accepts Love-drops from Hearts devout!
As the bleſs'd Mother, who took high Delight,
To ſee her Son diſplay his ſaving Might,
Yet for his Wrongs would with her Tears condole,
And daily felt the Sword run thro' her Soul,
Thus *Pſyche* joy'd on God's dear Love to muſe,
Yet oft her Love would in ſoft Tears diffuſe,
'Ere to have griev'd ſuch Love, her Spirit pierc'd,
When tender Conſcience with her love convers'd,
But God to raiſe freſh Love, and Tears adulſe,
To ſweet Retirement gave her Love Impulſe.
Jeſu, my Love, for I muſt ſtyle thee ſo,
Some *Zoar*, where I beſt may love thee ſhew,
Where from this Poiſonous World I may retire,
With undiverted Thought to thee aſpire,
Where I may keep lov'd *Magdalen* in Eye,
And learn of her, in loving much to die,

Where

Where e'er thou art, 'tis Heav'n to live with thee,
From the approach of ſenſual Rivals free.
Should'ſt Thou once more into the Wild retreat,
There would I dwell at my Beloved's Feet;
To hear him ſpeak, to feel his gracious Beam,
Where a whole Age would ſcarce a Minute ſeem,
My Meat ſhould be to do thy Heav'nly Will,
Or gracious Words which from thy Lips diſtill.
My Drink, the living Waters, which thy Saints
Drink to their fill from thee without Reſtraints,
Drink never drawn from the *Samarian* Wells,
Which *Canaan's* Wine, Milk, Hony, far excells:
The Soul, who takes within thy ſhadow reſt,
And taſtes thy Fruit, Ah, ſhould ſhe be a gueſt,
At *Babylon's* proud King's luxurious Feaſt,
Made of the Choiceſt dainties of the Eaſt,
Would ſtarve and pine and ſolitary be,
Hungring and Thirſting only after thee.
Great God to Lovers no good thing denies,
But grants their Pray'rs, e'er they to Heav'n ariſe,
His Wiſdom, what but caſual ſeem'd, ordain'd,
By which his vot'ry ſoon her wiſh obtain'd.
For as the Morning Office once was clos'd,
And Mourners for their Cells themſelves diſpos'd,
They heard loud knocking at the Caſtle gate,
And in the Hall for ſome new-comer wait.
The Gate was by *Modeſta* open'd wide,
But ſhe no Perſon preſent there deſcryd,
When on a ſudden, where the Mourners ſtaid,
Two ſplendid Clouds a Solemn Entrance made.

Both with a Brightneſs ſo benign appear'd,
That they by all were rev'renc'd more than fear'd,
Both Shivers of the Cloud celeſtial ſeem'd,
Which o'er God's Houſe at Dedication ſtream'd,
Or Reliques of the Majeſtatick Cloud,
Which did of old the *Shechinah* enſhrow'd:
One of the Clouds they parted ſaw in two,
And from its Womb, to their amazed View,
Came forth a Virgin, who with Saint-like Grace,
Saluted all the Mourners on the Place,
Her Eagles Wings dropp'd off as forth ſhe ſtept,
Which ſhe took care ſhould be ſecurely kept,
Her Guardian from the other Cloud retir'd,
And both the Clouds in common Air expir'd,
But as the Mourners on the Virgin gaz'd,
Each in her Heart felt ſoft Compaſſion rais'd,
And num'rous Wounds the lovely Virgin bled,
A Rock would at that Object Tears have ſhed.
Officious Mourners would have Salves apply'd,
She paid her Thanks, and preſent Aid deny'd,
Beg'd they would lead her to the Chapel Door:
And leave her there God's Goodneſs to implore,
They yielded, yet their Minds impatient ſtaid,
To hear the ſtory of the lovely Maid.

The Virgin proſtrate on the Pavement falls,
God's gracious Wonders wrought for her recalls.
She lov'd, ſhe prais'd, ſhe joy'd, ador'd, admir'd,
All Heav'nly Paſſions in her Soul conſpir'd,
Till heightned into Rapture, as ſhe roſe,
She ſtood towards Heav'n erect, in ſweet repoſe.

Mean

Mean while her Angel, in Angelick Speech,
Haſted the Caſtle-Guardian to beſeech,
To truſt the Box of Ointment to his Care,
Left as a Monumental Relick there,
By *Magdalen*, fellow to that ſhe ſhed
On our Redeemer's ſacred Feet and Head,
Lodg'd with devout *Sophronia*, and to none,
But to the Guardian and *Sophronia* known.
The Guardian warn'd, it was God's Will, complies,
And ſtrait her Angel to the Chapel flies,
From either Wing he pluck'd his ſofteſt Plume,
Waving it too and fro in the Perfume,
With that he gently touch'd her bleeding Sores,
To Soundneſs and to Beauty her reſtores,
Deſcending from her Rapture ſoon ſhe felt,
Her pleaſing Cure, the ſweet Perfume ſhe ſmelt,
But when the Story of the Box ſhe knew,
Her rapture then was ready to renew,
Thus Saints are wont for deareſt *Jeſus* ſake,
Of his own Oil of Gladneſs to partake.
Her Angel when the wond'rous Cure was made,
Return'd the Box, and thanks Angelick paid;
The Guardian the Saints Story then deſires,
Which in a train of Thoughts he ſtrait inſpires;
Then haſtes to watch, where his dear Charge repos'd,
Whom laid to reſt, he in his Wings enclos'd,
The Guardian with Delight the Train imbib'd,
And to the Mourners thus in Speech deſcrib'd.

BOOK IV.

THE Virgin you have ſeen, *Philothea* ſtyl'd,
Is *Jeſus'* Spouſe, and God's beloved Child,
Her grace Baptiſmal chaſtly ſhe retains,
And with no reigning Sin her Spirit ſtains,
Yet fearful in the World of ghoſtly Harms,
She pray'd to fly to her dear Mother's Arms;
To bleſs'd *Eccleſia*, Mother of the Souls,
Whom *Jeſus* in his Book of Life enrolls,
That ſhe her Daughter to retreat might ſend,
In Hymn and Love her Life ſecure to ſpend,
And Dying might begin a Song of Love,
To laſt to its Doxology above:
With deep Humility, and Will reſign'd,
She to the gracious Throne, thus ſang her Mind.

When firſt my Heart, thou Lord, didſt melt,
And of thy Love one Gleam I felt:
O I a thouſand Worlds wou'd give,
In an eternal Gleam to live:
If ſuch high Joys are in one tranſient Gleam,
What are the Joys, of the unbounded Stream?

The more my God thy Love I know,
I of my Heart more jealous grow:
My Heart! Ah! Woe is me, too prone
Some hurtful Paſſion to enthrone:
In all *Eve*'s Daughters Pravity inbred,
Creates of my weak ſelf a conſtant Dread,

My

My Faith which firm on thee ſhould ſtay,
By Arrows it allur'd to ſtray;
My Love which ſhou'd be wholly thine,
Is apt tow'rds Rivals to decline;
There's no Propenſion of my Mind, or Will,
But baited is by ſome inſidious Ill.

My Faith and Love ſeem now ſincere,
I pray, I long, to perſevere;
But if thou doſt not both uphold,
Faith will decay, and Love grow cold;
And I no ſooner from my Knees ſhall riſe,
But both will be in Danger of Surpriſe.

Thou doſt Support, by promis'd Might,
Eccleſia, in her ghoſtly Fight,
Truth and Saintſhip with her Reſt,
O may I with her Sight be bleſs'd!
She'll ſhew ſome Manſion, where I may retire,
To keep Faith always firm, and Love on Fire.

God heard, and to her Guardian Warning ſent
Phylacter ſtyl'd, to further her Intent:
A cloud her Angel form'd of Force, and Size,
Like that, on which the Witneſſes ſhall riſe,
When they on Earth have their full Period ſpent,
And ſhall to Heav'n make viſible Aſcent:
The Saint embarking in the Cloud, it roſe
As far as Earth's magnetick Virtue goes;

Then

Then faſter than it roſe, it ſunward dropp'd,
Till at the ſolar Orb its Courſe was ſtopp'd:
It was a Cloud of Dark, cloſe-woven Shade,
And of the ſame impervious Subſtance made,
With thoſe, which ſometimes maſk the ſolar Flame,
Or thoſe of which the Angels us'd to frame
God's Chariot and Pavilion in the Sphear,
Through which no ſolar Radiance could appear:
The Side unſcorch'd, *Phylacter* then unclos'd,
And the dark Side, to ſolar Heat oppos'd.
Philothea through her thick aerial Caſe,
Felt from a tender Hand a ſoft Embrace;
And looking out at the clear open Side,
She in *Eccleſia*'s Arms her ſelf eſpy'd:
'Twas the ſame Woman, whom Lord *John* of Old,
Exalted was in Rapture to behold;
The Spouſe of God, from ſenſual Taints refin'd,
To God's ſole Love immutably reſign'd:
Upon the changing Moon ſhe ſaw her tread,
A Crown of twice ſix Stars adorn'd her Head;
The radiant Sun ſhe for her Mantle wore,
And had of amiable Graces ſtore.
While bloody Perſecution kept the Sway,
God gave her *Eagles* Wings to fly away;
She in the Deſart ſafe from Storm remain'd,
But Calm returning, ſhe her Height regain'd:
She is the Mother of the Heav'n-born Race,
To God devoted by baptiſmal Grace:
Philothea, in her Boſom felt ſweet Reſt,
Like *John*, when Leaning on his *Saviour*'s Breaſt.

The

The Saint her Benediction humbly pray'd,
And ſhe her ſacred Hands upon her laid;
She knew, ſhe thither by God's Guidance came,
That ſhe her Faith might fix, her Love enflame;
With God's preventing Grace ſhe ſtill comply'd,
And the dear Mother joy'd, her Child to guide;
As bleſs'd *Elijah* pray'd his Servant's Eye,
Might be ſublim'd the Angels to deſcry;
Thus ſhe pray'd God *Philothea*'s Eyes to clear,
That ghoſtly Things might to her View appear,
From ſenſual Films when free'd, ſhe ſaw ſtrange (Sights
Of ſep'rate Souls, and Angels num'rous Flights;
And ev'ry Soul, who ſoar'd to bliſs that Day,
Flew to ſalute *Eccleſia* by the Way:
While ſhe congratulating their Releaſe,
Gave their bright Vehicles the Kiſs of Peace:
All in their Speed to the celeſtial Sphear,
Flew ſinging Songs, which rapt *Philothea*'s Ear:
O rapturous ſweet Songs, the Virgin cry'd,
They are the Songs of *Sion* ſhe reply'd;
Hymns ſung below, the Saints in Bliſs recite,
Hymns, the Employment in the Realm of Light.
The Saints in all the Churches, ſing the ſame,
Or at ſweet *Sion*'s Style, in hymning aim.
Look tow'rds Earth's Central ſpot, that lofty (Ground,
Is *Sion*, with a ſtately Temple crown'd:
There *David*'s City ſtood, there he retir'd,
To be with Hymn ſeven Times a Day inſpir'd;

There

There to his Harp, he ſang celeſtial Strains,
The Place his hymning Spirit ſtill retains,
His Euchariſtick Feaſt there *Jeſus* eat,
There he vouchſaf'd to waſh his Vot'ry's Feet:
There valedictory Diſcourſes made,
Gave Promiſe of the Spirit's mighty Aid:
There *Jeſus* riſen to his Friends appear'd,
And from Deſpondencies their Spirits rear'd;
There *Jeſus*' gracious Promiſe was fulfill'd,
There th' Holy Ghoſt his wond'rous Gifts inſtill'd.
There the Diſciples in the Traytor's Room,
Were mov'd by Lots *Matthias* to aſſume:
There Saints of humble *James* by common Voice,
For *Salem*'s paſt'ral Chair, made happy Choice:
There *Stephen*, who the Martyr's Crown firſt gain'd,
With his ſix Brethren Deacons were ordain'd;
Th' Apoſtles ſat in Council There, to guide
The Church, and doubts Important to decide.
There ſtands the upper Room, where Day by Day,
Saints met, to take immortal Bread, and Prey:
For confluential Conſecrations fam'd,
There Faith will beſt be fix'd, and Love enflam'd.
Bleſs'd Mother, ſaid *Philothea*, O that I
Might *Sion* reach, on *Sion* live and die.
Kind Guardian! your Charity intreat,
To lend me Wings, the Voyage to compleat;
Philaſter could not but her Aim commend,
But he had no ſuperfluous Wings to lend;
Yet fixing on the *Eagle*'s Wings his View,
On which *Eccleſia* to her Shelter flew,

He

He beg'd that ſhe the idle Wings might ſpare,
To waft her to ſweet *Sion* through the Air,
And by ſome Angel who ſhou'd fly that Road,
The Wings ſhou'd be reſtor'd to her Abode:
The tender Mother yields, the Angel try'd,
To fix them on, o'erjoy'd to be her Guide.
Eccleſia veil'd her in a ſplendid Cloud,
To paſs unſeen, if needful, through the Crowd:
'Twas of the like etherial Shape compos'd,
With that, in which her Angel was enclos'd:
But 'ere the Saint began to Wings to wave,
The holy Mother theſe wiſe Counſels gave.
Conſult *Macarie*, Paſtor of the Place,
Enrich'd by God with apoſtolick Grace,
His Doctrine, and his Virtue both are pure,
His Guidance will your Faith and Love ſecure;
God's Loveliness ſhines with ſo bright a Ray,
That Saints in Loving never miſs their Way:
High Myſteries are overſpread with Cloud,
Hard to the Diſputatious, and the Proud;
The humble Lover comprehends them beſt,
Content with what lov'd *Jeſus* had expreſs'd,
Abſtruſer Truths ſhe waits to have explain'd,
When beatifick Viſion is attain'd:
Love, and entirely in lov'd God confide,
The God of Truth is ev'ry Lover's Guide,
The Faith primæval Study, and attend
To none, who God's pure Word with Novels blend;
True Love, on the lov'd God of Truth relies,
And human Dictates never deifies;

To

To love, dear Child, to love your Powers apply,
In Love all evangelick Treasures lye;
Give God your full Propension be sincere;
Perfection is reserv'd for Vision clear:
Sweet *Jesus* to espouse your Spirit deigns,
Keep your Love chaste, abhor adulterous Stains;
Satan with Fraud and Force will you way-lay,
Yet cannot harm you while you watch and pray.
Think how Saints spend Eternity above,
In beatifick Sight, Hymn, Joy, and Love:
Saints militant should imitate below,
All that they of the Saints triumphant know,
While militant, and peaceable they are,
They live in humble Tears, and fervent Pray'r,
On Earth, fix'd Meditation serves for Sight,
In both Lives, Hymn and Love are their Delight.
Virginity's a Heav'nly tender Grace,
Connatural to the angelick Race:
Learn'd from God-man, and his pure Mother best,
The Grace which filthy Spirits most detest;
A thousand Snares to lure you will be laid,
Which *Jesus* will assist you to evade.
Child, wear this Ring, for your dear Mother's (Sake,
Of Danger sure Discoveries to make:
As *Aaron* when pontifically dress'd,
He with the hallow'd Diamond on his Breast;
Enter'd the holiest Place, the State soon knew,
Of *Israel*, casting on the Gem his View;

It

It was bright ſhining, if they pleas'd their God,
If ſinful, black; red, if they dar'd his Rod.
This Em'rald thus will all its Brightneſs looſe,
When Men approach their Poyſon to infuſe,
Keep on its Colour ſtill a ſteddy Eye,
You'll all Occaſions of Pollution fly.
Dear Child, ſhe melting cry'd, than bad Farewel;
Philothea at her Feet for Bleſſings fell;
Eccleſia rais'd her in her Arms enclos'd,
They kiſs'd; and in protracted Kiſs repos'd:
Love co-tranſpiring, with a ſtrong Deſire,
To their eternal Union to aſpire:
I in your Arms, the Saint ſaid, fain would ſtay,
But, ſince you them uncloſe, I muſt away;
When from this Fleſh my Spirit ſhall be free'd,
I'll you ſalute, as I to Glory ſpeed.
The Guardian here, ſtop'd by the Chapel Bell,
Deferr'd till a fit Time the reſt to tell.
Philothea, when refreſh'd by her Repoſe,
Into the Hall to thank the Mourners goes,
Where ſhe an amiable Saint appear'd,
And with divine Diſcourſe, all Hearts endear'd:
She gueſs'd, they all delight in Hymn wou'd take,
And out, ſhe in a ſudden Tranſport brake:

Dear providential Love my Guide,
To this bleſs'd Seat where Lovers bide;
For my Admittance to their Quire
A Hymn inſpire.

Then taking up a Lute, which near her lay,
She of her Talent gave this firſt Eſſay,

All Praiſe to thee, great God we owe,
To thee from whoſe Inſpirings flow;
Our Souls immortal unconfin'd,
For Heav'n deſign'd.

In vain, though like the Seraph's bright,
Shou'd be our intellectual Light;
Should'ſt not thou with that Light inſtill
Unbounded Will.

Will, which all other Powers tranſcends,
By native Weight to thee propends;
And when Propenſion is entire,
'Tis Love on Fire.

Love, O my God, my Soul eſteems,
The deareſt of thy gracious Beams,
Saints no Delight in Life wou'd take,
But for Love's Sake.

Thou boundleſsly enam'ring Senſe,
Haſt of thy Lovelineſs immenſe;
And Souls who at Love boundleſs Aim,
Have God-like Flame.

Thy

Thy Beauty's ſeen obſcurely here,
Our Souls tranſportingly endear:
In the Attractives all combine,
Of Love divine.

Soft Yearnings of a Father mild,
On his loſt miſerable Child.
God-man who ſuffer'd Pangs extreme,
Foes to redeem.

The Hov'rings of the gracious Dove,
To fire, and fuel Heav'nly Love;
Rewards, which utmoſt Thought exceed,
For Love decreed.

Love was God's Native, prime Deſign,
In mutual Love with Souls to joyn:
But God and Souls, Sin diſunites,
And hate excites.

O helpleſs! O tremendous State
Of Souls, who God all lovely hate;
By like Averſion Angels fell,
To people Hell.

To love thee, Lord, ſure human kind,
Need not by thee to be injoyn'd:
All who thy Love but dimly know,
Muſt Lovers grow.

Rewards, Attractives, Object, Aid,
Love irreſiſtably perſwade;
Yet Love to raiſe a gentle Awe
Became a Law.

Of Laws, the deareſt and the beſt,
The Happineſs of Spirits bleſs'd:
Saints here thoſe Hours they ſpend in Love,
Taſte Joys above.

That I ſhould love thee is thy Will,
Which I live longing to fulfil;
Since Lord in Love we both conſpire,
Keep bright the Fire.

Fire, which with ſuch ſweet Force may burn,
That ev'n my Aſhes in my Urn,
Tow'rds thee, may till the Day of Doom,
Like Incenſe fume.

The Song ſweet holy Admiration rais'd,
All God, for dear *Philothea*'s coming prais'd;
She gain'd each Siſters Heart, as well as Ear,
All long'd of Love divine more Songs to hear:
But after her to ſing no Siſter dar'd,
And each in Silence to her Cell repair'd.
When *Pſyche* ſin had bitterly bemoan'd,
And *Jeſus* for his Spouſe her Spirit own'd:

As

As Morning Tides of Light more vig'rous grow,
Till they up to full Sea of Splendor flow:
Her Antepaſts of Heav'n thus ſtill encreas'd,
And gave her Spirit a perpetual Feaſt;
Her Pray'rs with Ardency to God aſpir'd,
Her God-enamour'd Soul all 'ore was fir'd:
Her Paſſions, her Devotion ſtill obey'd,
She by no Fears, no Scruples was diſmay'd;
Her Heart was purify'd, her Thoughts compos'd,
Fervent her Zeal, the Springs of Ill were clos'd;
Her Meditation copious, and ſublime,
She ſeem'd beatify'd before her Time;
When God her Reſignation to compleat,
Seem'd a while from her Spirit to retreat.
Our Joys below Affliction tempers beſt,
Leaſt we on this ſide Heav'n ſhou'd fix our Reſt;
As to *Philothea*'s Story ſhe gave Heed,
She felt her Heart afreſh began to bleed:
Her Paſſion roſe, ſhe haſted to her Cell,
Where up to Agony ſhe felt it ſwell.
Her troubled Conſcience, had compar'd within,
Philothea pure, and *Pſyche* ſtain'd with Sin:
This rais'd a Tempeſt hardly to be laid,
Which by ſad outward Symptoms ſhe betray'd;
Her Memory reviv'd the dol'rous Senſe,
Of every voluntary paſs'd Offence.
Her Hours in ſilent Angours now ran waſte,
Of Heav'nly Things, ſhe loſt the grateful Taſte:
All Conſolations ſeem'd away to fly,
Her Zeal grew cold, and Meditation dry;

Her Mind inſtable, her Devotion dead,
Cares ſeiz'd her Heart, and impious Thoughts her Head.
Perplexing Scruples gave her Soul no reſt,
And cauſleſs Fears her Spirit ſore oppreſt,
Her Paſſions ſtrove 'gainſt Reaſon to rebell,
She ſeem'd to drop from heav'nly Bliſs to Hell;
When ſhe to ſing a Hymn, took up her Lute,
Her Strings diſcordant were, her Tongue was Mute,
Oft ſhe attempted Grief by Pray'r to vent,
Oft call'd her Tears her miſs'ry to lament,
Oft ſhe to fix her Thought on God eſſayd,
Oft Sighs and Groans ſhe Summon'd to her Aid,
Nor Pray'rs, Tears, Thoughts, Sighs, Groans, obey her calls,
She into univerſal Horror falls,
Tedious the Day, and ſleepleſs was the Night,
Or if ſhe ſlumbred, Dreams would her affright,
Her faculties their Functions would not ply,
Heav'n ſeem'd all Light, all Succour to deny.
Theſe only Words remain'd which oft ſhe ſpake,
My God, my God, Why doſt thou me forſake,
The Mourners oft condoling Viſits made,
But ſhe ſtrove all their Comforts to evade,
As thus ſhe ſeem'd from gracious God exil'd,
God's ſweet Compaſſion yearn'd upon his Child,
And ſent good *Gratian*, who her Soul adviſ'd,
And ſweetly with her ſorrows Sympathiz'd,
Ah! Father, ſaid ſad *Pſyche*, you condole,
And labour to ſupport a ſinking Soul,
Some Solitary Dunghill to me ſhew,
Where I like *Job* may linger out my Woe,

I more compleatly wretched of the two,
Shall all his Lamentations far out do,
Sore Boils created to his Body pains,
My Soul an anguiſh more acute ſuſtains,
His earthly, but my heav'nly Joys are croſs'd,
He the World only, I my God have loſt,
He his Redeemer, tho' at diſtance ey'd,
I once enjoy'd my *Jeſus* Crucify'd,
But *Jeſus* of his Love has me bereft,
His Croſs he only to my Soul has left,
Ah! had he left his Reſignation too,
I not ſo much ſhould his loſt Preſence rue,
But Words fall ſhort, this only I can ſay,
My God is gone, my Love is fled away:
Had God withdrawn, and left his Love behind,
Love in his Abſence would have cheer'd my Mind;
But God and Love, my Spirit both deſert,
I no one am'rous Languour can exert,
God is ſtill lovely when he hides his Face,
I in Deſire, ſhould fly to his Embrace,
But a dead Palſy has benumm'd my Heart,
I ſcarce can one Ejaculation dart.
O Daughter, ſaid good *Gratian*, grieve no more,
They may love God, who want of Love deplore,
You venial Infelicities bewail,
And your laps'd Nature blame, becauſe 'tis frail,
Were your Zeal cold, you would indifferent grow,
Whether you ſhould abandon God, or no,
Your Meditation which exhauſted ſeems,
Will ſoon guſh out in overflowing ſtreams,

A various Temper conſtant may abide,
We then inſtable are, when we backſlide,
Low tranſient Cares may on your Spirit float,
While you your Sovereign care to God devote,
All impious Thoughts when we withhold conſent,
Our Souls pollute not, tho' they may Torment,
Your Fears and Scruples feſter when conceal'd,
But when they are diſcover'd, ſoon are heal'd,
Strong Paſſions ſome Rebellions may maintain,
But by the Saints reſiſted, never reign,
Diſtractions which Involuntary riſe,
No human Actions are, but meer ſurpriſe,
Were your Devotion dead, it could not ſtrive,
The very Struggle argues it alive,
The Tempter in his Range, Wounds only thoſe,
Who to his fiery Darts their Souls expoſe,
Our Food may nouriſh, tho' we loſe our taſte,
And Love may live, when with no reliſh grac'd.
Bleſs'd *Jeſus*, ſince all Perſecution ceas'd,
Has not his Vot'ries from the Croſs releas'd,
Some he thinks fit to try, by ſhort liv'd Woes,
Some worried are by their infernal Foes,
Some daily griev'd with a deceitful Heart,
Others of Dereliction feel the Smart,
Such Martyrdoms as theſe, the Saints endure,
Bleſs'd Martyrdoms, their Graces to ſecure,
Love always has the moſt celeſtial Gloſs,
When it like *Jeſus* hangs upon the Croſs,
Your love is in Eccliple, but not extinct,
The Croſs to *Jeſus* faſter has you linck'd,

Your

Your heav'nly Lover for a while retires,
To raiſe by Abſcence more enflam'd Deſires,
Or he withdrew your Joys to let you know,
That they their reliſh to Affliction owe,
Your Virtues by this Trial to refine,
Or teach Submiſſion to the Will divine,
Some great Spiritual Danger to prevent,
Or make you more on heav'nly Things intent,
Your Weakneſs the more clearly to diſcloſe,
Or that more fix'd you ſhould on him repoſe,
Think of God-man, out of pure Love to you,
Surrend'red to the Rage of Hell and *Jew*;
Think what he on the Croſs for you endur'd,
All inward Sorrows by that Thought are cur'd.
If by Deſertion you more humble grow,
Or learn to Value leſs, all Things below,
Or moſt eſteem God's Love, 'tis a true Sign
Your dereliction came from Love divine,
You like Complaint may with lov'd *Jeſus* make,
My God, my God, why doſt thou me forſake?
This ſaid the filial-Man, not filial-God,
When he of God's fierce Wrath the Wine-preſs (trod,
Will ſenſitive abhor'd the bitter Cup,
His Will Superior choſe to drink it up,
Our mortal Nature, to our Eaſe propends,
Our nobler Reaſon God's ſole Will attends,
When you of your Deſertion make Complaint,
'Tis utter'd by the Mortal, not the Saint,

If

If my chaſte Heart no Rival entertains,
I am ſtill God's, and God My God remains,
And if my God, he is my Love, and none (bemoan.
Whom Love ſhall wound, ſhould that dear Wound
Pſyche reply'd, O let Love wound me ſtill,
Till I all o'er-am Wound, if 'tis Love's Will,
The Good Man then retiring for a while,
On mournful *Pſyche* Heav'n began to ſmile.
The Mourners who to *Gratian* had reſign'd,
The Cure of *Pſyche*'s ſore afflicted Mind,
Begg'd the fair Saint to enter her retreat,
To drop ſoft Comforts in her Language ſweet,
And while *Philothea* with ſad *Pſyche* ſtaid,
Their Guardian they importunately pray'd,
Of the Saint's Story to relate the reſt
As yet untold, who anſwer'd their Requeſt.
Angel and Saint took Wing, and in their Flight,
They ſtopp'd, beholding an amazing Sight,
Curs'd *Satan*, who had various Ways deviſ'd,
How that dear *Jeſus*' Spouſe might be ſurpris'd,
About the Region, as his Eyes he caſt,
Saw an old *Clinick* breathing out his laſt,
And his evocatory Fiends enjoin'd,
Whom he to take away his Soul aſſign'd,
By the precarious Power he claim'd of Death,
When thronging round him, to protract his Breath,
Till they *Philothea* ſaw, then kill outright,
To meet *Philaster* in the airy Height,
Juſt as the *Clinicks* Guardian paſs'd with ſpeed,
To waft the dead Man's Soul, from Matter freed,

While

While his curs'd Troops in cloudy Ambuſh lay,
From his kind Wings to tare the Soul away,
The whole Deſign was by the Tempter laid,
He knew *Phylacter* would the Guardian aid,
And aiding, while the Saint alone remain'd,
His baneful Project might with eaſe be gain'd,
To keep his Charge, the Guardian took due care,
While thus upbraided by the Prince of Air,
What Spirit do I ſee, who thus preſumes,
To ſave the Soul, which Heav'n to *Tophet* dooms!
Say, Are you one of us who bravely fell,
Why do you then againſt our Realm rebell?
One of the Heav'nly Hoſt, you cannot be,
Who thus contend a hard'ned Wretch to free,
His Climacterick he in Vice has paſt,
Ne'er ſaid a Miſerere till his laſt,
Till he ſaw Death prepar'd to give the Stroke,
He was too Stubborn God-head to invoke,
Should the Triune, ſave ſuch a Wretch as this,
Devils will plead to be reſtor'd to Bliſs,
If you are Angel, quit this Soul for ſhame,
Hell to the Wretch has much the juſter Claim,
The Angel with a Zeal diſdeignfull, meek,
Like *Michael*, mildly thus began to ſpeak.
Fall'n Cherub, whom I once in Beams beheld,
Which all the other Cherubs far excel'd,
But O how chang'd! you pity would excite,
But ſince God damn'd you to eternal Night,
His Juſtice we adore, his praiſe proclaim,
Who thus took Vengeance worthy of his Name,

In

In vain God's boundleſs Mercy you oppoſe,
To purchaſe Augmentation of your Woes,
This Soul, who a Life long and vitious led,
Had his Heart broken on his dying Bed;
'Tis not impoſſible when Death appears,
For Clinicks to ſhed penitential Tears.
Delay is dangerous then, Repentance rare,
The good Thief pard'ned yet prevents deſpair,
Againſt the Force of all your dark Abyſs,
I'll waſt my Charge to everlaſting Bliſs.
Then in one Arm his Charge he ſafe enclos'd,
And with the other Arm the Fiend oppos'd,
His Sword of heav'nly Flame as out he drew,
The ambuſcade of Devils on him flew,
Phylacter paſſing by, the odds ſurvey'd,
And ſtops, to give his Brother Angel aid,
Mean while to *Thabor* guides *Philotbea*'s Eye,
That thither while they fought, the Saint might fly,
In one of the three Oratories there,
During his Abſence to perpetuate Pray'r,
Satan with Clouds precipitated Night,
On the Saint now alone to wreek his ſpite,
Philotbea, on the Mount the Temples ſpy'd,
And for a while laid Cloud and Wings aſide,
'Ere ſhe one Temple reach'd, the Fiend who flew
Behind her all the Way, appear'd in View,
Clad in a Vehicle new form'd of Air,
To ape what he had ſeen *Phylacter* wear,
'Twas hard for unſuſpicious Eyes in Night,
To know the Falſe *Phylacter* from the Right.

Fair

Fair one he ſaid, the Fav'rite Saint on high,
On whom Bleſs'd *Mary* caſts a jealous Eye,
The Soul is reſcu'd, and the Fiends ſubdu'd,
And 'tis high time our Flight ſhould be purſu'd,
Thus haſt'ned, ſhe of Wings, Cloud, Ring, ne'er (thought
He *Pſyche*, as he *Jeſus* once upcaught,
And roving too and fro along the Skies,
He with the Saint to *Liban* Foreſt flies:
'Twas now the Hour when Savage Beaſts awake,
And Hunger-bit, their murd'rous Ranges take,
When ill-aboding Birds who hate the Day,
Fly rav'nous o'er the Air, to hunt for Prey;
The Land of Anguiſh, where fierce Lyons roar,
Where fiery Serpents fly the Region o'er,
Fall'n *Babel*, where the horrid Dragons bide,
And Satyrs dance, inſulting o'er her Pride,
Where Deſolation and Confuſion reign,
Void of all Checks, the Horrors to reſtrain,
Were quiet Seats, when with the Wild ſurvey'd,
Which Satan choſe for the devoted Maid,
The *Dragon* with Ten Horns, and Seven-fold Head,
Could not excite a more Tremendous dread.
The diſmal Place, and all the Savage kind,
Which in loud Yells, Roars, Howls, and Barkings (join'd,
Opening their Throats much wider by Degrees,
Juſt ready ſeem'd on the dear Saint to ſeize,
While Darkneſs made the Terrors more intenſe,
Void of all Hope, all Succor, all Defence,
Nothing,

Nothing, O nothing but the Woes of Hell,
Could ſweet *Philothea's* Miſery excell,
She well aſſur'd of Satan's curs'd Deſign,
Her ſelf devoted to the Will divine,
For Pray'r then falling proſtrate on the Ground,
Freſh inſtance of the Tempters ſpite ſhe found:
The Place with unſeen Bryars was o'er-ſpread,
And gor'd by them ſhe was all Wound, and Bled,
Yet knowing *Jeſus'* bloody Sweat, and Pain,
She joy'd, in Pray'r, like Dolours to ſuſtain.
Satan, who gueſs'd her Horrors were compleat,
Thought it high time to try his Sov'raign cheat;
And re-appearing to the Virgin's Sight,
Known by his glitt'ring Vehicle of Light,
My deareſt Saint, he cry'd, 'twas Heav'ns high (Will,
That I ſhould waft you to endure this Ill,
I with ſoft pity melted all the Way,
When charg'd, I you ſhould to this Wild convey;
Ah, while you here remain'd, to Heav'n I flew,
The Book of Life impatient to review,
Your Name I to my Sorrow could not find,
Sure you for Reprobation are deſign'd,
'Twill be loſt time with God in Pray'r to plead,
God cannot alter, what he once decreed,
Adieu dear Soul, advice from *Jeſus* take,
'Ere you expire, a Friend of Mammon make,
That when you ſink into the Shades below,
He may aſſign a tolerable Woe,

And

And to engage the Fiends peculiar Care,
Conform to him, you muſt indulge Deſpair,
Deſpair, which damps both Hope, and endleſs (Fire,
And leaves of Heaven, no dol'rous vain Deſire.
Curs'd Fiend, reply'd the Saint, thro' your diſ- (guiſe,
I ſee your Malice, and abhor your Lies,
Lies, which outragious Contradictions are,
You ſoar to Pride, yet grove to Deſpair,
I ſacrific'd to God the Will once mine,
My Love has now no Will, but Will divine.
I joy that his dear Love, my Love has try'd,
I firmly in my Heav'nly Spouſe confide,
His Wiſdom looſens for a while your Chain,
That Love a Victory entire may gain:
God all from Danger who invoke him frees,
Mercy Preponderates in his decrees,
Though all the Beaſts voracious which here dwell,
Infuriated by all your Fiends in Hell
Should tareing Limb from Limb, this Fleſh devour,
I ſhould be ſafe in Love's Almighty power,
Freed from Reſtraints of Fleſh, my Soul would fly,
To full Capacity of Love on high,
Sweet mighty Force of Love, which thus endears,
This horrid Wild, and theſe ſurrounding Fears.
Satan thus vanquiſh'd from *Philothea* flew,
His fierce Aſſaults projecting to renew,
In vain he try'd the *Tygers* to poſſeſs,
That by their Jaws he might the Saint, deſtreſs,

The

The tender Love divine, to guard the Saint,
On all wild Beaſts there ranging laid reſtraint;
None durſt approach the Bryars where ſhe ſtood,
Praying with filial Tears, and weeping Blood.
The Tempter then flies all the Air about,
The Spirits moſt impure to ſingle out,
And ſhew'd of the *Banditti* the Abodes,
Accuſtom'd to infeſt the neighb'ring Roads.
Where they for ſafety from Purſuits retir'd,
The Prey divided, and freſh Ills conſpir'd,
Theſe he Commands ſhould be by them poſſeſs'd,
To kindle burning Luſt in ev'ry Breaſt,
For his own entrance, he their Captain choſe,
And vow'd for Rape his Spirit to diſpoſe,
Soon as the Sun began his radiant Race,
The Villains by impulſes reach'd the Place,
The Virgin on her Ring ſtrait caſt her View,
And ſaw her Danger in its dark'ned hue,
At her firſt ſight the Villains felt a dread,
She pray'd, ſhe wept, ſhe languiſh'd, and ſhe bled,
The Captain bolder then the reſt drew near,
Saw through her Wounds, her lovelineſs appear.
So ſweet it ſeem'd, ſo awfull, ſo divine,
That *Satan* ſoon perceiv'd his Luſt decline,
With that afreſh he rais'd the ſinking Fire,
But ſtill her look, made the bold Thief retire,
His Luſt which furious as *Veſuvio* burn'd,
Was on a Sudden into rev'rence turn'd,
And *Satan* rav'd, the Saint ſhould have more Might,
Luſt to ſuppreſs, then he had to excite.

A

A Second then impuls'd by *Aſmod* came,
Burning with inextinguiſhable Flame,
His poyſnous Steel he through the Captain thruſt,
Proudly upbraiding his degen'rate Luſt,
Rudely the Virgins Breaſt he open tore,
But e'er the Force he offer'd, which he ſwore,
A Herd of fierceſt Unicorns, which fed
In neighbouring Glades by the Saint's ſhriekings led,
Fly to her Aid, the Virgin they ſurround,
The Raviſher they gore, and tread to Ground:
Then all the Reſt of the accurſed Crue,
They with their Terrible wreath'd Hornes purſue;
The Villians frighted ran, or wounded fell,
And all the Fiends confounded ſank to Hell.
O happy Lovers! who when moſt diſtreſs'd,
Feel themſelves moſt by Love Almighty bleſs'd;
Soon as the Coaſt was of the Villains clear,
To the fair Saint the Unicorns drew near,
Their Heads they in her open Boſom laid,
And all low Rev'rence to the Virgin paid.
David of Unicorns had ne'er complain'd,
Had he a Virgin liv'd, like her unſtain'd,
She knew the Love they to pure Virgins bore,
Led them to cure the Captains poyſned Sore;
With their kind Horns, his Wounds they gently (kiſs'd;
Antidotes, which no poyſon can reſiſt,
She ſweetly him exhorts to Sin no more,
And he grew willing Mercy to implore.

Happy's the Sinner whoſe hard Heart relents,
At ſoftening Moments which kind Heav'n preſents!
At *Sion*, ſhe to meet her him beſought,
Where ſaving Truth he ſhould be fully taught,
Then tow'rds the luſtfull Wretch ſhe turn'd her (Eyes,
And to ſecure his Soul ſoft Zeal applies:
He Wounded bleeding lay in fierce Deſpair,
And with a Curſe repay'd her tender Pray'r,
His Bowels, *Judas* like, guſh'd out, he roar'd,
And all Hell Powers, to haſten Death, implor'd.
Such is the hard'ned Sinners hopeleſs Fate,
To think, that his Damnation comes too late,

Mean while *Phylacter* flew great Tracts of Air,
Of his dear Charge to re-aſſume the Care,
Her Wings, and Cloud on *Tabor* up he took,
And flew with them the Virgin Saint to look,
She fully try'd, God ſhew'd her to his Sight,
And he began a glad and ſpeedy Flight,
The *Unicorns* to him reſign'd the Maid,
And ſtrait return'd to their accuſtom'd Shade.
The gracious Wiſdom of the Love divine,
Makes all Events in Lover's Bliſs combine.
A Euchariſtick Hymn ſhe then compos'd,
Mixture of Joy and Love, which as ſhe clo'ſ'd,
Both wing'd and rob'd in Cloud, remount the (Skies
And as in Flight they *Magdalum* deſcry,

Phylacter

Phylacter there to reſt the Saint deſign'd,
Where he choice Balſam for her Wounds ſhould (find;
But gracious God ordain'd the Angel's Flight,
The Love divine in Mourners to excite,
You ſaw her open the reſplendent Cloud,
With which her ghoſtly Mother her endow'd,
You ſaw her lay the *Eagle*'s Wings aſide,
Which bleſs'd *Eccleſia* for her Flight ſupply'd:
Their Hearts the Guardian with this Story fir'd,
And int' Invifibility retir'd.

Mean while *Philothea* enter'd *Pſyche*'s Cell,
Where into mutual dear Embrace they fell;
The Love divine ſweet Sympathy had wrought,
In a long Kiſs, they both convers'd by Thought;
But when to Hymn their Voices they would ſute,
Philothea was diſpos'd, but *Pſyche* mute,
The Saint well knew the Cauſe of *Pſyche*'s Moan,
By Love Eclipſes which her ſelf had known;
Both took in ſtyling God, My God, delight,
And that, ſhe thought, would *Pſyche*'s Joy excite.

Great God, my Body, Spirit, all
That in the World I mine can call,
To thy Propitious Eyes,
I offer'd up a Sacrifice,
When I was born again,
And vow'd I'd ever thine remain;

Yet one Propriety I leſt,
Of which I ne'er will be bereſt,
I all to thee reſign,
And in Exchange Thou Lord art mine,
Eternally I'll claim,
Appropriation of thy Name.

My Love, for I muſt call thee ſo,
To thy pure Love that ſtyle I owe,
My God! O Bliſs divine,
To be poſſeſs'd of God-head Trine,
The Beatifick Coaſt,
Can of no greater Honour boaſt.

My God, no Seraph comprehends
The Bliſs which on that Style depends,
My Powers aſſiſt my Verſe,
While I in that Abyſs immerſe,
And when my Thought is loſt,
My Love ſhall the Immenſe exhauſt.

My God! to me thou doſt impart,
In being mine, all that Thou art,
Thy Attributes are mine,
All ſweetly to my Bliſs incline,
Beyond God to aſpire
Tranſcends the Sphere of all Deſire.

To

To My moſt Holy I addreſs,
His Image on me to impreſs,
My All-wiſe is my Guide,
In My Almighty I confide,
When e'er to Heav'n I cry,
My Omnipreſent ſtill is nigh.

My moſt Veracious me aſſures,
My Patient my delays endures,
In penitential Woe,
My Merciful will pity ſhew,
My Gracious will forgive,
My Source of Life will make me live.

On My Immutable I ſtay,
To fix my Spirit apt to ſtray,
And to relieve my need,
My moſt Munificent will ſpeed,
'Tis My All lovely's Aim,
Me by firſt loving to inflame.

My moſt Benign my Glory wills,
My Infinite my Spirit fills
Eternal Joys on High,
My Everlaſting Will ſupply,
To anſwer ev'ry Pray'r,
My All-ſufficient will take Care.

My Father is Long-ſuff'ring, Mild,
Propending to be reconcil'd:
My *Saviour's* Croſs I plead,
When I for Pardon intercede;
My Holy Ghoſt is prone,
To comfort me in every Moan.

My God, in that Relation dear,
I nothing can or want, or fear;
But while I live below,
Some Strangeneſs may between us grow;
I may from thee decline,
And move thee not to call me thine.

Though Weakneſs Lord may dull the Fire,
It ne'er ſhall totally expire,
With penitential Dew,
The dear Relation I'll renew;
And long to fly to Reſt,
For ever of my God poſſeſs'd.

The Stile on which ſad *Pſyche* oft had dwelt,
And daily, of My God, the Comforts felt,
The Voice, the Lute, the Paſſion ſweet and ſtrong,
The timing, the adapting of the Song:
Quick Senſe of Love Divine to her reſtor'd,
And thus God's ſoft Compaſſion ſhe implor'd.

O Love Immenſe! Ah! Pity to me ſhew,
I may offend, and my Offence not know,
I have my Heart with utmoſt Care ſurvey'd,
And ſingly ev'ry Inclination weigh'd:
My Conſcience can no lurking Paſſion find,
Which may uſurp the Empire of my Mind:
Ah, could I ſearch it out, I ne'er wou'd reſt,
'Till thou, my ſovereign Love, wert repoſſeſt:
If thou for Tryal doſt withdraw thy Light,
And Deſolation muſt my Soul benight,
I'll ſtrive with Patience to endure the Croſs,
Permit me only to bewail my Loſs:
In thy true Lovers, 'tis a grievous Pain,
Not to long to enjoy thy Love again:
Thou Lord, mayſt love me, yet thy Love conceal,
I fear I love not, when no Love I feel;
But Lord in Heav'n, thy Love thou canſt not (hide,
Love full Aſſurance gains, when glorify'd.
Thy Preſence, O my God, for thou art mine,
I muſt deſire, and yet deſire reſign,
And in reſigning, ſtill I muſt deſire,
Unbounded Goodneſs ſets my Heart on Fire;
Thou of my Love the proper Object art,
'Tis thy own Lovelineſs, that charms my Heart;
If thou canſt lay thy Lovelineſs aſide,
Deſire away, with what it loves, will glide;
But ſince thou muſt for ever lovely be,
Deſire connaturally tends to thee.

Since for my good thou all Things doſt ordain,
My Will to thine ſhall Holocauſt remain;
But while it on the Altar ſhall conſume,
'Twill with Deſire tow'rds thy dear Preſence (fume,
Thy Wiſdom, and thy Love in thee unite,
They both Submiſſion and Deſire excite:
Ah! How can I deſire, and yet ſubmit,
To thy wiſe Choice, what I deſire to quit?
I am all Reſignation, all Deſire,
How can theſe Incompatibles conſpire?
And yet they both will ſtruggle in my Breaſt,
Till thy Return ſets my Deſire at Reſt.

Lord thy paternal Pity on me yearns,
My Soul though at a Diſtance thee diſcerns,
My Pray'rs, Tears, Sighs, and Groans are come (again,
All Praiſe to thee for eaſing thus my Pain:
Thy Harbingers, Lord, repoſſeſs my Mind,
My God, my God, O ſtay not long behind!
My Pray'rs, Tears, Sighs, and Groans ſhall ſtorm (thy Ears,
No Reſt I'll give thee till thy Love appears,
Return the Wound that thou haſt made to cure,
I cannot long without Thee Life endure,
Return, Lord, though thou woundeſt me once more,
Though I thy Preſence purchaſe with new Sore:
Return, ſee how I Languiſhing decay,
I faint, I bleed, I ſink, I die away.

Return

Return, Re——in this Syllable ſhe fail'd,
Her Pow'rs in Liqueſaction ſoft exhal'd:
She into amorous Deliquium falls,
Philothea to the Saint *Phylacter* calls:
Phylacter fetch'd good *Gratian* to her Aid,
All in devout Proſtration found her laid;
They gently from the Ground her Body rear'd,
She had no Motion, nothing ſaw or heard:
As they beheld her, all joint Notice took,
Of a celeſtial Languor in her Look.
To ſhining *Moſes* they her Face compare,
He had the brighter, ſhe the ſweeter Air.
That ſhe was ſick of Love, they all agree,
And only God cou'd her Phyſician be:
Phylacter was entruſted with her Care,
The other two back to the Hall repair.

The Siſters hearing of her Sickneſs, pray'd,
Her Cure from Heav'n might not be long delay'd.
Delay'd! Reply'd *Philothea*, O ſhe feels
Moſt Health, when thus moſt ſick, God-man re-
veals (veals
Some gratious Things, which raiſe intenſe Delight,
And o're all Loves Expanſe ſhe takes her Flight.
My Heart, *Vagantia* cry'd, too oft has ſtray'd,
And o'er the Globe free num'rous Ranges made;
But the Expanſe of Love I ne'r cou'd find,
Dear Saint, deſcribe it, to right guide my Mind;

Search

Search your own Heart, ſhe ſaid, 'twill there appear,
With this ſweet Song ſhe then engag'd their Ear.

I long had ſought the World about,
To find ſome maſter Lover out,
Who underſtood the Heav'nly Lover's Speech,
And Love Divine cou'd teach.
To Saints on Earth I Viſits made,
Alas! they gave me little Aid;
I heard them Damps, and Coldneſſes deplore,
With Shame and Grief, that they cou'd love no more.

My State I to my Guardian told,
He tenderly with me condol'd,
And vow'd his Love unſpeakably like mine,
Fell ſhort of Love Divine;
Yet if I love wou'd fully know,
I to the Realm of Love muſt go,
The Saints who live in beatifick Sight,
Can beſt transfuſe celeſtial Heat and Light.

I pray'd my Angel to prepare,
Some ſwift Conveyance thro' the Air,

He

He brought the *Eagle*, on which heretofore,
Lov'd *John* was wont to ſoar,
My longing Spirit th' *Eagle* took,
My Fleſh, and this low World forſook,
Of Love divine, *John* taught him the Abodes,
And in th' Expanſe he flew the ready Roads.

A Stop my ſwift wing'd *Eagle* made,
Where *Enoch*, and *Elias* ſtaid,
Where God with previous Joys the Saints ſupports,
In outward heav'nly Courts,
I beg'd they both would undertake,
To teach me Love for Love's dear ſake,
They ſaid they liv'd too diſtant from the Throne,
And Love by them was but obſcurely known.

I gave the *Eagle* then the Rein,
He ſoar'd through the ſupernal Main,
To Paradiſe, and when I there appear'd,
Nothing but Love I heard,
There ſep'rate Spirits ſing God's Praiſe,
And at a diſtance ſee his Rays,
Still languiſhing to love God Face to Face,
Love's the ſole Buſineſs of that happy Place.

I then beſought the Saints above,
To teach my Soul celeſtial Love,

They

They in ſweet Ecſtacies of Love complain'd,
Their Love was too reſtrain'd,
They Hymn the Lamb unſpotted ſlain,
And ſtrive ſublimer Heights to gain,
The more they Hymn, the more they Love admire,
To nobler Heights eternally aſpire.

The ſweet Complaints the Bleſſed vent,
Ariſe from Love, not Diſcontent,
Their Powers of Love, the God of Love confin'd,
They live to Love reſign'd,
If God requir'd Love more intenſe,
His Love would nobler Powers diſpenſe,
In this they all agree, that Love Divine
Was only learn'd from the co-lovely Trine.

With that a Seraph paſſing by,
Who waited next the Throne on High,
And beſt knew heav'nly Love, I beg'd that he
Would teach that Love to me,
His Love to God he ſtrait replies,
Was too, too mean a Sacrifice,
Should all Angelick Orders Loves unite,
All would be Cyphers to Love infinite.

His Bird the lov'd Diſciple ey'd,
And me preparing down to ride,

The

The Throne I could not reach, to bliſsful View,
No mortal ever ſhew,
He told me I for Love muſt ſeek,
In Hearts devout, pure, humble, meek,
Souls in themſelves Love better learn by Pray'r,
Than Saints above, their Raptures can declare.

Down then my Spirit takes its flight,
I, ſoon as I with Fleſh unite,
With penitential Zeal my Heart ſurvey'd,
Waſh'd with Tears and pray'd,
Thee, lovely *Jeſus*, I adore,
Love, Love, Love only I implore,
Jeſus and Love I utter'd at each Tear,
And with meek Violence forc'd God to hear.

This ſung, *Philothea* on the Table nigh,
Of Heav'n-taught Love ſeeing the Volume lie,
Could not the Force of guſhing Hymn withhold,
But in a Song her ſweet Experience told.

When in my Cloſet Lord I took,
Into my Hands thy hallow'd Book,
I felt as I thy Word perus'd,
Strange Warmth infus'd,

For

For heav'nly Aid I made my Pray'r,
Thou ſweetly didſt my Heart prepare;
With human Gloſſes unperplex'd,
I read the Text:

I turn'd thy Volume o'er, and o'er,
The more I read, I fir'd the more;
Though burning, to encreaſe my Flame,
Was ſtill my Aim.

The Fire that in my Bones was pent,
Like thy great Prophets ſtrove for vent,
With ſoft Impatience it broke out,
In Song devout.

O Amiableneſs Immenſe,
Of Love Thou Trine co-effluence,
Throughout thy Word Love's Signatures,
Its Truth aſſures.

An Angel's Light ſome Love may teach,
A Chriſtian's Love it cannot reach,
By Blood of God vile Sinners bought,
Tranſcends their Thought.

Such

Such an inflammative, no Mind,
Could think, but God-head unconfin'd,
Divine *Philanthropy* can beſt,
God's Voice atteſt.

Upon thy Love which has no bound,
My Faith of Holy Writ I found,
God can no Lover's Soul miſguide,
For whom he dy'd.

They who thy God-head, Lord, diſown,
Love's Soveraign Motive ne'er have known,
They to thy Love can ne'er attain,
They read in vain.

Who can to love thy Book forbear
In which thy Loves recorded are?
Though other Truths it comprehends,
Love all tranſcends.

Thy Love preventing to incline,
Vile Sinners to thy Love divine,
Is there with a Meridian Light,
Expos'd to ſight.

Love then, my God, ſhall be my Clue,
Midſt various Creeds to keep the true,

By

By their Conſiſtence with thy Love,
I'll all things prove.

Whene'er my Love with Damps ſhall meet,
And feel Remiſſions of its Heat,
On thy Love's Hiſtory I'll muſe,
Freſh to infuſe.

Love's Hiſtory in Song at large to paint,
The Siſters ardently beſought the Saint,
She, to Love's Vot'ries nothing could deny,
But ſweetly thus did with their wiſh comply.

PSYCHE: or, MAGDALEN.

BOOK V.

'TWas pure Benignity immenſe
Mov'd Deity to Effluence;
Benignity immenſe when known,
All infinitely lovely own,
In that to centre all Mankind
Are by connat'ral Love inclin'd.

Thou, LORD, art Goodneſs infinite,
In thy own Love is thy delight;
And thou art pleas'd when Love is paid
To Lovelineſs immenſe diſplay'd,
When thy benign Propenſions find
Propenſions mutual in the Mind.

Our Mother, ſoon as Air ſhe drew,
Thy amiable Goodneſs knew,
Towards thee her *Pondus* turn'd entire,
E'er Sin diſtorted her Deſire;
Curs'd Sin God's Law of Love tranſgreſs'd,
The prime of Laws wrote in her Breaſt.

The Moment that the fontal Will
Was turn'd from God, and ſway'd to Ill,
The Love Divine gave up the Ghoſt,
Hell Powers made of their Conqueſt Boaſt,
The whole Creation deeply groan'd,
And ſadly dying Love bemoan'd.

Spouts, Hurricanes, and lambent Fire,
Storms, whirling Winds, and Thunders dire,
Air peſtilential, Meteors dread,
O'er the Expanſe their Fury ſpread;
The raging Sea diſdain'd its Bound,
And pois'nous Plants o'er-ran the Ground.

All Creatures in Rebellion roſe,
Man's ſovereign Empire to oppoſe,
A State of War they all began
With one another, and with Man,
Man, who endur'd unnumbred Harms
From or their Venom, or their Arms.

Damn'd Ghoſts brake from their Dungeon looſe,
Man to inſult, defile, ſeduce;
Tyrannick Death commenc'd its Reign
With Legions of Diſeaſe and Pain,
And guilty Conſcience void of Reſt
Made Hell in every Sinner's Breaſt.

Luſt, Av'rice, Pride, our Paſſions ſway'd,
To God flat Contradictions made:
Of Lepers, the foul leprous Race
Were ſtript of pure ſalvifick Grace,
God ſaw them to his Hate inclin'd,
And turn'd averſe to Human Kind.

Hell gap'd wide open to devour
What Heav'n ſurrendred to their Power;

Angels

Angels from Pity could not hold,
But the damn'd future Race condol'd;
Griev'd for *Eve*'s Love when dying, more
Than for Angelical before.

Each Angel ſingly fell, and left
No Off-ſpring of their Bliſs bereft;
But all the Off-ſpring were to rue
The Sin of the primæval two,
And of that two our Sex firſt fell,
Firſt wounded Love, and open'd Hell.

At dying Love all Hearts began to break,
Deeply they ſigh'd, but were too full to ſpeak;
The Siſters to Extremity were griev'd
That from their Sex, Love her firſt Stab receiv'd;
Rivers at laſt ran from their mournful Eyes,
As if they *Mary*'s Tears would equalize,
When on the Croſs ſhe ſaw dear Jeſus dead,
Or at his empty Grave when Tears ſhe ſhed;
The Death of Love they knew provok'd God's [Hate,
The Univerſe could not ſurvive Love's Fate;
Love Heav'n and Earth, and all the various Kinds
Of Creatures, in harmonious Friendſhip binds;
Primeval Night and Chaos would re-ſpread
Nature untun'd, ſhould Love continue dead;
May Love, they cry'd, Lord, re-enliv'ned be,
'Twere better not to live than not love thee.

Philothea's Song, which a deep Sorrow wrought
In all the Siſters, ſtrait their troubled Thought
From dead to riſing Love began to rear,
To teach them *Mary*'s Love, as well as Tear.

The Heav'ns in Silence longer ſtaid
Than at the ſeventh Seal open laid,
The Angels trembling kept their Range,
And durſt no Whiſper interchange,
'Till filial God ariſing, brake
The ſolemn Silence, and thus ſpake:

Paternal God, though it is juſt
To reprobate infected Duſt,
Should there a Sacrifice be paid,
And for curs'd Sin Atonement made,
For that Equiv'lent Mercy ſhew,
To all who from foul Parents flow.

Of an Equivalent to hear,
Amaz'd all the Angelick Sphere,
Ah, what Equivalent they cry'd,
Can offer'd be for God defy'd?
But filial God again aroſe,
His gracious Purpoſe to diſcloſe.

My Father, I'll Man's Fleſh aſſume,
And ſuffer Vengeance in his room;
Give me, and I myſelf will give,
That the degen'rate Race may live;

Hell

Hell of its Aims ſhall be depriv'd,
And Love, now dead, will be reviv'd.

Paternal God laid Thunder by,
And to God filial made reply,
My Son, to me immenſely dear,
Co-equal in this glorious Sphere,
We in Philanthropy delight,
Philanthropy co-infinite.

Were not my Love to Thee immenſe,
This Act would make it more intenſe;
Of Godhead 'tis the brighteſt Beam
Laps'd Man in Pity to redeem,
I with that Pity ſympathize,
Be Thou for Man the Sacrifice.

Love, who in Paradiſe lay dead,
Rear'd at that gracious Word her Head,
And in new Hymns the Angels prais'd
The God of Love, who Love had rais'd;
And the original guilty Pair
In Love when rais'd beſought a Share.

God, who from fontal two decreed
That Human Race ſhould all proceed,
Would not his firſt Intent re-call,
But from the Evils of the Fall
With ſuch Inflammatives Love fir'd,
To which Creation ne'er aſpir'd.

Yet Sin ſtill got Permiſſion gain'd
That heav'nly Love might be obtain'd.
Should God determin'd Wills create,
Love had not been our Choice, but Fate;
Glory to God, who Sin permits,
And Souls for Heav'n by Trials fits.

Love riſen from the Dead, ador'd
God filial, who her Life reſtor'd,
Begg'd ſhe no more might murder'd be;
God from that Fear to ſet her free,
To the bleſs'd Spirit her reſign'd,
To Temple in each Lover's Mind.

Till the laſt Trumpet ſounds on high,
Love may be ſtorm'd, but ſhall not die;
The Death of God in every Age
Shall faithful Souls to Love engage:
Death ſhoots his Darts at Love in vain,
Love ſhall be glorify'd, not ſlain.

As *Magdalen*, where her dear Lord was laid,
A ſupereffluent Flood of Sorrow paid,
Till Jeſus with enamouring Surprize
Made Tears of Love and Joy guſh from her Eyes;
Thus Tears of Love and Joy *Philothea* drew,
Placing the great Inflammative in view;
The Siſters all from that affecting Sight
Learn'd Love and Tear, like *Mary*, to unite.

Philothea

Philothea thinking *Pſyche* might her need,
Strait to her Cell made charitable Speed;
She left the Siſters full of Tears for *Eve*,
That Love ſhould from their Sex its Wound receive.

The wiſe *Sophronia* ſoon their Grief allay'd,
And taught them how Man's Crime their Crimes [out-weigh'd:
To wound our Love, ſhe ſaid, is far leſs Guilt
Than what the Blood of God incarnate ſpilt;
The Death of God our tender Sex bewail'd,
Men only to the Croſs dear Jeſus nail'd;
Our Sex with bleeding Hearts ſaw God expire,
They weeping kept their Heav'n-born Love on [fire;
O may we never let that Fire go out,
But fuel it with Tears and Zeal devout.
One of our Sex, Heathen, and Heathen's Wife,
Conjur'd the Judge to ſave bleſs'd Jeſu's Life;
Our Sex in Love got then of Man the Starts,
They brought the earlieſt Off'rings of their Hearts,
May we thoſe Off'rings Day by Day repeat,
Of Love and Tear with like Celeſtial Heat!

Yet Love, dear Siſters, in Exile below,
Will in the beſt of Lovers ebb and flow,
One while 'twill be at full, one while 'twill wane,
And then by Tears renew its Fire again.
The God of Love, while in the World, foretold,
That Love, as Faith decreaſes, will grow cold;

Not

Not only cold, but in its Gore will roul,
Wounded to Death in ev'ry ſenſual Soul;
And while in Death-pangs it unpitied lies,
In hardned Hearts die, in Deſpair to riſe;
But for Love's Sake, lov'd Siſters, we muſt ſtrive
In all our Hearts to keep our Love alive;
Think how in the regenerating Wave
Your Love entire you to bleſs'd Jeſus gave;
You with your Chriſtian Name a Chriſt-like Grace
Receiv'd, to run of Love a Chriſt-like Race;
You ſolemnly Love's Enemies abjur'd,
And by your Vow both Love and Bliſs enſur'd;
Chriſt's Unction then on your devoted Head
By God co-effluent was benignly ſhed;
You to your Name, Vow, Unction, ſhould be true,
And, as a Chriſtian, ſtill keep Chriſt in view;
You'll find Invigoration from your Name,
To love the God of Love will be your Aim.

Mean while *Philothea* ſat to *Pſyche* near,
Waiting to ſee her Spirit re-appear,
While *Pſyche* panting lay for God, as oft
As he perſpir'd, diſſolv'd in Languor ſoft,
When fontal Godhead from his Throne above
Sent to her Aid the co-eternal Dove,
The Comforter, with healing in his Wings,
Reſtoratives for her *Deliquium* brings;
Love-breathing God, her Spirit overflows
For Love Divine her ſweetly to diſpoſe,

While

While Jeſus breath'd ſweet Speech into her Heart,
Frail Fleſh take Reſt, awake immortal Part;
Come, my lov'd Spouſe, all other Lovers leave,
To my ſole Love unalterably cleave;
With that her Spirit treble Vigor gain'd,
While motionleſs her mortal Part remain'd;
Co-effluent God freſh Langquiſhments infus'd,
The Soul in Viſion ſeem'd from Fleſh unloos'd
To fly abroad, and ſpatiate unconfin'd,
Leaving its Fleſh a Widower behind;
Bleſs'd *Paul* to the third Heav'n was thus up [caught,
And heav'nly things unutterable taught;
She to the Spouſes Garden ſeem'd convey'd,
To ſeek her Love, who Invitations made,
She knew 'twas Jeſus ſpake, ah, none but He
Could ſpeak with ſuch endearing Harmony:
But Jeſus had a while himſelf withdrawn,
And of his Glory left no trailing dawn:
His Charge *Phylaſter* follow'd all the way,
While ſhe took pleaſure in the Walks to ſtray;
Ah, dear *Phylaſter*, ſaid ſhe, can you tell
In what ſweet Arbor Love is pleas'd to dwell?
See, th' Angel ſaid, *Chariſſa* comes, who beſt
Can you inform where Jeſus takes his Reſt.

Chariſſa walks unwearied o'e theſe Shades,
And gives to lovers all Sufficient aids;
More conſtant She, and brighter than ten Suns,
Diffuſing nobler rays, her Circle runs,

Rays

Rays, which all lovers deviations trace,
Whom She recalls by Sweet Victorious grace,
The firſt propenſion She to love inſpires,
Before Souls ask, She anſwers their deſires,
Illuminates dark minds, invig'rates weak,
Strong comforts to the ſad is wont to Speak,
Aſſiſts Souls progreſs, quickens their delays,
Wont infant love to its full growth to raiſe,
She from the Love-Triune her love derives,
And love when dying, at her Voice revives.

Chariſſa, *Pſyche* ſaid, I you embrace,
And kiſs this ſweet, this Amiable face,
We'll never part, I'll hold my deareſt faſt,
Into what mould you pleaſe my Spirit caſt,
O Lovely Virgin to my heart diſcloſe,
Where *Jeſus* my Belov'd now takes repoſe;
I languiſh till I kiſs his feet Divine,
More dear to me, than to the thirſty Wine,
His very name much ſweeter Odours ſpreads,
Then the perfume *Engaddi's* balſom Sheds,
Pſyche, *Chariſſa* anſwer'd, follow me,
I lead you where you ſhall lov'd *Jeſus* ſee,
A Quire of Virgins in that grove reſides,
There *Jeſus* with his fav'rite Saints abides,
There ſweeter flowers, Fruits more delicious grow,
And more perfumes than Eaſtern Regions know,
Inſtead of birds you'll there the Virgins hear,
For whoſe ſweet Songs, ev'n *Angels* leave their
Sphear,

Soon

Soon as they *Pſyche* ſaw, they ceas'd their voice,
For *Pſyche* all began to co-rejoyce,
All ſhew'd kind Zeal, the Stranger to aſſiſt,
Each in her turn *Pſyche* embrac'd, and kiſs'd,
All Sang her welcome to their happy Shade,
And ſhe thus Spake, ſoon as her thanks She paid.

Daughters of God, ſaw you my Love to day?
I charge you tell me, where He makes his ſtay,
He only can my fainting Spirit cheer,
I'm Sick for Love, and languiſh for my Dear,
What powerful charms, ſaid they, your heart allure?
Who is your Love, that thus you us adjure?
Pſyche return'd, my Love is white, and red,
Pure Innocence with drops of Blood beſpread;
For Love of me He dy'd, and Roſe again,
I long his Deareſt preſence to obtain;
Of all who ever yet Suck'd Womans breaſt,
He is the Faireſt, Sweeteſt, and the beſt;
He is Ideal Lovelineſs, and all,
Who *Jeſus* know, in Love with *Jeſus* fall;
Jeſus, ſaid they, is both your Love, and ours,
He's 'thron'd amidſt the Effluviums of thoſe Flowers;
Love *Jeſus* all, ſaid She, as much as I,
Celeſtial Lovers know no jealouſy;
O let ſome Lover lead me to the place,
Where theſe glad arms may his dear Feet embrace;
The Virgin ſtyl'd *Alethia* then reply'd,
Chooſe one, whom beſt you like, to be your guide;
And

And by the gracious tendence of her Eye,
Shew'd her to whom She ſhould her ſelf apply;
Pſyche with heed Survey'd the Virgin Quire,
And for *Agapia*'s aid had moſt deſire;
I your Choice happy, ſaid *Alethia*, call;
In chooſing that one Virgin, you chooſe all;
All colours are but Variegated light,
All Graces are but love in different fite;
The Virgins on *Agapia* all depend,
And on her motions Zealouſly attend;
From Fontal Love Triune her paſſion Streams;
She to the reſt Communicates her beams.

Knowledge inſpir'd by Love enlightens hearts;
Wiſdom is folly, when from love it parts;
Love always is to the belov'd attent,
Faith gives to the Belov'd entire aſſent;
Hope is Love, and Love's Truth with pleaſure eyes;
And Truſt is Love, which on Loves power relys;
Deſire is love, when She in abſence pants,
And Joy is Love, poſſeſſing what She wants;
Love, for Gods honor, a warm Zeal excites,
And Courage which no terror er'e affirights;
Her rappts to Love Divine devotion owes,
She is Loves Poet *Anthems* to compoſe;
Fear terrifys, unleſs by love allay'd,
Obedience beſt by duſt ite Love is paid;
Love ſweetens patience Croſſes to endure;
Love perſeverance duly can Secure;

Love

Love Reſignation abſolute inſtills,
Makes lovers Sacrifice to God their Wills;
Love lowly Thoughts creates with higheſt aimes,
Humility which Heavenly Glory claims
Love beſt attemperates both Food, and Sleep,
Immortal Souls diſpos'd for God to keep;
Love beſt to Chaſtity can Souls inure,
To keep the Temples of Gods Spirit pure,
Love is alacrious diligence to pleaſe,
Serene Contentedneſs is love at eaſe;
All Charity from Love, her riſe muſt take,
Loves the redeem'd, for the Redeemers Sake;
Love is ſoft meekneſs, anger to aſſwage,
Love is ſweet peace all tempers to engage;
Love to Beneficence the Lover moves,
Love tenderly a Soul belov'd reproves;
Love a true gratitude is wont to raiſe,
And Love, with Love reciprocal repays;
Love univerſal juſtice keeps in view,
And loving all, gives all She loves their due;
Theſe Virgins who *Agapia* ſtill obey,
With her, to the Belov'd, will ſhew the way.

Pſyche to dear *Agapia*'s boſom ran,
And an eternal Friendſhip thence began;
They mutually embrac'd, kiſs'd heart to heart,
And neither from the other would depart;
Their tender Arms they round each other twin'd,
And as they walk'd, they never were diſjoyn'd;

Soon

Soon as they *Jeſus* ſaw, they Arms unloos'd,
And both their Loves on *Jeſus* was diffus'd;
Among white Lilys He walk'd to and fro,
Which breathing Sweets, towards Heaven ſtill higher grow;
Emblems of Love, which in this earthly Sphear,
Is pure, aſpiring, breathing towards her dear;
Pſyche, as near She to lov'd *Jeſus* drew,
Was raviſh'd with his Soul endearing view;
Words in her lips unform'd, and crowded hung,
Till *Jeſus* by kind rays unloos'd her Tongue;
Adoring him She kiſſes his bleſs'd Feet,
Her lips her kiſſes or'e and or'e repeat;
And midſt her kiſſes Softly ſhe bewails,
In his dear Feet the gorings of the nails;
My Love, my Love, She crys no other name,
My heart can utter to expreſs my flame;
My Love, my Love, why would you from me go,
And leave me in Strong Paroxiſm below.

You, *Jeſus* then reply'd, my love miſtake,
Oft I from Saints withdraw, but ne'er forſake;
Self Reſignation is the nobleſt love,
Which Saints on Earth can offer me above;
Uncertain there your Comforts ebbe and flow,
That you the diff'rence of both lives may know;
My Croſs on earth my Lovers beſt adorns,
My Lovers there are Lilys midſt the thorns;
I when below to Solitudes withdrew,
And oft retir'd from my dear Mothers view;

But abſent I as deep with love was pierc'd,
As when with my Sweet Mother I convers'd;
In my aſcenſion I bad earth farewell,
Yet ſtill Inviſible with Lovers dwell;
I preſent am when you my loſs bewail,
My Love is Strongeſt when it ſeems to fail;
Your love is Strongeſt when it Suffers pains,
Mine ſtrongeſt when it ſuff'ring Souls ſuſtains;
I your Beloved am, and you are mine,
We to each other mutually incline;
Since you, firſt lov'd by me, love me again,
You ſhall in me, and I in you remain;
We by this Union both one Spirit are,
My Friend, my Spouſe, my Dove, my tender Care.

Pſyche, while with lov'd Jeſus at Repoſe,
All Joy, all amorous Effluvium grows,
As Eaſtern Virgins on a ſpicy Hill
With Bundles of ſweet Myrrh their Boſoms fill,
Which melting by the kind and vital Fire,
Balſamick Dew and od'rous Fumes perſpire;
Pſyche at Jeſus Feet thus melting lies,
Where ſhe all out in ſweet Propenſion flies.

Pſyche, bleſs'd Jeſus ſaid, I have decreed
You to your Body back again ſhould ſpeed:
Pſyche reply'd, tho' your dear Sight to leave
The hardeſt Trial is I can receive,

Your Will is mine, I'll readily obey,
And leave this Bliſs to ſink into my Clay;
The Virgin-Choir then Hallelujah ſings
While he aſcends on a bright Cherub's Wings,
And compaſs'd by his Hoſt incarnate God
To Glory on his four-wing'd Cherub rode;
Into *Agapia*'s Arms then *Pſyche* ruſh'd,
And both their Hearts into each other guſh'd;
She kiſs'd the Choir, and bid them all adieu,
No, ſaid *Agapia*, we muſt dwell with you,
We'll Converſations with you ſtill maintain
Inviſibly, till you your Glory gain.
Pſyche then left the lovely Virgin-Choir,
Towards her abandon'd Organs to retire:
During her Flight *Philothea* for her pray'd,
And from her Friend her Eyes ſcarce ever ſtray'd;
She kiſs'd her oft, Kiſſes ſeem ſpent in vain;
Then taking up the Lute ſhe ſang this Strain:

You, my dear *Pſyche*, in your Flight
Are traverſing the Realm of Light,
You to ſuperior *Hades* mount on high,
Or Paradiſe o'er fly
Or through the deep Supernal ſwim
To the bright Sphere of Love and Hymn,
Your Gains of Love, yet when you higheſt mount,
Drein'd from the Saints, you eaſily may count.
Above the bright Seraphick Choir,
To Jeſus, your Belov'd, aſpire,
He all Capacities of Love can fill,
He terminates the Will.

Deſcend

Deſcend when you full freighted are,
Let your *Philothea* with you ſhare,
When Jeſus ſhall with Love our Spirits ſtore,
We may love ever, but ſhall will no more.

Methinks I now, dear Soul, diſcloſe
Where in your Voyage you repoſe,
O 'tis among the Spouſe's Garden Sweets;
There, there you make Retreats.
Ah, whether ſhould a Spouſe Divine
But to her heav'nly Love incline?
Should I by Heav'n to ſeek you be enjoyn'd,
Among the Lillies I ſhould *Pſyche* find.
I long to ſee my ghoſtly Friend
Into my open Arms deſcend;
Your Abſence Joy, not Sorrow, ſhall create,
While you on Jeſus wait.
I wiſh not you ſhould Bliſs forego
To languiſh longer here in Woe,
Yet I your Voyage, ſhould you glad my Sight,
Should hear with an incredible Delight.

Should you now reſt where Heav'n-born Mind
Is moſt at Freedom while confin'd,
Ah, can you not dart down a Thought below,
That I your Joys may know;
But if you yet not wear your Crown,
With Voice, Lute, Song, I court you down;
Life in my *Pſyche*'s Looks methinks appears,
Haſte, my lov'd *Pſyche*, haſte, and dry my Tears.

Tears! *Pſyche* ſtarting, on a ſudden cry'd,
All Tears, dear Saint, but Tears of Love, are dry'd,
Give me the Lute, but O, nor Voice, nor String,
Can reach the boundleſs Love which I ſhould ſing;
Seraphs fall ſhort of God as well as I,
My Love to emulate their Songs ſhall try:

You bleſſed Angels at the Throne
Sing when a Sinner makes his Moan;
Have you no Song to ſing above
When Penitents begin to love,
In which you bliſsful Love and Joy
To hymn the God of Love employ?
O if you have, teach it my Heart,
That I with you may ſing my Part.

But when with you my Part I've ſung,
I yet ſhall want a nobler Tongue;
God's Love to Souls you cannot reach,
It far tranſcends Angelick Speech;
The Seraphs ſing the loftieſt Tune,
And neareſt are to God triune,
Yet never could a Hymn compoſe
Which to the Height of Saints aroſe.

Can you conceive the Love Divine
Eſſential to the Godhead trine?
The boundleſs Love the Father ſhews
To filial God, who from him flows?

The

The boundleſs Love the Son repays
For his communicated Rays,
A Love like this God deigns to bear
To all who his chaſte Lovers are.

To be belov'd to this degree
Is neareſt to Infinity;
You Angels, though confirm'd in Bliſs,
Feel you a Love ſublime as this?
Say, ye Celeſtial Orders nine,
Should your Poetick Powers combine,
Say, can ye all a Hymn indite
Of ſuch a Love to reach the height?

You in the heav'nly Temple wait,
You hymn God's Majeſtatick State,
You keep with God a diſtance due,
And cannot bear too bright a view;
God in his Lovers Hearts appears,
There he his Throne and Temple rears,
And here they bliſsfully unite
With God by Love, as you by Sight.
Since Songs of Seraphs fall too low
The Praiſes which to God I owe,
Teach me, eternal Dove, to ſing,
Of ſacred Song thou boundleſs Spring,
All I derive from thy ſweet Aid
Shall be in Hymn to thee re-pay'd;
Thus, Lord, between thy Love and me
Shall dear Reciprocations be.

I know, dear Saint, ſaid *Pſyche*, you have gueſs'd
Where I have been, and you can tell the reſt;
At firſt the ſacred Virgins thought me you,
But ſaw their Error at a nearer view;
The Veſt you wear its native white retains,
Mine viſibly is waſh'd from former Stains,
Waſh'd in the Blood of dearest Jeſus white,
To mention whoſe ſweet Name is my delight,
And ſing his Love, who Pity on me took,
When I his Love and my own Bliſs forſook.

Dear Moment when my Heart I felt
By Love Divine preventing melt,
A ſweet, tranſporting, mighty Ray
At Midnight made Meridian Day,
It cannot be by Words expreſs'd
How on a ſudden I was bleſs'd.

The World I by Experience found
Had for my Soul too ſcanty bound,
Yet what deceiv'd me I ſtill crav'd,
To Senſuality enſlav'd,
Which ſtrove all Motions to eraſe
Of God's inflammatory Grace.

But how I know not, on my Mind
God on a ſudden brightly ſhin'd,
My Conſcience ſtarted broad awake,
I griev'd I e'er ſhould God forſake,

Of

Of Love triune one ſhort ſweet Taſte
The Reliſh of the World effac'd.

Jeſu enthron'd above the Skies,
While Conſcience here thy place ſupplies,
When with myſelf I hold converſe,
Gleams of thy Love ſtill interſperſe,
Love which is never underſtood,
But by ſweet Taſte, that thou art good.

Philothea to the Hall then *Pſyche* led,
She ſeem'd juſt newly riſen from the Dead;
The Siſters, who ſang Praiſes at her Sight,
Begg'd that in Song ſhe would impart her Light:
Siſters, ſaid *Pſyche*, Jeſus taught to pray,
That we, like Angels, might his Will obey;
Angels, who of no Sex the diff'rence know,
To both like Friendſhip, like Example ſhew;
In all my Flights my dear Angelick Friend
Was ready ev'ry Motion to attend,
I dearly love him, and the Love Divine
For ever will adore, which made him mine;
What he taught me, I'll to your Zeal ſuggeſt,
Its Practice will preſerve you ever bleſs'd.

I, by my lov'd Redeemer taught,
Have daily God for Aid beſought,
That I his gracious Will
Like Angels might fulfil;
O then, dear Denizon of Glory, ſay,
How you, bleſs'd Angels, ſpend eternal Day.

If I one Day like you could live,
That Day would a juſt Model give,
And all my Days behind
By that ſhould be refin'd;
Below I ſhould the Joy Angelick feel,
Had I throughout my Life Angelick Zeal.

Angels, ſaid he, have Trial paſs'd,
Enjoy that Bliſs ſhall ever laſt,
Live in Meridian Light,
With them 'tis never Night,
Of all-ſufficient God they are poſſeſs'd,
And to their ſtretch'd Capacities are bleſs'd.

They feel no Tedium, Damp, or Chill,
God totally exhauſts their Will,
They ne'er can God diſpleaſe,
No Frailties on them ſeize,
They the united Force of Hell contemn,
Curs'd Satan ſhoots no fiery Darts at them.

They keep perpetual Watch on high,
And when to Saints below they fly,
They watchful them attend,
No Minute they miſ-ſpend,
They Watchers are, and with obſequious Wing
Leave Heav'n for Earth, God's Meſſages to bring.

They wholly at God's Glory aim,
In Heav'n each other co-enflame,

They,

They, free from Clogs of Senſe,
With conſtant Zeal intenſe,
Love, joy, ſing Hymns, contemplate, and obey,
And thus the Angels live in endleſs Day.

The odious Pride in mind they keep
Which opened the infernal Deep,
And down proud Rebels caſt
To the ſulphureous Vaſt,
And with Humility they God revere,
The Grace to God, and to good Angels dear.

You in Probation live below,
Feel Paſſions Angels never know,
Want, Sorrow, Sickneſs, Care,
Repentance, Faſt, and Pray'r,
Temptations from without, fierce Strife within,
A dread of Judgment, Death, and Plagues for Sin.

In Love and Hymn would you delight,
Live humble, and keep God in ſight,
Off'ring to God your Will,
Propending to no Ill,
To Angels Likeneſs you'll your Life ſublime,
And antedate Eternity in time.

Pſyche then begg'd *Philothea* to permit
That the vain World they might together quit,
Philothea had towards *Sion* turn'd her Face,
And *Pſyche* long'd to ſee that ſacred Place,

Where

Where Jeſu's Mother Life ſeraphick led,
Ambitious both in her bright Track to tread,
With *Sion*'s Daughters in their Songs to join,
And ſacrifice themſelves to Love Divine.

The Siſters took of both their ſolemn Leave,
None at the parting could forbear to grieve;
Good *Gratian* wept that they two Saints ſhould loſe,
Who by ſweet Song could heav'nly Love infuſe;
Both then reſum'd the Wings they had before,
Eagles and Doves, on which aloft they ſoar;
Above the Air their Guardians rais'd their Flight,
To give them Proſpects from Ethereal Height;
The Saints ſang Hallelujahs all along,
The Angels flying by join'd in their Song.

The Guardians as o'er *Paleſtine* they flew
Gave them of ev'ry holy Place a view;
That's, ſay they, *Calv'ry*, ſtain'd with Jeſus Blood,
And there the Croſs of ſuff'ring Jeſus ſtood,
There, there the chief Inflammative you'll find
Which boundleſs God could give to Human Kind;
That's *Olivet*, on which bleſs'd Jeſus roſe
To Heav'n, triumphant o'er infernal Foes.

By this they *Bethlem* reach'd, of all the Earth
The happieſt Spot, where Jeſus had his Birth;
Their Angels them attended all the way,
Guiding to *Bethlem*, where they choſe to ſtay,
And by two Angels paſſing thro' that Air,
Both to reſtore their borrow'd Wings took care.

SION:

The Second PART.

SION: or, *Philothea.*

BOOK I.

Pſal. cxxxvii. 3.
Sing us one of the Songs of Sion.

UPON a pleaſant Hill, where all around
Milk, Honey, Wine, and rural Sweets abound,
Which thro' a Vale bedew'd with Chryſtal Brooks,
Shaded with Fruit-Trees, *Salem* overlooks,
Where Flocks and Herds on verdant Plains are fed,
And the rich Soil with od'rous Plants is ſpread,
Able to make a tranſient Eye preſume
That Heav'n had cancel'd Earth's primæval Doom,
There *Bethlem* ſtands, where when the Saints alight
They ſing God's Praiſes for their proſp'rous Flight,
There in a Stable the ſweet humble Maid
Brought forth God-Man, and in a Manger laid,
In a poor Chappel it had lain enſhrin'd,
But Heav'n a Pile magnificent deſign'd;

Which

Which by devout Imperial *Helen* build,
Was richly by her Son adorn'd and gild;
She born in *Britain* of a Royal Line,
Liv'd conſtant Vot'ry to the Love Divine;
In *Britain* ſhe brought forth her mighty Son,
Who o'er the *Pagan* World the Vict'ry won;
Conſtantine, Child of that illuſtrious Saint,
Aw'd all the Powers of Hell into Reſtraint,
Trod all the perſecuting Tyrants down,
And plac'd the Croſs o'er the Imperial Crown:
Bleſs'd *Britain*! worthy of the nobleſt Fame,
With the firſt King you grac'd the Chriſtian Name,
You the firſt Empreſs for Chriſtians bred,
You gave the Church the firſt Imperial Head;
O may that Faith, by which your Off-ſpring [reign'd,
Within your Walls be conſtant and unſtain'd!

Strait on their Knees themſelves the Vot'ries [threw,
And on their Knees went on the place to view,
The Stable, where the Sun Eternal roſe,
The Manger, where the Boundleſs took Repoſe,
The Spot on which the humble Shepherds trod,
Who left their Flocks to ſee the Lamb of God,
That where the *Magi* opened their rich Store,
Who came from far the Infant to adore;
On all they ſaw they meditating ſtay'd,
And of Love, Alms, and Hymns, their Off'rings made,
Juſt

Juſt where the happy Shepherds kneel'd of Yore
They ſaw an ancient Swain God's Grace implore,
And the beſt Lamb he in his Flock could find
To feed the Poor he to the Prieſt reſign'd,
Then riſing entred on his homeward way,
But the New-comers importun'd his Stay,
And begg'd at their Repaſt to be their Gueſt,
He lik'd their Mein, and granted their Requeſt;
Their temp'rate Meal when clos'd, *Philothea* cry'd,
You happy in ſweet *Bethlem* Plains abide,
To your Forefathers Angels here appear'd,
And with the News of God incarnate cheer'd,
The Grace of Song to them the Angels taught,
Tradition down to you their Paſt'rals brought,
O may a lowly Virgin you intreat
One of their Songs primæval to repeat,
Ready Conſent her Saint-like Perſon gain'd,
He both with an old Paſt'ral entertain'd.

It was the happy Morning when bright Day
Had two full Hours out-ran the Solar Ray,
When heav'nly Hoſts in the Expanſe appear'd,
And by their Beams the Shades nocturnal clear'd,
And to the Shepherds watching in the Field
Of God incarnate the glad News reveal'd,
And they to neighb'ring *Bethlem* had repair'd
To ſee the Wonder Heav'n to them declar'd,
When *Jethro*, who at Home all Night had ſtay'd,
Sought them in vain o'er Hill, Vale, Plain, and [Glade,
Surpriz'd

Surpriz'd to ſee the quite abandon'd Fold,
Suſpecting Harm he their juſt Number told,
Three Lambs he miſs'd, and yet no Ewes com-
[plain'd,
Amaz'd that ſilent they their Loſs ſuſtain'd,
But more amaz'd among the tender Lambs
To ſee Wolves playing with their fearleſs Dams,
Sore griev'd that Shepherds ſhould the Flock for-
[ſake,
At their return he warmly them beſpake,
To *Jeſſe* chiefly he his Speech apply'd,
Who o'er the reſt was choſen to preſide.

Jethro. Ah, *Jeſſe*, can you Shepherds go aſtray,
And leave your Flocks unguarded for a Prey?
Chas'd you ſome rav'nous Wolf, or crafty Fox,
Who came to make dire Slaughter of our Flocks?
Or warm'd with a provok'd and Paſt'ral Zeal,
Purſu'd you ſome rude Thieves, who came to ſteal?
Or were you frighted by ſome armed Band
Of *Herod*'s Soldiers, who infeſt the Land?
Nor Chaſe, Purſuit, nor Fright drew you away,
Your Looks no Fear, but wondrous Joy betray.

Did ſome near neighb'ring Shepherds you invite
In rural Jollities to ſpend the Night?
Or have you ſome fair Shepherdeſſes ſeen,
Who have allur'd you to a flowry Green,
Like Nightingale, to charm you with ſweet Air,
Which made you of your Flocks forget the Care?

Trod

Trod you ſoft Meaſures in ſome pleaſing Shade,
While to your Dance an artful Shepherd play'd?
Or did you Concerts vie on Oaten Reed,
And ſtrive who ſhould in Harmony exceed,
Conſenting that the Swains who beſt could ſound,
Should by the beauteous Maids with Flowers be [crown'd;
Say, deareſt *Jeſſe*, for I long to know
What made you from your Flocks thus careleſs go?

Jeſſe. O *Jethro*, you your blameleſs Friends [miſtake,
And random Gueſſes at our Abſence make,
Nor fair one, Mirth, Song, Dance, nor Piping-[Match,
Drew us thus late from our accuſtom'd Watch,
Yet ſomething like all theſe we ſaw this Night,
Which rais'd our inexpreſſible Delight,
And ever ſince thoſe Pleaſures rap'd our Eyes
All rural Entertainments we deſpiſe.

Jeth. Ah, *Jeſſe*, have you found out Pleaſures [new;
Which our Forefather Shepherds never knew?
Three Lambs I miſſing find, and juſtly fear
That you your new-found Pleaſures bought too [dear;
Tell what thoſe Pleaſures are for Friendſhip's ſake,
That I may in the Happineſs partake.

Jeſſe.

Jeſſe. You, *Jethro*, have too hard a Task im-
[pos'd,
Joys may be felt which cannot be diſclos'd;
Melodious Muſick, and tranſporting Strains,
A Dance beyond all Meaſures of the Plains;
Sweet Concerts vying their harmonious Powers;
A Crown of glorious Rays, not fading Flowers;
A Maid, who would our Beauties far out-ſhine,
Should they their Features in one Face combine;
A Shepherd with all Paſt'ral Graces ſtor'd;
A Lamb, which by all Shepherds is ador'd;
Theſe are the Charms which drew us from the
[Field,
And to ſuch Charms what Shepherds would not
[yield?
Three goodly Lambs we on our Shoulders laid,
And to the Sovereign Lamb our Preſents made;
Our Ewes ſeem'd by Inſtinct to co-rejoice,
Their Young they gladly offer'd to our Choice;
Mean while we left the Wolves our Flocks to keep,
They all this Night watch'd Guardians of the
[Sheep.

Jethro. Ah, *Jeſſe*, why with ſuch unlikely News
Try you my Faith, and your Neglect excuſe?
Our Paſt'ral Race their Pedigree have kept
E'er ſince his laſt our Father *Judah* ſlept;
Of ev'ry Age I rural Annals have,
Which they on Trees could artfully engrave;
And when they ſaw a dead-top Oak decline,
On youthful Standards copied ev'ry Line;

And

And all along the Story of the Plain
No Shepherd ever could ſuch Heights attain;
Bleſs'd *Amos*, who of all the higheſt climb'd,
And to a glorious Prophet was ſublim'd,
Such bright Communications never knew
As you pretend this Night you had in view;
O for God's ſake, who watches o'er our Flock,
This Riddle, which amuſes me, unlock!

Jeſſe. O *Jethro*, I no longer can with-hold,
To you I will glad Myſteries unfold:
An Angel from high Heav'n proclaim'd this Morn
God-man would with his Birth the World adorn;
The Air was all ſuperceleſtial Ray,
We heard whole Hoſts of Angels ſing and play;
O'er the Expanſe on their bright Wings they [danc'd,
Our Voices we, like them, in Hymn advanc'd;
An Angel ſent us from our native Down
To venerate the Babe in *Bethlem* Town;
His Virgin-Mother had Angelick Grace,
And while ſhe held him in her ſoft Embrace
Celeſtial Beams around their Heads were wreath'd,
Celeſtial Sweets they on each other breath'd;
Our Lambs we offer'd to the heav'nly Child,
Chriſt, Saviour, Lord, a Lamb, and Shepherd, ſtil'd.

Jethro. O mighty Joys, Ah, *Jeſſe*, wo is me,
That I with you ſhould not thoſe Wonders ſee!
[ſpeed,

Jeſſe. You, *Jethro*, yet to *David*'s Town may
And your glad Eyes with gracious Wonders feed:

Jethro. None yet a Virgin-Mother ever knew,
Or one who ſhould be Lamb and Shepherd too;
Did ever Lamb a num'rous Flock o'er-look?
Did ever Lamb manage a Shepherd's Crook?
And yet you have a greater Wonder told,
In leaving rav'nous Wolves to watch the Fold.

Jeſſe. We, *Jethro*, oft as on the Plain we ſit
On Sabbath-days peruſe the ſacred Writ,
That ſhews, that of a Virgin undefil'd
Our long expected Saviour ſhould be Child,
The Heav'n-taught Prophets our Meſſias there
Both to a Shepherd and a Lamb compare.
He Shepherd is of the ſupernal Plain,
He'll o'er his under Shepherds mildly reign,
His Flock will all obey his ſweet Command,
He'll teeming Yews ſupport with gentle Hand,
The new-yean'd Lambs he'll in his Boſom lay,
He'll with endearing Voice re-call the Stray,
His Sheep to beatifick Paſtures lead,
And with immortal Food their Hunger feed.
He is the Lamb of God, innocuous, pure,
He patient *Jewiſh* Outrage ſhall endure;
He, Lamb-like meek, ſhall be to Slaughter led,
Have Human Guilt tranſlated on his Head;
He'll unrepining on the Altar lie,
For Shepherds and for Sheep contented die;
His Meekneſs will Antipathies eraſe,
The Wolf and Lamb ſhall feed in the ſame place;
A Lamb he will eternally remain,
The Choir above ſhall worſhip the Lamb ſlain;

From

From Helliſh Wolves, which our dear flocks would
[rend,
His mighty love, ſhall Sheep, and Lambs defend:
He to do good to all, ſhall go about.

Jeth. O my dear *Jeſſe*, now my dream is out;
I dream'd this Night, that Slumbring in a Glade,
An Evening Wolf approaches to me made;
And juſt as he was Seizing on the Prey,
A New-yean'd Lamb drave the fierce Wolf away.
[was Sent,

Jeſſe. *Jethro* your Dream from gracious God
And by the lamb, the Lamb of God is meant;
The Wolf paints out our dire Infernal Foes,
Our danger this; that our deliv'rance Shews.

Jeth. I languiſh *Jeſſe*, and ſhall never reſt
'Till the Almighty Lamb theſe Eyes has Bleſt,
I'll haſte to *Bethlem*, proſtrate at his Feet,
I'll the acceptance of my Lamb entreat?
To him my Self, and Flock I'll freely give
We'll his devoted Sacrifices live.
[Child

Jeſſe. God Speed my *Jethro*, when the mighty
Sweet as He is, has on your off'ring Smil'd;
Return, and with your fellow-Shepherds joyn,
In Hymning the Benignity Divine;
We all our Paſtrals will henceforth accord,
To Sing our new-born Saviour, Chriſt the Lord.
[Dome,

Both thank'd the Swain, who in the hollow
Renew'd his Pray'r, before his going Home?

The *Pilgrims* then back to the Chapel went
Freſh hymns, and vows to *Jeſus*, to preſent;
This Sung, the Votrys took the Sion way,
And Stopt where er'e they heard a Paſt'ral lay;
Few paces they had gone, when they drew near
Two harmleſs Shepherds, who allur'd their Ear.
[view,

Joſeph. I on this hillock, where your flock's in
Heard Pipe, and Song, yet ſaw no Swain but you;
And which is Stranger, though you are alone
Perceiv'd in the ſame breath more Pipes than One.

Jacob. *Joſeph* you did, *Joſ.* your art kind Friend
[diſcloſe,

Jac. Theſe little braſen Pipes, are Set in rows
As on theſe Turfs I ſit, my Foot at Will
The little Bellows can diſcharge, and fill,
From that Conveyance, Wind has entrance free
Into each Pipe, by putting down the Key,
The Inſtrument is a ſmall Organ nam'd
Old *Jubal* is for the invention Fam'd;
The Shepherds Well this Muſick underſtood,
And us'd it on the plain before the Flood.

Joſ. You entertain me with a pleaſure new
Till now, what Organ was, I never knew,
At firſt approach, it ſeem'd a wondrous Thing,
At once to hear a Shepherd pipe, and Sing.
[uſe

Jacob. Though ſtrange to you, it was the daily
Of the firſt Age, from whom we Song traduce,
I've

I've heard old Book-learn'd Swains of Hymn Diſ-
[courſe,
From *Adam* tracing its primeval Source;
How into life he Sprang with lively Senſe
Of Gods Creative gratious Effluence,
Strait felt Harmonious Praiſe his Lips uncloſe,
And up to Hymn connaturally Roſe;
How *Abels* hallow'd fume to God aſpir'd,
When his devoted heart by Hymn was fir'd;
He Sang Gods praiſe, when impious *Cain* was mute,
That Sacrific'd the heart, this only Fruit;
Hymn was deriv'd to *Seth*'s Religious line,
And Shepherds daily then Sang Songs Divine:
For all were Shepherds in thoſe harmleſs Days,
And in the open Field Sang Heav'nly lays;
All the melodious Denizons of air
Then liv'd Secure from arrow, fear, or Snare:
The reſt by Day, and *Philomel* by Night,
In concerts with the Shepherds would Unite;
Baſtorals were Polite, not clowniſh then,
And Shepherds the beſt bred, moſt knowing Men;
Till Pagan Bards primeval Verſe debas'd,
And to laſcivious love, perverted chaſte,
Ap'd by foul Chriſtians, who their Paſſions vile
Strive to Tranſcribe, but fall below their Style,
But ſhou'd it e're retrieve its firſt renown,
It would have more good Manners, leſs of Clown;
Man from the airy Quire, was Singing taught,
The whiſtling winds Suggeſted pipe to Thought;

A Trial firſt was made on Single reed,
Wiſe *Jubal* Seeing the Eſſay ſucceed;
To joyn the Reeds together firſt contriv'd,
And 'tis from Him the Organ is deriv'd:
This little Tent, ſhou'd any Storm ariſe
A Shelter to my Pipes and me Supply's.

Joſ. What the old Shepherds ſaid, I, *Jacob*, own,
And our degen'rate Poetry bemoan:
How ſhall we Paſtoral, and Hymn reſtore
To th' Innocence, and Height they had before?

Jac. Should we to God re-conſecrate the mind
Our Verſe would now be, as at firſt, refin'd,
When from Devotion, or chaſt love it Springs,
High, or Soft Strains, it with true genius Sings;
Its Paſtorals are tender, eaſy, Sweet,
Have delicate, pure, pleaſing, gentle heat;
Its Hymns to Sweetneſs add a noble height,
More copious Fancy, and a freer Flight;
Thoſe ſeem of level with our native Thought,
Theſe more to Tranſport, and heroick wrought;
Chaſte conjugal ſoft Love they ſang in thoſe,
But Hymn God for his own Peculiar choſe.

Joſeph. Our Natures us to Paſtoral incline,
I fain would learn to make an Ode divine.

[Will,

Jacob. Love God with the full Bent of Mind and
Of Hymn you then ſhall gain the perfect Skill;
The Good, the Great, in God are both immenſe,
And all true Hymn derives its Riſe from thence,

Both

Both join'd a reverential Love excite,
And Hymn grows our Ambition and Delight;
When in our Hymns we the Triune adore,
We have in God's Perfections boundleſs Store;
Our Meditation that vaſt Store ſurveys,
And fires our Souls with God-enamour'd Praiſe;
When once of Hymn you have the heav'nly Taſte,
Verſe on the World will never more run waſte.
Joſeph. Ah, *Jacob*, I neglect of Hymn bemoan,
O that I ſooner had its Value known;
In idle Sonnets I my Hours have ſpent,
But from this happy Minute I repent;
Sing to your Pipes a Hymn before I go,
And I the ſooner fit for Hymn ſhall grow.
Jacob. To perfect your Converſion now begun,
What you deſire, dear *Joſeph*, ſhall be done.

My God, ſince I in Exile here,
Live from the beatifick Sphere,
And thou above
Haſt the ſole Title to my Love,
I muſt my Envoys ſend,
Who ſhall on thy dread Throne attend,
And there relate
Of my devoted Love the various State.

My Pray'rs I ſend up ev'ry Day,
They meet with frequent juſt Delay,
Yet oft Deſire
Will in a Pulſe to Heav'n aſpire,

And in a Pulſe re-fly;
But that which ſooneſt mounts on high,
I all my Days
Have found to be ejaculated Praiſe.

Faſt as a Thought Praiſe ſoars direct,
God his own Praiſe will not reject,
While Praiſe I ſing,
No Seraph has a ſwifter Wing,
When it has made its Flights,
It brings a Taſte of Heavn's Delights,
My Gains below
I more to Praiſe than Supplication owe.

Since darted Praiſes had ſuch Force,
And mounted with ſo ſwift a Courſe,
I thought to try
To ſend a ſolemn Embaſſy,
And while I Pray'rs deſign'd,
For common Envoys of my Mind,
Turn'd round my Eye
To chuſe ſome fit Plenipotentiary.

Of ſacred Hymn I ſtrait made choice,
With Organ equipag'd, and Voice;
Soon as my Hymn
Reach'd the ſupernal Ocean's Brim,
The Angels, who before
Stood ready on the heav'nly Shore,
Their Friend embrac'd,
And its high Entrance with their Chariots grac'd.

My

My Hymn its publick Entrance made
With an Angelick Cavalcade,
It paſs'd along
Thro' an immenſe God-hymning Throng,
While the Celeſtial Choir
To welcome ſacred Hymn conſpire,
Which ſung on Earth,
Yet from Divine Extraction took its Birth.

Soon as my Hymn had reach'd the Throne,
Adoring low the three in one,
The glorious three
Acceptance gracious co-decree,
Its Failings overlook,
The well-meant Song benignly took,
It brought rich Store
Of Love, and I ſtrait ſent it back for more.

Since that I ev'ry Night and Morn
A new Ambaſſador adorn,
A Hymn prepare,
To lie my daily Leiger there,
It at the Throne remains,
Still ſacrificing grateful Strains,
With Languors ſtrong,
Till I in Heav'n ſhall perfect ev'ry Song.

Joſeph. Farewel my Pipe, you there ſhall bro-
[ken lie,
Celeſtial Hymn ſhall now your room ſupply;
Piping's

Piping's an idle thing, by Shepherds us'd,
Who never had the Grace of Hymn infus'd;
Since I have learn'd to hymn, I will devote
My Breath to God, my Fingers to the Note.

All that the pious *Jacob* ſang and play'd
Lively Impreſſions on the Pilgrims made;
Philothea, the kind Shepherd to repay,
To ſing a Paſt'ral Life made this eſſay.

Thrice happy Swains, who in the Field abide,
Far from the Town, from Trouble, Noiſe, or Pride,
Satan can rarely here a Vice inſtil;
Your State is a Preſervative from Ill,
You conſtantly your watchful Care purſue,
Shram'd with cold Nights, and wet with Morning [Dew,
You in all things a Moderation keep,
In Recreations, Diet, Clothes, and Sleep,
You in an humble Competence at Reſt,
Envy no great ones with abundance bleſs'd,
You only with your harmleſs Flocks converſe
You ne'er in the inſidious World immerſe,
Your Duty's eaſy, your Accounts are few,
You always keep your God and Heav'n in view.

In ſacred Writ the co-eternal Trine
To magnify the Paſt'ral Care combine,
From your Idea's the bleſs'd Spirit paints
Paternal, filial God, Kings, Prelates, Saints;
God, *Iſrael*'s Shepherd ſtil'd, his Flock inſpects,
And with Almighty gracious Care protects;

God

God filial when he honoured mortal Eyes,
Made Lamb and Shepherd ſweetly harmonize,
Endearingly his Flock the Shepherd fed,
The Lamb, to ſave fierce Wolves *Judaick*, bled;
The great Arch-Shepherd ſits in Glory crown'd,
While Hymns ſupernal the Lamb ſlain reſound;
Kings muſt, like you, benign and watchful be,
And learn to ſheer their Subjects, not to flea;
Prelates, like you, muſt learn their Flocks to tend,
And from infernal Wolves each Lamb defend:
The Saints, who ſhall at Jeſus Right appear,
Took from your Sheep and Lambs Example here,
Liv'd with an humble, meek, contented Mind,
To their eternal Shepherd's Will reſign'd.

To Shepherds watching o'er their Flocks by night
An Hoſt Angelick, Rob'd in Splendor bright,
Sang Jeſus born; you firſt of Human Race
Heard the glad Tidings of ſalvifick Grace;
You, taught by Angels, as you Flocks attend,
Hymns to the Throne for daily Off'rings ſend;
You ſing the Lamb of God, like Saints in Light,
You are inſpir'd by Faith, as they by Sight;
May I, like you, ſing the Lamb-Shepherd's Love,
And with his Fellow Lambs be rank'd above.

Then to the Swains the Virgins bad adieu,
But God's preventing Love his Vot'ries drew
To a young Virgin, who charm'd both their Eyes
With a devout and wonderful Surprize;

The

The vacant Hours ſhe from her Flock enjoy'd
She on a pleaſant ſacred Work employ'd;
The Danger ſhe of Idleneſs well weigh'd,
Of which ſhe liv'd as of the Plague afraid;
From various Flowers which ſhe together brought
In ſweet *Moſaick* ſhe a Story wrought;
They begg'd the Story of th' ingenious Maid,
She modeſtly the Motion thus obey'd:

See there a *Jew* from th' hallow'd Town
To *Jericho* is going down,
Unguarded as he goes that way,
To bloody Thieves becomes a Prey,
They rob, ſtrip, wound, and bruiſe him ſore,
There he lies welt'ring in his Gore;
A Prieſt and Levite ſee his State,
But fearing like diſaſtrous Fate,
Left him half dead, and gaſping lie,
And paſs in haſte their Brother by;
But a *Samaritan*, a Name
To *Jews* moſt hateful and infame,
When he ſees where the *Jew* was caſt,
Who bleeding ſeem'd to breath his laſt,
Soft Pity pierces deep his Breaſt,
He there draws near his Foe diſtreſs'd,
With Wine and Oil, which by his Care
For his own Health provided were,
He trys the Helpleſs to relieve,
And in the Hopeleſs Life retrieve,

His

His Sores he ſearches with kind Hand,
Cleanſes with Wine from Dirt and Sand,
Pours Oil to eaſe and heal each Wound,
Which there is with ſoft Swathing bound;
To ſave the *Jew* he freely choſe
Himſelf to Danger to expoſe;
There on the envious naked *Jew*
He his own upper Garment threw,
On his own Beaſt the Wretch he lays,
And to a diſtant Inn conveys,
To walk a-foot to tend him deigns,
And with kind Arms his Bulk ſuſtains;
There of the Inn defrays the Scores,
Charg'd them to tend his painful Sores,
There promiſes the reſt to pay
Soon as he ſhould return that way.

From the kind Maid this Story they imbib'd,
Who pointed to each Paſſage ſhe deſcrib'd,
This Parable by Jeſus was deſign'd
By Picture to inform and pleaſe the Mind,
To copy the Philanthropy Divine,
Who on the worſt of Sinners deigns to ſhine;
Each Saint the Story to herſelf applies,
By Jeſus taught, Go, and do thou likewiſe.

Next with an am'rous Song ſet to his Lute
Satyro ſtepp'd the fair ones to ſalute,
His Bows were low, his Compliments were high,
He begg'd they would not paſs his Arbor by;

Philothea's

Philothea's Gem grew pale, and in Diſdain
Both Pilgrims flew from the laſcivious Swain.
They next were by a young fair Virgin drawn;
Who kept a Flock upon a pleaſant Lawn,
Bleſs'd *Rachel* thus was wont the Day to ſpend,
Virgins are fitteſt harmleſs Sheep to tend,
Sweetly ſhe ſang, but ſtopt as they drew near;
Philothea ſaw her Gem moſt bright appear,
And warm Deſire to hear her ſing expreſt,
Who modeſtly comply'd with her Requeſt.

With Nerves of Lambs, Soul, ſtring your Lute;
They'll beſt with Lamb-like *Agnes* ſute
Then ſtrive to emulate the Strain
Sung to the Lamb incarnate ſlain,
With whom his Fellow Lambs repoſe,
And follow whereſoe'er he goes.

Or ſhould that Strain appear too high,
To copy *Nathan*'s Sweetneſs try,
When from a murder'd Lamb he drew
A Picture for King *David*'s view;
Then ſing the Lamb of Jeſus Flock,
Of helliſh Rage who ſtood the Shock.

Sweet *Agnes*, of the Virgin bleſs'd,
The Image on her Heart impreſs'd,
Three Luſtres *Mary* had attain'd
When Mother of God-man ordain'd;
Agnes reach'd Jeſu's Age, when ſought
By *Mary*, he the Doctors taught.

Sweet

Sweet *Mary* by a Sword was gor'd
When her Son's Sorrows ſhe deplor'd;
On Jeſus Croſs young *Agnes* mus'd,
With Zeal to bear his Croſs infus'd,
Both from the Womb to God endear'd,
Both firm to their firſt Love adher'd.

In Footſteps of the Lamb of God
The Lamb-like Virgin-Lover trod,
One of the meekeſt of the Fold,
And yet, like *Judah*'s Lion bold,
No Outrages could her provoke,
She trembled at no dreadful Stroke.

The World its ſtrongeſt Charms diſplay'd,
All ſcorn'd by the ſweet heav'nly Maid;
Go ſeek, ſhe ſaid, ſome earthly Mind,
There Entertainment you may find;
A Soul abſorb'd in Love divine
To none but Jeſus can incline.

The cruel Judge with Threatnings dire,
Of Rack, wild Beaſts, Wheel, Pincers, Fire,
With all things which could Fear excite,
Strove the young Virgin to affright,
Their very Names the *Pagans* ſcar'd,
She ſtood to ſuffer all prepar'd.

To Stews, which Virgins chiefly dread,
He then commands her to be led,

And

And Spite infernal to compleat,
Expos'd her naked in the Street;
Sweet Virgin-Jeſus, cry'd ſhe, haſte
To guard thy Spouſe from Eyes unchaſte.

Heav'n kept the Infidels in awe;
And made them from her Sight withdraw;
One only ſhameleſs brake Reſtraint
To gaze upon the naked Saint,
But God an Angel ſtrait enjoin'd
To ſtrike him down half dead, and blind.

A torvid Fury then appear'd
His naked Sword aloft he rear'd,
She pointed to her Throat and Heart,
Bid him on either act his Part;
I, who Youth's Courtſhip, cry'd ſhe, flew,
To make me happy now court you.

The holy Virgin kneeling pray'd,
Gave Thanks to Jeſus for his Aid,
For her Tormentors God beſought,
That they might ſaving Truth be taught;
The Sword then wounding her, ſhe cry'd,
Jeſu, my God, my Love, and dy'd.

From *Mary*'s open Box the Fume
Aſcending, ſcented all the Room;
Thus at the opening of the Wound
Her Soul to Bliſs ſwift Paſſage found,

And

And exemplary Graces ſhed,
Whoſe Odours ſtill the Church o'erſpread.

The Saints were rap'd to hear the humble Maid,
Who taught you that ſweet Song? *Philothea* ſaid,
A Daughter of bleſs'd *Sion*, ſhe reply'd,
Who, tir'd with walking, reſted by my ſide;
All modeſt Daughters of this ſpacious Plain
With *Sion*'s Daughters Amity maintain,
Daughters, whom virtuous Shepherds ſtrive to wed
To heav'nly Love, as well as nuptial bred,
You'll know them by their Songs, the Daughters [chaſte
In all they ſing of *Sion* keep the Taſte;
Some on the Plain to ſing Saints Lives incline,
Some nuptial Love, ſome Pſalms, ſome Love divine:
My pious Mother at our parting Kiſs,
Juſt as her Soul was ready-wing'd for Bliſs,
Warn'd me, that while below curs'd Sin ſhall reign
Tares will be always mix'd with wholſome Grain;
That all are not the Saints they ſeem to be,
That none but Saints above from Sin are free;
That 'midſt the Natives of our *Bethlem* Plain,
Where Patriarchal Saintſhip ſome retain,
There others are falſe, ſenſual, worldly, rude,
Who will a Maid pollute with Sonnets lewd;
The Innocent from *Iſaac*'s Race deſcend,
Their chaſte Love Songs no modeſt Ear offend;
The Vicious are of *Iſhmael*'s ſpurious Line,
They ſcoff at Virtue, and at things divine;

Sion chaſte nuptial Love with Honour treats,
It peoples Heav'n, and cools intemp'rate Heats;
Luſt they abhor, God's Temples it pollutes,
And ſinks immortal Souls below the Brutes;
They there engage no Virgin in a Vow,
The Rules of *Sion* a chaſte Love allow;
Chaſte Love religious Patriarchs ſang of old,
Made modeſt Courtſhip as they watch'd the Fold,
A Courtſhip which true nuptial Love deſign'd
For mutual Help, and to increaſe their Kind,
That when they dy'd there might a Paſt'ral Race
Succeed, to hymn the Godhead in their place;
They who their Virgin-Love to God devote
No Children leave his Glory to promote,
But to Poſterity tranſmit his Praiſe
In the Equivalent of heav'nly Lays;
Hymns are the Virgins Off-ſpring, 'tis in Song
Among the Saints they Memories prolong;
You may ſerve God, ſhe ſaid, in either Life,
Live a pure Virgin, or a virtuous Wife.
Since that I never could the Point decide,
But daily pray to God my Choice to guide,
E'er long a Walk to *Sion* I intend,
And Counſel take which way I ſhall propend;
Some, ſaid *Rebekah*, I now hear are there
On their late Ties to beg *Macario*'s Pray'r;
You'll go direct, a Compaſs I intend,
To viſit here and there a rural Friend,
And ſome chaſte Pairs, whoſe Virtue I well know,
To glean inſtructive Leſſons as I go.

The

The Saints then taking leave towards *Sion* went,
Philothea's Eyes were on the Gem intent,
When e'er a Shepherd ſinging they deſcry'd,
If the Gem faded, ſtrait they turn'd aſide;
At length they near a Shepherdeſs ſtood ſtill,
Who, *Miriam*-like, the Timbrel touch'd with Skill,
She and her Conſort ſang their Morning Lay,
It was the Pſalm appointed for the Day.

Thrice happy Man whoſe Soul is ſtaid
On God's unſeen, but certain Aid,
Beneath his Shadow he'll retreat,
And never fear afflicting Heat.

I am by ſweet Experience ſure
My God a Refuge is ſecure,
He is my Fort againſt my Foes;
In God I truſt in all my Woes.

My Soul, he'll ſave thee from the Snares
Which helliſh Spite for thee prepares;
When noiſom Peſtilence ſhall reign,
Infection he'll from thee reſtrain.

His gracious Plumes ſhall thee encloſe,
Thy Truſt ſhall in his Wings repoſe,
His Truth ſhall Arms defenſive yield,
It ſhall thy Buckler be and Shield.

Thou ſhalt no Terrors fear by Night,
No Arrows which are ſhot in Light,

No Dangers which in Darkneſs riſe,
Or at Noon-day ſhall thee ſurprize.

Amidſt ten thouſand round thee ſlain
Thou unaſſaulted ſhalt remain,
And ſee when Sinners outrage God
The juſt dire Vengeance of his Rod.

My Soul, thou doſt on God rely,
And haſt thy Shelter from on high,
No Evil ſhall approach thy Bed,
Thou no judicial Plague ſhalt dread,

God will Command on Angels lay
To guide and guard thee Night and Day,
They'll thee uphold in tender Arm,
And no rude Stone thy Foot ſhall harm.

Thou ſhalt on fierceſt Lions tread,
Shalt bruiſe the Aſp's and Dragon's Head,
With the old Serpent doom'd to Hell
Their Venom damp, their Fury quell.

Hear what God utters from above,
Since he has fix'd on me his Love,
Has known, and has obey'd my Will,
I'll place him out of reach of Ill.

When e'er he prays his Pray'rs I'll hear,
I'll in his Trouble ſtill be near,

Not

Not only him from Guilt redeem,
But raiſe him in the World's Eſteem.

He long ſhall happy live below,
My Bleſſings here ſhall overflow,
When languiſhing for Heav'n he dies,
Eternal Joys ſhall glad his Eyes.

Thus rural Saints, ſaid *Pſyche*, ſang of old,
E'er Luſt grew flaming, and Love-heav'nly cold;
Both lib'ral Thanks return'd to the kind Pair,
Who let them in their Pſalm and Muſick ſhare:
If Jeſus, ſaid *Philothea*, condeſcends
To be thus gracious to his married Friends,
Much rather he's to Virgin-Vot'ries kind,
Who live entirely to his Love reſign'd;
The Heart by nuptial Love divided grows,
Our Love no Mixture, no Diviſion knows,
We nothing have at Jeſus heavenly Call
To pluck us back, who ſacrific'd our All.
Scarce had *Philothea* theſe Reflections made,
But at the Entrance of a pleaſant Glade
They drew to a virtuous Paſt'ral Couple near,
Who with their Converſation charm'd their Ear.
[this Shade,

Milcha. While our Sheep graze, *Zaccheo*, near
I my own Soul will on your Soul unlade:

Zaccheo. Begin, my deareſt *Milcah*, of the two
The Load ſhould rather lie on me than you.

Mil. In Love, my dear, you *Milcah* firſt aſſail'd,
You over me, I over you prevail'd,

We both were conquer'd, and both Conqueſt won,
I never wiſh'd the Knot I ty'd undone;
To Love I own I was at firſt inclin'd,
Yet I Miſgivings in my Heart could find,
I knew not how Man would his Empire uſe,
And Thoughts of Tyrant would my Soul amuſe,
Yet what I fear'd I had deſire to try,
And thought I ſafely might on you rely,
You with ſuch gentle Hands the Scepter ſway,
That I moſt govern when I moſt obey;
Still, Dear, my Love to you freſh Heights acquires,
More it *Zaccheo* knows, the more it fires;
Yet one ſad Thought haunts frequently my Mind,
That we one Day by Death ſhall be disjoin'd,
That mournful Separation oft I fear,
Ah, give me leave to ſpeak the reſt in Tear.

Zac. Ah, *Milcah*, I with you ſhould ſympathize,
But Love keeps ſhut the Flood-gates of my Eyes,
Both ſhould at once, nor angry be, nor grieve,
That one the other ſweetly may relieve;
What you, my deareſt, Separation ſtile,
Is but a parting only for a while:
Imagine I ſhould a few Days repair
To ſome far diſtant Town or noted Fair,
Would you ſuch parting with ſad Tears deplore?
And yet, believe me, Death is little more.

Mil. How, dear *Zaccheo*, can I that conceive?
I at our ſhorteſt Separation grieve,
When e'er we but for a few Minutes part,
Away you carry with you *Milcah*'s Heart,

I all thoſe Minutes am but half alive,
Till *Milcah* you with glad return revive;
But ſhould pale Death work my *Zaccheo's* Bane,
Ah, I *Zaccheo* ne'er ſhould ſee again.

Zac. Fondneſs in Love, dear *Milcah*, is Exceſs,
We both ſhould love God more, each other leſs,
To God's dear Love we ſhould our Loves ſubmit,
And acquieſce in what God's Love thinks fit,
If God for Bliſs of either ſhould make choice,
A Lover ſhould in Lovers Bliſs rejoice,
Repos'd on God by a Submiſſion ſweet
Till 'tis his pleaſure both in Heav'n ſhould meet.

Mil. And ſhall we meet, my dear *Zaccheo*, there?
I better then *Zaccheo's* loſs could bear.
[Sphear,

Zac. Heaven, *Milchah*, is of love the Native
Our Love can never reach Perfection here.

Mil. O but in Heaven ſhall I *Zaccheo* know?
And ſhall we love in Heav'n, as here below?
[hight,

Zaccheo. All joys in Heaven, are at the utmoſt
And ſince it Joy will in us both excite;
To know each other is of Bliſs poſſeſs'd,
We with that Joy ſhall certainly be Bleſs'd!
Love there, will be Tranſporting, and intenſe,
And purify'd from all the Droſs of Senſe;
Should I be happy firſt, and looking down,
See *Milchah* Soaring to her Heav'nly Crown;
I'd take my *Milchah* from her Guardians Wing,
I'd firſt your Wellcome into glory Sing;

And gratious God our Loves would not disjoyn,
To Loftie hymns, our hearts to co-incline.
Mil. Forgive me, dear *Zaccheo*, if I Thirst
That God would please to make me happy first,
I dearly here should my *Zaccheo* miss,
While I congratulated you, your Bliss.
Zac. Gods holy Will is all that we should mind,
And to go first or last should live resign'd:
But should it be Gods Will I go before,
You need not miss me, or my loss Deplore;
You'll have a tender Husband in my place.
Mil. No Deerest, I no other will embrace.
Zac. You will, dear *Milcah*, let me add you must,
To his kind arms my *Milchah* I'll entrust.
Mil. You of my heart *Zaccheo* me bereft,
I for another have no Relique left;
Zac. You have, dear *Milchah*, if you will reflect;
Mil. Ah are you Jealous, and my Love Suspect?
Zac. Not jealous, I shall give my free Consent,
And you in parting will have full Content;
Our Babes will of a Father feel no need,
He'll my Paternal Tenderness exceed.
Mil. Enough, *Zaccheo*, you afflict my Ear,
Zac. No, I your Spirit rather strive to cheer;
Mil. To cheer my Spirit, dear *Zaccheo*, how?
To think I can another Love allow?
Zac. You can, and when the Riddle I explain
You'll at first word this Lover entertain.
Mil. I fear to ask what you incline to speak,
As you pronounce his Name my Heart will break.

O

O add no more, I can no more endure.
Zac. The Wound I gave my *Milcah* now I'll cure,
'Tis gracious God. *Mil.* Since gracious God you [mean,
All Storms of Paſſion ceaſe, my Mind's ſerene;
But why, my Dear, us'd you the Husband's Name? [Flame.
Zac. God pictures his own Love by nuptial
Mil. Chaſte nuptial Flame, my Dear, I know full [well,
God's boundleſs Loves all nuptial far excel. [uſe,
Zac. 'Tis true, but God that Picture deigns to
Thoughts of his Love the better to infuſe;
Each Lover is God's Spouſe, with God unites,
Of bliſsful Love foretaſting the Delights;
Think then, my Dear, what Love we two have felt,
How our two Hearts into each other melt,
How to each other's Good we co-propend,
How both to love each other beſt contend,
How daily we to pleaſe each other ſtrive,
How in each other mutually alive,
How ſweetly we in all things ſympathize,
How the full Bliſs of both in either lies,
How we, tho' two, by nuptial Tie are one,
How we co-tranſubſtantiated are grown;
When you have thought the Love between us two,
Give to it then Purifications due,
Cleanſe it from all Indecencies, Defects,
Spots, Fondneſs, Frailties, ſenſual Reſpects,
Which

Which blend it here below with earthly Taints,
Such is the tender Love God bears to Saints,
And ſhould I firſt be call'd my laſt to breath,
I to that Love my *Milcah* would bequeath.
Mil. And ſhould I firſt be call'd this Life to quit,
I to that Love *Zaccheo* would commit.
Zac. Since then in God's dear Love we both con-[ſpire,
We'll to that Love ſurrender all Deſire;
Yet one Deſire we muſt continue ſtill,
More to inflame our Love, and damp our Will.

Both Pilgrims God ador'd, who on the Plain
Made Patriarchal Sanctity remain;
As on they went they on a pleaſant Green
Two Shepherds ſaw ſitting their Flocks between,
They ſeem'd to Song each other to provoke,
Till the Conteſt was thus by *Jotham* broke:

Oft have I ſeen a Lover griev'd,
Complaining Love had him deceiv'd,
Who Verſe and Years had ſpent
In learning to repent.

Many a Song he had compos'd,
In ſofteſt Lines his Love diſclos'd,
And yet his humbleſt Strain
Got nothing but Diſdain.

The Idol which his Love allur'd
The groſſeſt Flatteries endur'd,

And

And 'twas her native Pride
Still to be deify'd.

She manag'd in ſhort time her Eyes
Not to diſdain, but ſympathize,
The Lover from her Look
Strait a glad Omen took.

To nuptial Tie ſhe then agreed,
He when he ſaw his Love ſucceed
Reviv'd Poetick Heat,
And ſang his Bliſs compleat.

His Bliſs he had not long enjoy'd,
But Senſuality ſoon cloy'd,
He on his Love reflects,
Sees its conceal'd Defects.

He by fond Inclination ſway'd,
To God for Guidance never pray'd,
All always unbleſs'd Joys,
Have punitive Alloys.

The kindeſt Intervals they had
Were interſpers'd with Tinctures ſad,
That Death would ſoon intrude,
And their ſhort Joys conclude.

I who had lov'd as much as they,
Oft heard their lamentable Lay,

The Beauty I admir'd,
True Joys and Hymn inſpir'd.

Urania was my lovely Saint,
Who never caus'd me one Complaint,
My Paſſions centred were
In her Perfections rare.

She kindly of my Love allow'd,
She nor diſdainful was, nor proud,
Her Eyes were ſtill ſincere,
And drooping Love would cheer.

I ſang her Graces ev'ry Day,
And ſhe freſh Graces would diſplay,
My Spring was never dry'd,
She ſtill my Verſe ſupply'd.

I no one Diſappointment knew,
Love by Converſe ſtill ſtronger grew,
Our Love from Diſcord free
Was perfect Harmony.

Death never could our Loves divorce,
Death to our Love gave vital Force,
Death would my Soul unlooſe,
And nobler Love infuſe.

My Love below in Languor lies,
Till I with clear unclouded Eyes,

From

From Imperfection free,
Shall my *Urania* ſee.

Secure I of Fruition reſt,
With that I ſhall in Heav'n be bleſt,
And glorified above,
Shall have my Fill of Love.

Laban with *Jotham* could not well agree,
And for his Choice in Song compos'd this Plea.

To love fair *Thamar* I incline,
But earthly Love with Love divine
I puzzled was for a long while
To reconcile.

Urania then to me appear'd,
And with ſweet Speech my Scruple clear'd,
Chaſte Love, ſhe ſaid, good God deſign'd
For Souls refin'd.

In Innocence chaſte Love began,
To comfort, not defile the Man,
And when chaſte Love a Heart has ſeiz'd,
Good God is pleas'd.

Luſt Surfeit is, Love wholſome Meat,
That Calenture, this temp'rate Heat,
That is Diſeaſe, and this is Cure,
Health to enſure.

That

That eyes the Face, and this the Mind,
That ſeeks falſe Joys it ne'er can find,
To Lovers this true Pleaſures brings,
Which have no Stings.

When Love divine your Paſſion ſteers,
Well-grounded Love is void of Fears,
'Tis Luſt all nuptial Ills creates,
And Joys abates.

Thamar is as devout as fair,
You two may prove a happy Pair,
You'll not *Urania* jealous make
If her you take.

I to you both ſhall Lover be,
You'll both one Lover be to me,
You'll be one Perſon in Mankind,
By Marriage join'd.

Each will in each God's Love excite,
In heav'nly Love will co-delight,
And your ſubmiſſive Loves reſign
To Love divine.

Soon as in Heav'n your Souls ſhall meet,
You'll kindle Love more pure, more ſweet,
Eternal Joys ſhall fill each Heart,
You'll never part.

The Saints both Shepherds heard, and had [Conteſt
Which of the Songs ſhould be eſteem'd the beſt;
But their Contention ſoon was at an end
When drawn two other Shepherds to attend.

BOOK II.

BARZILLAI *and* BENAIAH.

Bar. IF I miſtake not, 'tis no holy Day,
Why, young *Benaiah*, is your Dreſs ſo gay?

Ben. Barzillai, you in Paſt'ral Cares grown old,
Moſt pleaſure take in tending of your Fold;
T' a Wedding call'd, I ſet my Sheep to graze,
And now I am return'd, can ſee no Strays;
To Church I went with Bridegroom and with Bride,
And pray'd for Bleſſings on the Knot they ty'd.
[youthful Pair,

Bar. Whoſe Wedding was't? *Ben.* You know the Young *Caleb* wedded is to *Rachel* fair.

Bar. They virtuous may in happy Bands engage,
Have equal Flocks, and juſt proportion'd Age;
May our benign Arch-Shepherd on them heap
All Joys, all Bleſſings, which chaſte Lovers reap.
How came the Match thus ſuddenly advanc'd
So long depending? *Ben.* O it one Day chanc'd

As

As *Rachel* milk'd the Ewes, on her Straw Hat
A Swarm of Bees down on a ſudden ſat,
And *Caleb*, who that moment reach'd the Vill,
To take his Dinner, and his Bottle fill,
Beholds the frighted Maid in that Surprize,
And for a Hive ſwift to his Cottage flies;
And all the way, till he her Reſcue brings,
Feels in his Heart all *Rachel's* threatned Stings;
Full ſpeed he runs, his Lover to revive;
And turns her Hat over the empty Hive,
And to ſecure from Harm her naked Head,
His Shepherd's Cloke all over her he ſpread,
The Bees which were the Borderers flew out,
And hover'd in the Region round about;
Then from his Back he took his Shepherd's Lyre,
And the ſame Tune play'd on his artful Wyre,
In which the Bees, when ready to change Seat,
For their Diſmiſſion to their Queen entreat;
Charm'd by that Tune, all to their Manſion haſte,
But one ill-natur'd Stragler *Caleb* fac'd,
And as he went to force her to her Wing,
Fix'd in the Shepherd's Hand her angry Sting.
The Maid, uncover'd when the Coaſt was clear,
Thank'd the kind Swain for reſcuing her from Fear,
Yet griev'd his Harp lay ſtill, but ſtrait beheld
That by the Sting his tuneful Hand was ſwell'd;
Into her Father's rural Hutt ſhe ſtept,
To fetch the Pot which Virgin-Honey kept,
Out of his Hand ſhe pluck'd the venom'd Dart,
Then the Wound ointed to allay the Smart:

The

The Youth, who long had courted her in vain,
Before ſhe knew to rate a Lover's Pain,
A thouſand Thanks gave to the tender Maid,
And begg'd her Stay to be in Song repaid;
The Virgin grateful for his timely Care,
Strait yields, and to his Harp he ſang this Air.

O cruel Creature, thus unkind
To *Caleb*, who your Good deſign'd;
I courted you with Song and Lyre,
To pleaſe you made them both conſpire,
I ſang and play'd the very Note
You in your Kingdom learn by rote,
All your Companions paſſing by
Humm'd to my Strings harmoniouſly,
No Verſe, no Chords can you affect,
You pay your Lover with Neglect,
Neglect! Ah, which is worſe, your Sting
You into your true Lover fling;
Out with your Sting your Bowels guſh,
On your own Death you madly ruſh,
Fond Rage, in unprovoked Strife
Wounding your Friend to loſe your Life!
Yet you who made, may cure the Sore,
One Drop from your balſamick Store
Shed on the Wound, the Wound will heal,
I ſhall no future Anguiſh feel.

Fair *Rachel*, you, I know, will blame
The Bee which thus to harm me came,

You little think you are that Bee,
And you thus cruel are to me;
A Wound your Beauty gave me deep,
And you the Wound ſtill bleeding keep;
I ſtrove the tend'reſt Chords to chuſe,
The ſofteſt Verſe Love could infuſe,
Nor Verſe nor Strings Acceptance gain'd,
My Love, Verſe, Muſick, you diſdain'd;
My Song I tore, my Strings I brake,
Theſe will not do, I'll others take;
I fifty times my Harp new ſtrung,
Fifty new melting Songs I ſung,
And when you ſhould my Pain allay,
You dart a Sting and fly away;
The Bee when ſhe her Sting had ſhot
Dy'd in few Minutes on the Spot,
You ſhall, unleſs my Life you ſave,
Die of the Wound you to me gave;
Drop Pity then, 'twill cure my Heart,
Love, and we neither ſhall feel Smart.

This ſung, the Maid began to ſympathize,
She ſpake it by compaſſionating Eyes,
She Love had never underſtood before,
She Pity dropt, and *Caleb* ask'd no more;
Chaſte Love by tender Pity was ſoon fir'd,
And both this Day in nuptial Bands conſpir'd.

Bar. This Match we providential muſt repute,
Heav'n to our Stations deigns Events to ſute,

Both

Both pray'd for Guidance, and kind Heav'n de-
[creed
To make their innocent chaste Love succeed,
And this fair Opportunity supply'd,
Happy's the Knot which Heav'n approv'd and ty'd.
The Saints to the four Swains Attention gave,
Yet thought the Virgin-life should Pref'rence have;
Th' Experienc'd, said *Philathea*, find it true,
'Tis harder to rule Passion than subdue;
No Saints in nuptial Tie from Cares are freed,
The Virgins Lives next to Angelick lead;
The Tow'rs of *Sion* now were in their Eye,
Yet they could pass no singing Shepherds by;
Once more they stopt, by a kind Pair detain'd;
Whose Harmony their pleas'd Attention gain'd;
A Pair, *Josiah* and *Elisa* styl'd,
Both humble, peaceful, charitable, mild;
Belov'd by all, and with their Lots content,
Who nothing more desir'd than Heav'n had sent;
T'wards them they walk, and the kind Pair salute;
Perceiv'd he skill'd the Harp, and she the Lute;
The happy Couple strait their Welcome spake,
Desir'd them at their Bush short Rest to take;
But e'er they could a Song entreat, they saw
A lovely Youth t'wards the dear Couple draw;
The Saints with Joy observ'd the Jewel clear,
And knew no danger of Pollution near;
The Youth with low Respects entreats their leave
Out of their Flock his Stragler to retrieve;

His Stray, he looking round, deſcry'd, and caught,
And to the Buſh when he the Stragler brought,
Ah me, he ſaid, there is another Stray,
Which all my Flock beſides will much outweigh,
If to recover that you me could aid,
Your Love by Heav'n would richly be repaid;
Both at their Buſh invite him to repoſe,
And of the precious Stray the Marks diſcloſe;
Alas! 'tis I myſelf he ſighing cry'd,
By Vice and Error lur'd on ev'ry ſide;
Then, that he fully might his Grief explain,
He to the Harp ſang this affecting Strain:

In what a labyrinthal Maze
Does Youth miſ-ſpend its Days,
Both Vice and Error me way-lay,
I fall, or elſe, I ſtray,
This my immortal Mind beguiles,
And that my Will defiles.

Great God, thou vail'd in Clouds, below
Thy Lovelineſs doſt ſhew,
Luſts and Deluſions in diſguiſe
Here faſcinate our Eyes,
The thought of thee when e'er we loſe,
Their Poiſons they infuſe.

Concupiſcence a thouſand ways
My Soul to Vice betrays,
Foul Shepherds often me aſſail,
And will I fear prevail.

Thro'

Thro' a Fool's Paradiſe they train
Souls to eternal Pain.

Sins in each Age the ſame remain,
Tho' they by turns may reign,
But daily up new Errors grow,
Which giddy Spirits ſow,
And Heav'n to their peculiar Lies
They all monopolize.

My Soul oft to and fro is toſt,
In danger to be loſt,
In Errors the abſconded Guile
Uſurps the ſacred Stile,
In Vice falſe pleaſing Baits allure,
To ſwallow what's impure.

O might a Pillar in the Sphere
Of Fire and Cloud appear,
Such as God's *Iſrael* kept in ſight,
To lead them Day and Night,
That in this darken'd World I may
T'wards Bliſs diſcern my way!

Or from kind Heav'n O might there ſtream
On me a moving Beam,
Some perpendicular clear Ray,
Truth-ſaving to diſplay,
Like that which once the *Magi* drew
To their Redeemer's View.

But what am I that I should dare
To aim thus high in Pray'r?
Shew, Lord, the plain, ſafe, narrow Road,
Which leads to thy Abode,
Should Sin or Error draw me back
Still keep me in the Track.

An Angel as *Cornelius* kneel'd
His heav'nly Guide reveal'd,
Lord, may ſome Pilot be aſſign'd
To ſteer aright my Mind,
In whom each Grace which he enjoins
In bright Example ſhines!

My Spirit, Lord, with Light divine
Irradiate and refine,
With Light may ardent Zeal conſpire
To ſet my Love on fire,
From Spirits lying and impure
Love only reſts ſecure.

I things then in juſt Light ſhall view,
On all paſs Judgment true,
All Vanities which flatter Luſt
My Spirit will diſguſt,
And my illuminated Eyes
Will all but Heav'n deſpiſe.

The tender Pair the Youth with Pity ey'd,
Eugenio nam'd, and the kind Swain reply'd;

Shepherds

Shepherds were wont, when doubtful heretofore,
A ſacred Seer's Guidance to implore,
And we, who good *Macario*'s Children are,
To him, as to our Oracle, repair;
Oft as we can we Viſits to him pay,
And wiſer than we went we came away;
He is our Paſtor, whom Heav'n ſets to keep
Like Watch o'er Shepherds as we o'er our Sheep;
His Monthly Round he o'er our Region goes,
That he for Heav'n the Shepherd's may diſpoſe;
He has the hallow'd Keys, hard Truths unlocks,
Skills Human Souls as much as we our Flocks;
From Heav'n he has Irradiations bright,
He fires our Spirits while he gives them Light;
He Jeſus for his ſole Idea choſe,
And daily to his Likeneſs nearer grows;
He Counſel to no Stranger-Swain denies,
Who with upright Intentions to him flies;
In pow'rful Notes and Numbers he excels,
And, *David*-like, infernal Fiends expels;
His Chords put Souls in tune, who never reſt
Till they, like *Saul*, with Grace of Hymn are bleſt;
Repentance he harmoniouſly inſtils,
And melts into ſoft Tears obdurate Wills;
Then gently changes into cheerful Keys,
To Joys of Pardon riſing by degrees;
On *Sion* Hill, the Centre of his Care,
His well-ſtor'd Study joins the Houſe of Pray'r;
And all his Hours of ghoſtly Guidance void,
Between theſe two are conſtantly employ'd;

There with bleſs'd *Sion*'s Daughters he abides,
And with a Tenderneſs Paternal guides;
Haſte to that Saint, to him unload your Heart,
Yet of our Song accept before we part.

Great God! to err and to do ill
Are the Permiſſions of thy Will,
And thy Permiſſions are deſign'd
To try, not to enſnare Mankind;
Were Faith and Love by thee decreed,
No Mortal for Reward could plead.

To ſin and err were I not free,
All Duty would Co-action be;
Force and true Virtue ne'er combine,
From Freedom ſprings our Love divine,
Freedom which Heav'n and *Tophet* fills,
Man nothing reaps but what he wills.

E'er ſince our fontal Sire ſeduc'd,
The Deluge of all Woes unſluc'd,
Dark Ignorance o'erſpread our Mind,
Our *Pondus* t'wards falſe Joys inclin'd,
Error and Sin their Sway began,
Both are Ingredients of fall'n Man.

The Age was dark and unrefin'd,
When one the Sun Eternal ſhin'd,
No Beams thro' clouded Souls could dart,
Or ſoften the obdurate Heart;
If Sin and Error then could reign,
They now with eaſe may Conqueſts gain.

And

And gain they will our Lord foretold,
Their Uſurpations ſpreading, bold;
Our Lapſe, our Freedom, both infer,
Man, till reclaim'd, will ſin and err;
But Souls to Jeſus who adhere,
Safe from thoſe Rocks their Spirits ſteer.

Their Saviour's Praiſe his Vot'ries ſing,
Of Grace and Truth the boundleſs Spring;
Dear Grace, dear Truth, our Soul's Defence
'Gainſt Error and Concupiſcence;
None who to Jeſus Pity fly,
In damning Sin or Error die.

Eugenio all that him befel re-thought,
The gracious Train in which his Cure was wrought,
His Danger, Fear, Pray'r, the kind happy two,
With bleſs'd *Macario*, all he kept in view;
With that a Euchariſtick Pſalm he ſings,
And his ſtray Sheep to the dear Couple brings,
Which for his Alms-Oblation he decreed,
The neighb'ring Swains who were in want to feed;
Then to the friendly Couple bids farewel,
And walks direct to good *Macario*'s Cell.
The Saints gave Thanks to the kind, humble Pair,
Who let them in their Song inſtructive ſhare.

And now they *Sion* reach'd, and gave God Praiſe,
Who brought them thither to devote their Days;

Both

Both to *Macario* for his Bleſſing kneel'd,
To whom *Eccleſia* had their Flight reveal'd;
Macario both with Love Paternal treats,
His Bleſſing in the Name triune repeats;
Then to the Chappel both conducted are,
And with the Daughters join in Hymn and Pray'r.

Soon as the Faithful paſs'd the ſacred Door,
They all fell humbly proſtrate on the Floor,
A Prieſt devoutly the Confeſſion read,
While all Eyes dropt, all wounded Spirits bled,
Till good *Macario* from his Paſt'ral Throne
The Abſolution gave, and eas'd their Moan;
The Book of God, then ſtanding up, they heard,
Each ſaving Truth they ponder'd and rever'd;
Macario all dark Paſſages explain'd,
From ev'ry Sermon Saints freſh Knowledge gain'd;
They all aloud their holy Faith declar'd,
To die for that they always liv'd prepar'd;
Then they all lowly kneel'd, began warm Pray'r,
That all in God's Philanthropy might ſhare;
For the whole Church they Supplications made,
For all Degrees they begg'd proportion'd Aid;
They interceded for all Souls diſtreſs'd,
And tend'reſt Pity for their Griefs expreſs'd;
Pray'd God his Truth to *Pagans* to diſcloſe,
And to ſhew Mercy to their greateſt Foes.

When Pray'rs were made reſpecting Saints below,
Who live a Life of Indigence and Woe,

The

The Worſhip then more heav'nly they commence,
And ſing their Hymns with Zeal and Love intenſe,
Harp, Organ, Lute, all the ſweet Singer us'd,
When God the Grace of Pſalmody infus'd;
Play'd to the Hymn *Macario* had compos'd,
Which with Doxologies the Chorus clos'd;
The Love divine he choſe for that Day's Theme,
Which Saints their chief Inflammative eſteem.

From all Eternity when God alone,
Sat ſelf-ſufficient on his Throne,
E'er Time, and Space from Chaos rude,
Aroſe, this World to meaſure and include,
When all that God deſign'd,
Lay only in Idea's in his Mind
God out his Son (his Image) ſhin'd,
His Son, in whom all his Perfections join'd,
And both co-breath'd th' Eternal Dove,
Which made Tri-unity of Love.

God in this World's Foundations laid,
His Wiſdom, Goodneſs, Pow'r diſplay'd,
He out of nothing Choirs Angelick rais'd,
Who as they roſe their Maker prais'd,
All theſe he into Being ſpake;
But when he Man would make,
The great Triune in Counſel ſat above,
To form him worthy of their Love,
All three co-breath'd his God-like Mind,
To love Trine God inclind,

Man

Man a Propenſion felt entire,
Like filial God to love his boundleſs Sire,
Love finite thus from infinite aroſe,
And to its Source connat'rally re-flows.

Ah, how could ſuch a Love as this
E'er grow remiſs,
By Lovelineſs Paternal fir'd,
By Love co-breath'd inſpir'd,
By the Example of Love filial ſteer'd,
To live to God endear'd?
Ah me, I agonize when I re-call,
Of Heav'n-born Love the Fall,
Man by the Tempter lur'd,
His Birth-right Love abjur'd,
In vain the Wretch to Heav'n for Pardon cries,
Who dares that Love which pardons him deſpiſe.

Love Deity eternally employ'd,
God in Self-love himſelf enjoy'd,
The more the Soul the Love of God attains,
The more it God-like ſtill remains,
Trine Love fall'n Man's Redemption co-decreed,
Immenſely Love creating to exceed,
Paternal God for Sacrifice deſign'd
God filial to redeem Mankind,
Co-effluent God with both conſpir'd,
By Trine Inflammative our Love is fir'd,
Loſt Man thus lov'd ſhould Love for Love repay,
And God without Reſerve obey.

And

And we, like Saints, who at the Throne remain,
Should love and worſhip the Lamb ſlain,
All Praiſe to God, who only Love requires,
And makes that Duty, which himſelf inſpires.

Macario ſaw the holy Rites compleat,
And gave the Bleſſing from his Paſt'ral Seat;
To the large Hall he then the Strangers brought,
Where Labours of pure Love the Daughters [wrought;
Clothes for the Poor they ſpun, ſew'd, wove, or knit,
Each Age, each Sex, in ev'ry Need to fit;
Some gather'd Plants, which grew their Garden [round,
Salves, Cordials, Balſams, Med'cines to compound;
Sick, Naked, Maim'd, they tenderly reliev'd,
And Virgin-Strangers in kind Arms receiv'd;
Endearingly their Gueſts they entertain'd,
To *Sion*'s Laws ambitious to be train'd;
All at their Work of heav'nly things convers'd,
And *Sion*'s Songs were always interſpers'd;
Each ſang the Song ſhe firſt could call to mind,
Wont there to no ſet Rule themſelves to bind;
Of both the Saints, for Entrance in their Choir,
They a probationary Song deſire.

Philothea the bright Acts in native Verſe
Of Female Saints and Martyrs could rehearſe,
But to bleſs'd *Mary*'s Story moſt inclin'd,
The true Idea of all Woman-kind;

And

And to the Lute ſang the bleſs'd Virgin's Praiſe,
To warm the Daughters by her lovely Rays.
O Jeſu, who bleſs'd *Mary* didſt revere,
Near thee enthron'd in the celeſtial Sphere,
Help me to ſing the Plenitude of Grace,
Exalting her above all Female Race,
The mighty Love thou didſt on her diffuſe,
Whom thou God-man didſt for thy Mother chuſe.
Great God, to a religious marry'd Pair,
United by chaſte Love and mutual Pray'r,
When on the Womb he lays a long Reſtraint,
Oft gives the Bleſſing of an Infant Saint;
God's Friend and *Sarah*, when no Hope appear'd,
In their Old-Age were with an *Iſaac* cheer'd;
Eliſa to Old *Zach'ry* brought an Heir,
Who for *Meſſias* ſhould the way prepare;
The Favour God on other Saints beſtow'd,
In *Joachim* and *Anna* overflow'd,
God with a Daughter their Devotion bleſs'd,
In whoſe pure Womb incarnate-God ſhould reſt.
God, who is pleas'd bright Angels down to ſend,
On purpoſe little Children to attend;
When bleſſed *Mary* firſt drew vital Air,
Entruſted her to a bright Seraph's Care;
The Aged-Saints, who for a Child had pray'd,
Sang Hymns to God when joyful Parents made;
Devoted God's free Gift to God alone,
And more God's Child eſteem'd her than their own;
Her Seraph kept her in his ſweet Embrace,
No one foul Spirit durſt approach the place;

The

The Holy Ghoſt his Temple in her built,
Cleans'd from congenial, kept from mortal Guilt;
And from the Moment that her Blood was fir'd,
Into her Heart celeſtial Love inſpir'd
The Babe, when ſhe began to ſpeak, was taught
To conſecrate to God her Tongue and Thought,
And, prompted by her Seraph, took delight
Continual Hallelujahs to recite;
Her Phylacteries next ſhe by degrees
Had learn'd, and to repeat them on her Knees;
Thoſe which the Love of God ſincere enjoin'd
Affected moſt her Heav'n-enkindled Mind:
When ſhe began to read God's holy Book,
In which ſhe her Initiation took,
Her Soul was with a heav'nly Manna fed,
Her Spirit taſted ev'ry Truth ſhe read;
And e'er ſhe ſaw two Weeks of Years compleat
She the whole Pſalter could by heart repeat;
From Types, and what the Prophecies foretold,
Which ſhe, by Heav'n enlighten'd, could unfold,
She the Idea of *Meſſias* drew,
Pray'd for his Advent, kept him ſtill in view;
Seven times a-day ſhe to her Cloſet went,
Her fervent Love in fervent Pray'r to vent;
And her unweary'd Zeal was wont to pray
By warm Ejaculations all the day;
She in the depth of her ſerene Repoſe
At Midnight to her ſolemn Office roſe:
As ſhe grew up Love daily gain'd new Hights,
And ſhe from them began ſublimer Flights.

No

No Angel who e'er Human Likeneſs took
Had a more chaſte, ſweet, charming, heav'nly Look,
A Look, which all at the firſt ſight rever'd,
And while it ſtruck, a ſacred Awe endear'd;
Plain, cleanly, and becoming, was her Dreſs,
Had nothing curious, nothing of Exceſs;
She Idleneſs, the Peſt of Souls, to ſhun,
In Intervals of Pray'r her Garments ſpun;
Soon as herſelf ſhe decently array'd,
She Veſtments for the Poor and Naked made;
Charity, next to Heav'n, abſorb'd her Care,
The Poor, in ev'ry Meal ſhe eat, had ſhare;
Her Cloſet-Meditations moſt ſublime,
Where with her God alone ſhe ſpent her Time;
Her Languors, bleſs'd *Meſſias* to behold,
Spring-tides of Heav'n, which o'er her Spirit roll'd;
Humility, which all proud Thoughts ſuppreſs'd,
As if no one Perfection ſhe poſſeſs'd,
Her Will transfus'd into the Will divine,
Accuſtom'd with God's Will to co-incline;
Her Sanctity to God's true Likeneſs grown,
Her frequent Viſits from the glorious Throne
A ſilent Admiration may create,
None but her Guardian Seraph can relate.

To Parents, next to God, ſhe Rev'rence paid,
They ſweetly rul'd, as ſweetly ſhe obey'd;
She was the Subject of their Pray'r and Praiſe,
Their tender Nurſe in their declining Days;

Heav'n

Heav'n warn'd them their dear Daughter to com-
[mend
To Reverend *Joſeph*'s Care, their ancient Friend,
A Saint, who would her Purity protect,
And treat her with Angelical Reſpect;
To her dear Parents Choice ſhe choſe to yield,
And the Eſpouſals ſolemnly were ſeal'd;
Gabriel mean while from Bliſs flew down full-ſpeed,
To tell her as ſhe pray'd that Heav'n decreed
She the *Meſſias* in her Womb ſhould bare,
Whoſe ſight had been the Subject of her Pray'r;
The boundleſs Might of fontal Love divine
The Love co-breath'd, third of the glorious Trine,
On thee deſcending ſhall thy Womb diſpoſe
Great filial God incarnate to incloſe;
She ſcarcely could believe her Ears and Eyes,
The Meſſage had ſuch rapturous Surprize,
Till *Gabriel* her aſſur'd it was God's Will,
Which 'twas her ſole Ambition to fulfil;
And as he back to Heav'n his Flight began
In a Love Tranſport ſhe conceiv'd God-man;
While Godhead templing in her Womb remain'd,
What Influence from God within ſhe gain'd,
What Suavities, Loves, Languors, Ardours, Lights,
Joys, Jubilations, beatifick Sights,
What Rappts when ſhe Magnificats compos'd,
Or when t' *Eliſa Gabriel*'s News diſclos'd,
Her Spirit fill'd, no Poetry can gueſs,
Herſelf could never what ſhe felt expreſs.

Joſeph with jealous Eye her Change beheld,
Till a bright Angel all his Doubts diſpell'd;
Then both at *Naz'reth* liv'd a bliſsful Life,
Moſt tender Husband, moſt ſubmiſſive Wife;
Their Chaſtity was free from ſenſual Taints,
Their mutual Love pure, as in heav'nly Saints;
His Angel and her Seraph could not join
In Friendſhip more endearing, more divine.

When ſhe to *Bethlem* came that happy Morn,
Her Virgin-Eyes ſaw God incarnate born;
How high her Raptures then began to ſwell,
None but her own omniſcient Son can tell;
God-man, who deigns to temple in pure Hearts,
A wondrous Love to common Saints imparts,
Gives them of heav'nly Love foretaſting ſight,
To comprehend its Length, Breadth, Depth, and [Height;
Much greater Love to his dear Mother ſhew'd,
Heav'n in ſweet Deluge on her Spirit flow'd;
As *Eve* when ſhe her fontal Sin review'd,
Wept for herſelf, and all ſhe ſhould include;
Bleſs'd *Mary*, with Man's Saviour in Embrace,
Joy'd for herſelf, and for all Human Race;
All Saints are by her Son's dear Influence bleſs'd,
She kept the very Fountain at her Breaſt;
The Son ador'd and nurs'd by the ſweet Maid,
A thouſand-fold of Love for Love repaid;
Saints, who of God have beatifick View,
Such mighty Joys peculiar never knew;

They

They to hymn God as Vot'ries are employ'd,
As Mother of the God, they hymn'd, she joy'd.
But yet to temper rapturous Excess,
Her Joys below were mingled with Distress;
When she a Mother, yet a Virgin pure,
Purification legal would endure:
Simeon, who honour'd was God-man to hold,
The Sword, which should the Mother pierce, fore-
told;
Her Son was born our Griefs to undergo,
She sweetly sympathiz'd in all his Woe:
The Wound which first check'd her ecstatick Joy,
Was *Herod*'s Plot the Infant to destroy;
But warn'd by Heav'n, to *Egypt* she took Flight,
God cur'd that Wound by baffling *Herod*'s Spite;
Babe, Virgin, *Joseph*, when the Storm was o'er,
Return'd to *Naz'reth*, where they liv'd before,
There humble and obscure the Parents dwelt,
And of their Son, God-man, the Blessings felt;
Above two Lustres in sweet Peace they spent,
Then with their wondrous Son to *Salem* went;
The Virgin there receiv'd a second Wound,
Which soon was cur'd when the dear Child they
found;
All three to pleasant *Naz'reth* then retir'd,
Where *Joseph* in the Virgin's Arms expir'd;
God-man himself his Absolution spake,
His Spirit long'd its Prison to forsake;
Son then and Mother liv'd exempt from Noise,
Reciprocating heav'nly Loves and Joys.

Into the World ſoon as bleſs'd Jeſus came,
His mediatory-Office to proclaim,
Bleſs'd *Mary*, who in her reflecting Soul
Took care all Jeſu's Actions to enroll,
Who had of Sin and Love divine a ſenſe,
Next to her Son, moſt lively, moſt intenſe,
When ſhe his Love, which ſinful Man redeem'd,
Saw daily ſcorn'd, inſulted, and blaſphem'd,
The Sword pierc'd daily thro' her tender Heart,
And ſhe of all his Sorrows felt the Smart;
But when ſhe on the Croſs beheld God-man,
Up to the Hilt the dol'rous Weapon ran.
Soon as he left his Grave her Joy reviv'd,
She from her Son freſh Springs of Joy deriv'd;
To *John*'s dear Care ſhe by her Son conſign'd,
To his ſole Manſion her Abode confin'd;
The Bleſs'd above adore their heav'nly King,
Contemplate, love, converſe, rejoice, and ſing,
Thoſe were her ſole Employments Day and Night,
Her Converſation darted heav'nly Light;
To all the Hours of Pray'r ſhe daily came,
When any cool'd, her Zeal refreſh'd their Flame;
She to Devotion all her Time apply'd,
She liv'd as if already glorify'd;
Her Love ſtill languiſh'd for the happy Day,
When to the Grave ſhe ſhould reſign her Clay,
Exulting when the World ſhe was to leave,
And her divine *Viaticum* receive,
Fell ſick, and dy'd of an Exceſs of Love,
Haſt'ning to her Reſtorative above;

Heav'n

Heav'n with tranſcendent Joys her Entrance grac'd,
Next to his Throne her Son his Mother plac'd;
And here below, now ſhe's of Heav'n poſſeſs'd,
All Generations are to call her bleſs'd.
All *Sion*'s Daughters *Mary* moſt admir'd,
With nobleſt hights of Hymn and Love inſpir'd,
Yet that ſhe but a Creature was they knew,
And with her Son ought to keep diſtance due;
From Jeſus they, not *Mary*, Grace implor'd,
Honour'd the Mother, but the Son ador'd,
Vow'd ſolemnly to conſecrate their Days
To copy *Mary*'s imitable Rays;
They all devout Exiliencies betray'd
While dear *Philothea* ſang the heav'nly Maid.
In *Pſyche* center'd next each Daughter's Eye,
Expecting that next Turn ſhe ſhould ſupply;
Her penitential Love was mix'd with Tear
For Sins, from which *Philothea*'s Soul was clear;
Like *Mary* this, like *Magdalen* that ſung,
While on her Voice all their Attentions hung.

O I ſhall ne'er forget the happy Hour
When of the gracious Dove I felt the Pow'r;
I in a Moment was no more,
The odious thing I was before,
All my Propenſions Heav'n-wards ſtream'd,
I felt Enamourments of Souls redeem'd,
To my own Conſcience I was reconcil'd,
I joy'd that glorious God would own me for his
[Child.

I the perpetual Motion learn'd from Love,
I felt my Pow'rs in Circulations move,
Love from the Source of Love deſcends,
My Love to God, who fir'd it, tends,
And Love, ſoon as it mounts on high,
Brings down of heav'nly Love a freſh Supply,
When Love returns, I ſend it back for more,
Inceſſantly I ſpend, and yet increaſe my Store.

God in all Lights moſt amiable appear'd,
Endearing moſt, and moſt to be endear'd,
In him alone my boundleſs Mind
Commenſurable Bliſs can find,
I felt a Love my Soul poſſeſs,
Congratulating God, his Lovelineſs,
Love incommunicable, and intenſe,
Striving with all its Force to ſtretch to Love im-
menſe.
To pleaſe my Love was my chief Care and Aim,
My tender Zeal to honour his great Name,
To do Love's Will was my delight,
The Thought of God would Love excite,
Yet Love oft felt Damps, Wandrings, Cold,
Which, tho' involuntary, I condol'd,
And on remembrance of my ſinful Years,
The Joys of Pardon mix'd with penitential Tears.

Ah, did the World the Conſolations know
Which from the Tears of ſweet Contrition flow,
Which

With fervent Pray'r they'd Day and Night
Implore from God an Heart contrite,
And learn as the firſt Tear diſtill'd
From thoſe high Joys which then their Spirits fill'd,
What Joys there are above, where Tears are dry'd,
When Tears ſhed here below ſo rapturouſly glide.

As the fair Trees which od'rous *Gilead* crown,
Secure from Harm, drop Tears balſamick down,
Perfuming all the Mountains head,
And pleaſure take their Sweets to ſhed,
Thus when I learn'd of Love to weep,
Though free from Dread my Tears no Bounds would keep,
Their trickling gave me ſoft enam'ring Eaſe,
O gracious Force of Love, which makes our Sorrows pleaſe!
My Heart was turn'd, dilated, rais'd, refin'd,
By the ſoft Breathings of an heav'nly Wind,
I felt a thouſand Love-Conſtraints,
Yet my Free-will made no Complaints,
My Inclination took the part
Of Love, co-operating with my Heart,
My Tendencies and Temper Love well knew,
And with ſoft Cords my Soul connaturally drew.

The charming ways Love to inflame me us'd,
Additional Inflammatives infus'd,
As the ſoft Wax abſorbs the Seal,
My Heart I could thus melting feel,

All Love's Impreſſions to receive,
Love's lovely Image ſtriving to retrieve,
God loves himſelf, the more God ſees in me
Of his moſt lovely ſelf, the dearer ſhall I be. . . .

I cannot love, but I muſt live in Pain,
Till of my Love I the Fruition gain,
My Cloſet I frequent, for there
I with my Love converſe by Pray'r,
The ſacred Books my Spirits cheer,
There I the Voice of my Beloved hear,
Lord, in thy Courts with Saints I thee adore,
There in full Meaſure Love communicates its Store.
My Soul thy Altar with moſt Zeal frequents,
Where to our Love God-man himſelf preſents,
I, when I thee, bleſs'd Jeſus, meet,
In thy poor Brethren waſh thy Feet,
Where-e'er thy Love diffuſes Rays,
There I ambitious am to ſpend my Days,
My Meditation oft thy Love revolves,
And ſtays till to high Sea it of freſh Love diſſoves.

But, Lord, thy Amiableneſs below,
We but obſcurely, but remotely know,
Your Wings, kind Angel, to me lend,
To Heav'n I'll inſtantly aſcend,
The Sight of lovely God above
My Spirit will transform to God-like Love,
But God here wills my Stay, God's Will is mine,
Lovers to the Belov'd wholly their Wills reſign.
Should'ſt

Should'ſt thou, dear Lord, protracted Life decree,
Indulge me Languors till my Soul is free,
They who aſſuming to love moſt,
Of Love-diſintereſted boaſt,
Imperfectly Love apprehend,
All native Lovers to Fruition tend
To love God all-ſufficient, and abſtract
Propenſion, is a thing impoſſible to act.

My God, no Dangers, Difficulties, Woes,
My Love ſhall terrify, tire, diſcompoſe,
I am all Heart, and all Deſire,
In thee I centre, yet aſpire,
My Spirit fain would ſally out,
At Love's unbounded Source to quench my [Drought,
I love, would fain love more, O when ſhall I
Fall ſick of Love divine, and of that Sickneſs die!

Die! O dear Lord, I muſt that Word revoke,
Love never feels of Death the ireful Stroke,
Love may ſhake off this lumpiſh Clay,
Wont Souls immortal down to weigh,
But when it into Freedom ſprings,
It mounts to Glory on exilient Wings,
To fontal Love and Life it joyful flies,
Enjoys moſt Life when here it in appearance dies.

It her own *Requiem* prov'd which *Pſyche* ſang,
Of which Heav'n warn'd her by a ſudden Pang;
Curs'd

Curs'd Satan ranging o'er this earthly Round,
To ſpy what ſinking Soul he might confound,
Obſerving *Pſyche*'s Call to endleſs Bliſs,
Summon'd damn'd Ghoſts out of the dark Abyſs,
Her Soul when agonizing to moleſt,
And all that might her Virtue ſhake ſuggeſt:
Agapia, who dear *Pſyche*'s Danger knew
By Angels, as they thro' the Garden flew,
Diſpatch'd two Virgins from the hallow'd Shade,
Who *Pſyche* in her Agony ſhould aid,
Alethia and *Chariſſa*, Virgins dear,
Who 'midſt the Lillies wait to Jeſus near;
The lovely Graces ſtay'd on either Hand,
While at her Head her Angel took his Stand;
Permiſſion Heav'n to Hell to tempt he gave,
That conqu'ring ſhe the nobler Palms might have;
While the curs'd Feinds ſtrove Poiſon to inſtil,
Alethia ſteer'd her Mind, *Chariſſa* Will,
Preſumption, Infidelity, Deſpair,
Impatience, her Diſeaſe, her Pains to bear;
Damnable Errors and diſtracting Doubt,
Infirmities the Croſs of Souls devout,
Loſs of all deareſt Friends, of Joys terrene,
For Heav'n untry'd, at diſtance, and unſeen,
Repinings at or Eaſe or Health delay'd,
God for his want of Pity to upbraid,
Terrors of Death, the Horrors of the Grave;
Not in the Number God decreed to ſave;
Theſe, and more than Arithmetick can tell,
Were the inceſſant Batteries of Hell.

Alethia,

Alethia and *Chariſſa*, who combin'd
In her Defence, the Feinds ſtill countermin'd;
All *Sion* Interceſſions for her made,
Macario ghoſtly Counſels gave, and pray'd;
Th' inſtructive Viſits of her ghoſtly Guide
Soon as the gracious Virgins had deſcry'd,
They both revere his Character divine,
And to his Conduct *Pſyche* co-reſign;
In Jeſu Grace and Truth immenſely ſhin'd,
And in Proportion in all Saints are join'd;
But holy Paſtors ſit in Jeſus Chair,
And of both Graces have a double Share;
Macario then with *Pſyche* thus diſcours'd,
While the ſweet Graces all he ſpake enforc'd.

BOOK III.

DEar *Pſyche*, made by Heav'n my tender Care,
Whoſe Soul accurſed Fiends would now enſnare,
Call the approv'd Preſervatives to mind
Which God for your Security deſign'd,
The various Wonders of this goodly Frame,
Where all things God and Providence proclaim,
Philanthropy paternal and immenſe,
God filial bleeding for Mankind's Offence,
Great God co-breath'd ſhedding the Love divine,
Benign Co-effluence of the Godhead trine,

Graces

Graces for Duties by God-man enjoin'd,
Enamouring and perfecting the Mind,
Truth-ſaving by the God of Truth reveal'd,
By Prophets, Miracles, and Martyrs ſeal'd,
God All-ſufficience, which all Thought exceeds,
Pray'rs heard for all imaginable Needs,
A Will reſign'd, an humble Self-diſtruſt,
A Temper charitable, meek, and juſt,
Abatements made at the propitious Throne
For Frailties to which Nature laps'd is prone,
Death, once a Terror, now diſarm'd of Stings,
Which lays the Fleſh aſleep, the Spirit wings,
To take Poſſeſſion of her Manſion bright,
With her rais'd Body ſure to re-unite,
God theſe for ſure Preſervatives ordain'd,
Which have in fierceſt Conflicts Saints ſuſtain'd;
But on the Death-bed brighteſt they appear,
T'encounter Death with Love, which caſts out Fear.
The lovely Graces on dear *Pſyche*'s Breaſt
Macario's Speech ſo deeply re-impreſt,
That the bold Devils Heav'n as ſoon might ſcale,
As over *Pſyche*'s Faith and Love prevail;
Pſyche mean while lay longing for Death's Stroke,
And with a ſinking Voice expiring ſpoke:
O may kind Heav'n on good *Macario*'s Head
Grace and Truth ſupereffluently ſhed;
May *Sion*'s Daughters, like the Saints in Light,
From Hymn and Love reſt neither Day nor Night;
You, dear *Alethia*, have my Faith aſſur'd,
You, dear *Chariſſa*, have my Love ſecur'd;

May

May Jeſus with freſh Favours you repay,
When 'midſt the Lillies you adore his Ray;
My Faith I feel ſubliming into ſight,
My Love aſpiring to its wiſh'd for hight;
Give me of Peace, *Philothea*, the dear Kiſs,
'Twill not be long e'er we ſhall meet in Bliſs.
Go out, my Soul, and to lov'd Jeſus fly,
O what a Happineſs it is to die!
Then with the Graces on her Left and Right
She to the Spouſes Garden took her Flight,
Where Jeſus 'midſt the Lillies ſhe ador'd,
Who by his pointing Beam t'her Manſion ſoar'd;
To mend her Speed her Angel cleft in twain
The Waves of the ſuper-celeſtial Main;
Philothea her dear *Pſyche*'s Requiem ſang,
And of her Heav'n-ward Flight all *Sion* rang;
But her high Joys within the bliſsful Gate
No Pow'rs on this ſide Glory can relate.
The Daughters their laſt Honours to her paid
As ſhe was in her Dormitory laid;
That they might die like *Pſyche* all deſir'd,
And for Devotion to their Cells retir'd.
Proba, who from all Nuptial Troubles freed,
Like *Anna*, to devote her Days decreed,
And *Sion* for her Sanctuary choſe,
Where ſhe her Soul for Heav'n might beſt diſpoſe,
By Faſts, Tears, Meditations, Alms, and Pray'rs,
And fly all worldly, all infernal Snares;
She by *Philothea*'s Song divinely fir'd,
To Emulation of her Hymn aſpir'd;
Like Emulation ſeizes Saints above,
Striving who moſt ſhall th'Amiable love; She

She to her hight of heav'nly Ardour rais'd,
When next the Daughters met, in Hymn out-blaz'd:

The Heart dedicated.

Love, to your Conduct I my Will resign,
Re-consecrate it to the Will divine,
Foul Passions long have in it reign'd,
And all its Sacredness profan'd,
To imitate bless'd *Mary* strive,
All Profanations from it drive,
O search with Care the Labyrinth around,
Let no one Idol lurk on hallow'd Ground.

Wise *Solomon*, who to God's awful Name
Built and devoted an illustrious Frame,
Like Holiness by Pray'r diffus'd
On all the Vessels in it us'd,
Thus with my Heart, from Filth remote,
You must my Pow'rs to God devote,
My Pow'rs Love summon'd, they my Love obey'd,
And Love thus at the Dedication pray'd.

O what Abominations I descry'd
When first into my Heart-Retreats I pry'd,
But now 'tis by Repentance clear'd
From all the Idols in it rear'd,
Oft with my Tears I wash'd the Stone,
I soften'd it with Sigh and Groan,
With Sigh and Groan by the bless'd Spirit sent,
The native Language of Love penitent.

Since

Since, Lord, my Pow'rs are by thy Love refin'd,
I offer to the God of Love my Mind,
Thy Word with Rev'rence to peruſe,
And with Devotion on it muſe;
My Faith, which ſhall to thee aſſent,
With Truth reveal'd ſhall reſt content;
My Reaſon, which ſhall to my Faith ſubmit,
And Curioſity preſumptuous quit.

My Memory Truths ſaving to retain,
Empty'd of things polluting or profane,
My Conſcience tender and ſincere,
Which by thy Law its Courſe ſhall ſteer;
My Fancy purify'd, reſtrain'd,
From falſe Idea's it has gain'd,
My Sov'reign Aim thy Glory to intend,
And leſſer Aims concenter in that End.

My very Thought ſhall all Defilement fly,
And keep the Awe of thy all-ſeeing Eye,
My Will which ſhall to thee propend,
My Paſſions on my Will t' attend;
Thee, Lord, I chuſe, to thee adhere,
No Rival Luſt ſhall interfere;
Thy Loves, thy Enmities, ſhall all be mine,
My Joys and my Deſires in thee ſhall join.

My Zeal my Pow'rs executive ſhall ſway,
Thy Law with utmoſt Vigour to obey;

My

My Jealouſy ſhall guard each Senſe,
Againſt all Ill ſecure the Fence;
Admit no Filth in Eye or Ear,
Keep Avenues for Duty clear;
My Tongue, my moſt unruly Pow'r, I'll tame;
Of thee it ſhall diſcourſe, and hymn thy Name.

Tho' Nature weak ſhall of Perfection fail,
No wilful Sin ſhall over me prevail,
Involuntary Slips I'll mend,
And t'wards Perfection daily tend,
Self-love I utterly abjure,
And all Complacencies impure,
To thee I of myſelf an Off'ring make,
And Martyrdom will ſuffer for thy ſake.

Of *Solomon*'s warm Dedication-Pray'r
Great God was pleas'd Acceptance to declare;
Down on the Temple in full Streams
Deſcended Majeſtatick Beams,
Dazling the Prieſts and mortal Sight,
Too weak to bear the glorious Light,
And Fire celeſtial on the Altar came,
Which ſhould each future Sacrifice inflame.

Thus when my Heart devoted was by Love,
Down to his Temple came the gracious Dove,
Love's Glories then my Spirit fill'd,
New hights of Love, Joy, Hymn inſtill'd,

Love

Love on the Holocauſt ſhed Fire,
Whoſe Ardours never ſhould expire,
Love, till it ſhall to full Fruition riſe,
Lives here in ever-fuming Sacrifice.

Macario, when he both the Hymniſts heard,
Their high Proficiency in Love rever'd;
He ſaw their Loves both ardent, both ſincere,
To Song *Philothea*, *Proba* prone to Tear;
Philothea then he rank'd with Saints unſtain'd,
Proba with thoſe who Purity regain'd;
Both had ſweet Earneſts of their future Bliſs,
That Joys of Innocence, of Pardon This.

Philothea, little in her own Eſteem,
Love humbly proud made choice of for her Theme,

Love humbly proud.

Of Creatures all which into Being ſpring,
Man is the vileſt, yet the nobleſt thing,
Humility and Pride
His Tendencies divide,
Man laps'd the vileſt is eſteem'd,
The nobleſt, Man redeem'd,
Yet, as if both had Contradiction vow'd,
The nobleſt humble is, the vileſt proud.

I, humbly proud, the noble and the vile
In my own Spirit ſtrive to reconcile,

Jeſus for me laid down
His Majeſtatick Crown,
From Satan's Pow'r to free a Slave
His Blood God filial gave,
Count by the Price ineſtimable paid,
And Man's the nobleſt thing God ever made.

Ye Angels, who above in radiant Choirs
Sing lofty Hymns to your celeſtial Lyres,
Tho' of God's bliſsful Reſt
You ever live poſſeſt
God damn'd all your Apoſtate Crew,
God ſhed no Blood for you,
Sinners in Heav'n to Torment hopeleſs fell,
Sinners on Earth God dy'd to ſave from Hell.

Great God was pleas'd from Chaos to produce
In Heav'n and Earth all things for Human Uſe,
Sun, Moon, and Stars diſpenſe
To Man ſweet Influence,
You Angels rais'd to glorious hight
Of beatifick ſight,
Are ſent by God from your ſupernal State
With miniſterial Aids on Man to wait.

The Earth, the Heav'ns, determin'd Limits own,
But God's Benignity to Man has none,
Curs'd Sin God's Vengeance dares,
Yet God the Sinner ſpares,

'Tis

'Tis Sin God infinitely hates,
For Sin he Hell creates,
Yet God, in giving his lov'd Son, gave more
Than num'rous Worlds, vile Sinners to reſtore.

My Soul methinks is ſeiz'd with humble Pride,
Sav'd by great God incarnate crucify'd,
My Heav'n-erected Eyes,
You worldly things deſpiſe,
You are ſhort-liv'd, vexatious, vain,
You lead to endleſs Pain.
God me above the Angels rais'd, my View
Is too ſublime to proſtitute to you.

Kind Guardian, you with artful Hand I ſee
Would tune your Harp to ſymbalize with me,
But you by God loy'd leſs,
Cannot my Love expreſs,
God's Mercies, which laps'd Mortals praiſe,
Peculiar Paſſions raiſe,
Sweet, ſoft, enam'ring, complacential, high,
Fit Chords to theſe no Angels can apply.

Bleſs'd Guardian, when in Heav'n you next appear,
Send down a Saint from the celeſtial Sphere,
She'll ſing the uſual Strain,
In hymning the Lamb ſlain,
I'll grateful Rev'rence to her pay,
And liſten to her Lay,

I'll learn from her the Harmony above,
To hymn in heav'nly Chords, redeeming Love

Redeeming Love afreſh *Philothea* fir'd,
With Zeal to imitate what ſhe admir'd,
True Chriſt-like Love all other Loves exceeds,
By which to ſave a Soul Chriſt's Vot'ry bleeds.

Chriſt-like Love.

As to myſelf to be to others kind,
Jeſu, is by thy Law enjoin'd,
And how I love myſelf I well
Can by my own Senſation tell;
In Grief, Want, Danger, Pain, I recollect
What Love from Neighbours I expect,
By meaſuring myſelf I know
Like Love ſincere I to all others owe.

Thou, Jeſu, in the Evangelick Pact
A Love much harder doſt exact,
That all who thy true Lovers are
Their Love, ſhew'd with thy own, compare,
That they ſhould others love to like degree,
As they themſelves are lov'd by thee,
This ſeems of Love the utmoſt hight,
A Pitch tranſcending far all Human Flight.

Thou, mighty God, out of pure boundleſs Love
Didſt leave thy glorious Throne above
To

To ſink to Fleſh, and to ſuſtain
Succeſſive Want, Reproach and Pain,
And after all thou didſt thyſelf expoſe
To Crucifixion for thy Foes,
None but God-man ſuch Love could ſhew,
Such undeſerved Griefs could undergo.

But ſince thou, Lord, haſt made this Love divine
Of cordial Love to thee the Sign,
Since thou haſt thus lov'd me, I'll ſtrive
From thee like Paſſion to derive,
Love will think nothing grievous, nothing hard,
While to thy Love it has regard,
Love of no Suff'rings is afraid,
Which are with beatifick Love repaid.

Lord, ſhouldſt thou call me to the Stake to die,
To ſave from Hell my Enemy,
O let thy Love my Spirit fire,
I'll on the Croſs for Love expire,
While I my Soul for Love an Off'ring make,
I'll love to ſuffer for Love's ſake,
I'll joy my Suff'rings are like thine,
That I with thee ſhall in like Glory ſhine.

Sweet *Proba*, big with Hymn and Love, was ſeiz'd
With ſoft Impatience, till her Soul was eas'd;
But e'er ſhe could her heav'nly Freight unlade
She ſtopt, not diſagreeably delay'd;
A ſtrange Event ſurpriz'd the Daughters all,
A Dove flew into and about the Hall,

A ſilken Cord around his Neck was hung,
At which unſuperſcrib'd a Letter hung;
Well knew the pretty Envoy to what Coaſt
He was to fly aerial ſpeedy Poſt;
The Letter to *Philothea* he preſents,
Who reading it, ſeem'd pleas'd with its Contents;
'Twas from *Eugenio*, who had long maintain'd
A Friendſhip with her tender and unſtain'd;
Siſters, ſhe cry'd, tho' I have ſtill declin'd
The ſenſual Applications of Mankind,
With Saints of either Sex I Friendſhips make,
God's Friends are mine, I love them for God's ſake;
Eugenio is God's Friend, and Hymns indites,
I'll ſing to you the Letter which he writes.

Fond Love, the ſenſual Poets Theme,
Is ever in extreme
To Fever it by Preſence grows,
In Abſence cold as Polar Snows.

But Love enamour'd of the Mind,
Proper to Souls refin'd,
Abſent or preſent is the ſame,
Enkindled by ſupernal Flame.

Such Love bleſs'd Jeſus deign'd to ſhew
To Siſters here below,
He gracious Viſits to them made,
They all his Loves with Loves repaid.

Our

Our Lord ſuch Love on *John* impreſt
When leaning on his Breaſt,
Characteriſtick to remain
Of all firſt lov'd who love again.

Lov'd *John* with ſuch a Love was bleſt
T'wards his pure Virgin Gueſt,
When Jeſus, as his laſt he breath'd,
His Mother to his Love bequeath'd.

The Saints below from Saints above
Derive this heav'nly Love,
Which *John* and his *Electa* fir'd,
By like pure Paſſion co-inſpir'd.

Such Love the holy *Paul* inflam'd
When *Tecla* he reclaim'd,
The heav'nly Light to her diſclos'd,
Which both to heav'nly Love diſpos'd.

With *Jerome* in ſuch Love conſpir'd
Marcella, when retir'd,
To *Bethlem* ſhe herſelf confin'd,
To keep a Heav'n-erected Mind.

Such Love the Saint to *Paula* ſhew'd
In their bleſs'd Co-abode,
With young *Euſtochium* both poſſeſt
Co-equally his ſacred Breaſt.

Had *David* felt ſuch Love as this
He ne'er had lov'd amiſs,
Had found bleſs'd Woman's Love tranſcend
The Love of *Jonathan* his Friend.

'Tis in ſuch Love that you and I,
Philothea, ſtrive to vie,
Love co-harmonious of the Saints,
Free from concupiſcential Taints.

Our Bodies at wide diſtance ſtay,
Our Souls meet ev'ry Day,
Our Ardours at each Hour of Pray'r
Mix, and fly Heav'n-ward thro' the Air.

Seven times a day I to the Source
Of Bleſſings have recourſe,
Still when for any Grace I ſue,
I beg an equal Share for you.

You the like Charity I know,
To your *Eugenio* ſhew,
Our Hearts each others Wants comprize,
Our Tongues and Spirits ſympathize.

Such meeting raiſes more delight
Than if we met by ſight,
Sight cannot more our Souls endear,
'Twill rather tarniſh Love than clear.

We'll

We'll both reſerve our Kiſs of Peace
Till God gives both Releaſe,
If you at Heav'n ſhall firſt arrive,
I ſhall not long your Loſs ſurvive.

I ſhall diſcern the parting Hour
By ſoft magnetick Pow'r,
Your Love will Heav'n-wards draw your Friend,
And I ſhall up t'wards you propend.

Should I reach Bliſs while here you ſtay,
Amidſt my Hymns I'll pray,
That of each Joy I there obtain,
Some Reliſh may with you remain.

A Reliſh to tranſport your Soul,
Till you this Life condole,
Which keeps you from the Joys on high
In Languor till you thither fly.

In Bliſs when we each other ſee,
Love will ecſtatick be,
And tho' no Marriages are there,
We yet may, like the Cherubs, pair.

To all the Bleſs'd a Love intenſe
With Joy we ſhall commence,
Yet there we Friendſhip may renew,
And Love peculiar to us two.

In

In Hymn we'll ſtill together join
Before the Throne divine,
We'll act with co-united Heart,
We'll never ſing or joy apart.

All to congratulate *Philothea*'s Dove,
And Happineſs in good *Eugenio*'s Love,
Juſt ready were, when *Proba* took the Que
In Song to turn their intellectual View
From th' Envoy Dove, the Dove divine to ſing,
Of filial Tears, Love, Hymn, the boundleſs Spring.

Eternal Dove, by Jeſus ſent
Love heav'nly to foment,
Since we of Jeſus are bereft,
Thou Comforter art left,
And thou doſt in thy Saints abide,
Their Souls to ſtrengthen, comfort, guide.

I would invite thee to my Heart,
Thence never to depart,
Thou Source of Hymn and Love divine,
To both doſt Souls incline,
But know thou never canſt endure
To temple in a Heart impure.

My Heart, bleſs'd *Paraclete*, refine,
That it may thee enſhrine,
Thy tender Wings o'er me extend,
Make me to thee propend,

From

From the kind Heat thou wilt diſpenſe,
I ſhall Spiritual Life commence.

Thou, boundleſs Love, doſt Love excite
Where e'er thou tak'ſt thy Flight,
To raiſe a penitential Show'r
Thou haſt the gracious Pow'r,
My Eyes, when kiſs'd by thy ſoft Wings,
Will guſh in never-ceaſing Springs.

In Tears I'll bathe, then bathe again,
My Eyes I ne'er ſhall drain,
To Sin expos'd while I live here,
Sin will ſupply my Tear,
Or ſhould my Fountains chance to ſtop,
One gentle Ray will make them drop.

Thou didſt thy Plumes on *Mary* ſpread,
And glorious Influence ſhed,
With Hymn and Love thou didſt her ſtore,
E'er great God-man ſhe bore,
No mortal Sin could her invade,
For Hymn and Love ſhe chiefly pray'd.

I Hymn and Love of thee implore,
And beg one Bleſſing more,
Tears of Love filial, to bemoan
That I to ſin am prone,
Soft Tears and Sin are ſo ally'd,
They ne'er can ſeparate abide.

When

When I my Vial full have wept,
And God ſhall it accept,
O let thy Wings their Virtue dart
From Eye-lids to my Heart,
O Soul-intenerating Dove,
Melt me entirely into Love.

Love will afreſh my Eye-lids fill,
In Rivers to diſtil,
That on the World I love ſhould ſpend,
And Love immenſe offend,
I Jeſus in my Eye ſhall keep,
Love will with Conſolation weep.

While I diſſolve in filial Tear
Thy Wings my Soul will chear,
Celeſtial Joys will me o'erflow,
And make a Heav'n below,
And thou, my Spirit, wilt ſublime
To love, joy, weep, at the ſame time.

Of Love divine *Proba* ſcarce ſang the Source,
But ſweet *Philothea* ſang its gracious Force,
She by Experience its Attractives knew,
And how benignly Jeſus Lovers drew.

My Love of Love divine ſhall ſing,
My Pow'rs your Contributions bring,
While my Song co-unites
Your quinteſſential Mights,

Ambition

Ambition ſacred ſeizes me to try
How near I can approach the Songs on high.

But, O my Love, where art thou flown,
Wont in my Heart to keep the Throne,
If thou from me retire,
I then ſhall ſoon expire,
Should heav'nly Love refuſe with me to dwell,
This World would be anticipated Hell.

Love now returns, O tell me why
You would from your dear Manſion fly!
Love inſtantly rejoin'd
Love from the Lover's Mind,
To God ſtill am'rous Tranſmigrations makes,
Lives where it loves, and where it liv'd forſakes.

Think on Attractives which combine
In boundleſs Love of Godhead trine,
Each Minute Love calls out
From Fleſh the Soul devout,
Pure Love at that ſweet Call ſpreads out her Wings,
And t'wards the God of Love takes vig'rous Springs.

By Nature's Voice Love ev'ry day
Is call'd all Creatures to ſurvey,
On all the various Kinds
She Love-Impreſſions finds,
Had all the mute Creation pow'r to ſpeak,
Into God's Love and Praiſes they would break.

Love

Love is call'd out to mount on high,
All God's Perfections to deſery,
Love ſtretches Human Mind,
To graſp Love unconfin'd,
And where the Mind falls ſhort, Love taking flight,
Obtains of God a more unclouded ſight.

Love by the Lapſe enfeebled grew,
And had of God but twilight view,
We now the Medium change,
And Love has boundleſs Range,
Thro' Jeſus now the Godhead we behold,
There all his Attributes their Loves unfold.

All Love thro' Jeſus is deriv'd,
Our Bliſs in Jeſus is contriv'd,
Thro' Jeſus God diſplays
Propitious lovely Rays,
And when I God thro' the lov'd Jeſus eye,
I lov'd, re-love, and could for Jeſus die.

Thro' Jeſus while I Views prolong,
I could endite eternal Song,
All Bleſſings Love receives,
While it to Jeſus cleaves,
Thro' Jeſus all God's Dearneſſes deſcend,
Of Father, Saviour, Comforter, and Friend.

I in all Loves thro' Jeſus ſhare,
Which in great God concenter'd are,

In

In him God Love is ſtil'd,
Laps'd Man is reconcil'd,
Our God is Love eternal and immenſe,
And all-ſufficient all things to diſpenſe.

As Godhead Love thro' Jeſus ſhews,
Our Guilt is apt to interpoſe,
God angry then appears,
His View then raiſes Fears,
But Love ſuggeſts, thro' Blood of Jeſus ſhed
God's Anger is aton'd, and calms our Dread.

Since the all-gracious Trine decreed
All Loves thro' Jeſus ſhould proceed,
Love made a ſtrong eſſay
On Jeſus Love to ſtay,
Was irreſiſtibly yet ſweetly drawn,
To gain of Jeſus Love ſome happy Dawn.

With that Love to contemplate try'd
The Love of Jeſus crucify'd,
Love ſtrove to take its Hight,
View'd it in ev'ry Light,
Love, which no Hymn could to ſuch Love adapt,
Wept, joy'd, admir'd, and highten'd into Rapt.

Charm'd with the Love of Jeſus *Proba* roſe,
Her Prayer for Love in Song to interpoſe.

Prayer

Prayer for Love.

My Pray'rs for Love to Heav'n directly fly,
The God of Love cannot theſe Pray'rs deny,
The God of Love theſe Pray'rs inſpires,
He firſt the Incenſe fires,
Which, as it Heav'n-ward burns,
What Love ſent down, to Love returns,
God is both Lovelineſs and Love immenſe,
And loves to be re-lov'd with Love the moſt intenſe.
All-gracious God, I cry'd, make no delay,
Vouchſafe me one inflammatory Ray,
And ſtrait a Ray of Love divine
Deign'd on my Soul to ſhine,
I knew from whence it came,
It kindled in me heav'nly Flame,
I felt it gently over-ſhine my Breaſt,
But its ſweet mighty Force can never be expreſt.

Down on my Spirit flew the ſpotleſs Dove,
Pluck'd from his ſplendid Wings a Beam of Love,
My Heart with that bright Beam he fill'd,
Which heav'nly Love inſtill'd,
My Heart was at one Stroke
Of that ſoft Beam in pieces broke,
I long for its Obdurateneſs was griev'd,
And wonder'd how the Rock could by a Beam be cleav'd.

When

When his all-glorious Wings the Spirit ſpread
O'er Chaos, and enliv'ning Influence ſhed;
As he deſcended his bright Rays
Made ante-ſolar Days,
Light on the Maſs appear'd
E'er into Creatures it was rear'd;
Thus on my Heart when down the Spirit flew,
Light heav'nly on it fell e'er 'twas a Creature new.

When Jeſus to the Man born blind gave Eyes,
He all the Creatures ſaw with ſtrange Surprize;
Thus Love's diffus'd enam'ring Light
Gave an amazing Sight
I clearly ſaw my Heart,
Pry'd nicely into ev'ry Part,
Concupiſcence had made it ſo impure,
Unſpotted Love divine could not its ſight endure.

Sin now in a true Light itſelf diſplays,
And diabolick Ugline ſs betrays;
O I have liv'd till now ſtark blind,
Stranger to my own Mind,
Ah, I too late begin
To ſee the Sinfulneſs of Sin,
My deepeſt Wound is, that I ſhould miſ-ſpend
My Strength ſo much, ſo long, Love boundleſs to offend.
When I confront my Sins, and Love divine,
The infinite free Love of Godhead trine,

Has ſuch ſweet Force, that it endears
The bittereſt of my Tears,
Hearts humble and contrite
In Lamentations feel delight,
Each Tear alleviates their afflicting Moan,
And glad Advances makes Love outrag'd to atone.

All worldly Luſts I from my Heart expell'd,
And the lov'd Sin which furiouſly rebell'd,
I then implor'd Love's gracious Might,
Love ardent to excite;
Soon as my Heart was clear'd,
Love in his Temple re-appear'd,
My broken Heart Love fill'd, and Love re-clos'd;
And in his Temple there Love infinite repos'd.

Philothea felt Love's Tractions ſweet and ſtrong,
And Love attracted prompted her to Song.

When Love divine my Love excites,
And to the Taſte of Love invites,
O all the World would ſtrive in vain
My vig'rous Paſſion to reſtrain;
Love all her ghoſtly Sails expands,
Till ſhe on Love celeſtial lands.

Propenſion ſtrong, like the Trade-wind,
Directs her to the Port deſign'd,
And ſoon as ſhe has reach'd the Shore
She humbly diſembogues her Store;

Her

Her little Cargo to unlade,
With boundleſs Freight of Love repaid.

Love cannot long at Home remain,
But makes to the ſame Port again,
There the vaſt Treaſure Love ſurveys
Which God up for his Lovers lays,
Love Meditation there employs
To take account of boundleſs joys.

Fix'd Meditation fills the Mind
With Thoughts of Goodneſs unconfin'd;
Love in that Goodneſs takes delight,
Longs to protract that bliſsful ſight,
She feels herſelf compleatly bleſt,
And there eternally would reſt.

Love to the Love immenſe adheres,
Nought more than Separation fears,
To nearer Union Love aſpires,
Appropriation ſhe deſires,
My Love, my Love, my Love, ſhe cries,
And ſtrives to nobleſt Hymn to riſe.

When Love from Thought ſublime deſcends,
Still ſhe to God, her Centre, tends,
Love all things worthleſs ſees below,
Vain Joys, with real Sin and Woe,
God in her Heart bears ſov'raign Sway,
Love makes her Pow'rs God's Laws obey.

Love, while at diſtance ſhe remains,
The Image of her Love retains,
She all the Graces calls to mind
Which in God's Son beloved ſhin'd;
He Love divine familiariz'd,
Deigning in Fleſh to be compriz'd.

Love, while in Abſence here ſhe ſtays,
Feels the ſweet Force of Jeſus Rays,
She melts all o'er at Jeſus Name,
Her Tears of Love foment her Flame,
She lives in Languor to lay by
Her Fleſh, which vails him from her Eye.

But that which moſt of all Love grieves,
From which ſhe daily Wounds receives,
Is Wandring, Tedium, Damp, and Chill,
Which oft in Duty check her Will,
Her Will, which never gives Conſents,
Remiſſions of her Zeal laments.

Love well her Heart moſt treach'rous knows,
And Malice of her ghoſtly Foes,
And the Out-poſt which guards the Lines
She to Self-Jealouſy aſſigns;
She lives in conſtant Watch and Pray'r
Againſt all Ill, Surprize, or Snare.

Herſelf an Holocauſt ſhe gives
To God, by whom ſhe loves and lives;

Thus

Thus lodg'd in God, ſhe dries her Tears,
She no Aſſault infernal Fears,
God will be ſure to guard his own
Till Love is to its Sphere reflown.

Proba to ſing her Turn in vain eſſay'd,
Her Strength was by her Love-efforts decay'd,
She long'd to utter what her Love conceiv'd,
But ſat down rather languiſhing than griev'd,
With Will reſign'd ſhe gave *Philothea* place,
And gave God Thanks for her more vig'rous Grace,
Philothea, till ſweet *Proba* Strength regain'd,
The Daughters with Love's Union entertain'd.

Union of Love.

When firſt by Jeſus lov'd, my Mind
To love my deareſt Lord inclin'd,
I felt the mighty Joys below,
Which none but Jeſus Lovers know,
Too great for Lovers to relate,
Preludiums of the bliſsful State,
Methought my Spirit liv'd above,
Was tranſubſtantiated to Love.

My Love, my Love, my Love, I cry'd,
Who wouldſt for me be crucify'd,
No mortal Love can reach a Hight
Proportion'd to Love infinite,
I'll yet thy Love to copy try,
Thou art all Love, and ſo am I,

Thou art all Love to worthleſs me,
I am all Love to lovely thee.

By Love my God and I unite,
We in each other co-delight,
We ſweetly in each other dwell,
Interpoſitions all repel,
O wondrous Force of Love divine,
Finite and infinite to join,
I nothing can to God diſpenſe,
And God to me is Love immenſe!

A Drop is more, compar'd to Sea,
Than Finite to Infinity,
A Drop is in the Ocean loſt,
But boundleſs Oceans I exhauſt,
I Vot'ry am of Godhead trine,
The co-eternal Three are mine,
My Love, while I in God abide,
By fontal Love is ſtill ſupply'd.

My Love to Love immenſe adheres,
And Lovers Abſence never fears,
God ſtill is near, I in each place
His gracious Effluences trace,
Were I confin'd to live alone
In th' Arctick or the Torrid Zone,
Nor Cold nor Heat could me annoy,
While my Belov'd I there enjoy.

Were

Were I from Human View exil'd,
To live in the *Arabian* wild,
In *Ætna*'s Gulf to make my Bed,
With dire Eruptions round my Head,
Or up in *Babel*'s Rubbiſh pent,
Or to the Land of Anguiſh ſent,
To herd with Serpent, Dragon, Owl,
With various Monſters fierce and foul.

No Solitude my Heart could grieve
While I to my Beloved cleave,
I'd midſt loud Thunders ſweetly reſt,
With Loves benign o'er-ſhadowing bleſt,
No pois'nous Brute could hurt or fright
While my Belov'd is in my ſight,
My Soul no horrid Monſters knows,
But Sins, which Love divine oppoſe.

Were I condemn'd throughout to tread
The Water of the Ocean dead,
While I the noiſom Fluid trod,
Upheld by all-ſufficient God,
Who ſtretch'd his mighty Hand to ſave
His Vot'ry ſinking in the Wave,
The Love divine my Soul would chear,
Stanch Danger, and Fatigue endear.

Were I within a crazy Bark
Toſs'd on the Ocean in the dark,
Or in an airy Vortex twirl'd
Between the low and upper World,

'Midſt Waves which high as Mountains roll,
Serene would be a Lover's Soul,
Centred in God, would perſevere
Unmov'd amidſt the whirling Sphere.

Were I into the Furnace thrown
Where hopeleſs Souls make hideous Moan,
Of Love divine one pow'rful Beam
Wou'd there perfume the ſulph'rous Steam,
The Fiends would from the Splendors fly,
I ſhould unſing'd and painleſs lie,
'Midſt Horrors of the dark Abyſs
I ſhould have heav'nly Light and Bliſs.

My God, thou all-ſufficient art,
The more thou doſt thyſelf impart
The higher ſtill my Love will riſe,
Thy Gift ſhall be my Sacrifice,
Ah if, ſad if! Love ſhould decay!
Chaſtize me when propenſe to ſtray!
And for my Purgatory Pain
The Joys of Love a while reſtrain.

The Angels reſt not Day or Night,
They Hymns eternally indite,
I lov'd by thee, Lord, more than they,
Should ſing a more exalted Lay,
Thy Beauties more and more diſcloſe,
For nobler Love my Soul diſpoſe,
Love, which ſtill climbing new Degrees,
By never reſting lives at eaſe.

Proba mean while ſat ſilent, in her Eye
Struggles of Death and Love one might deſcry,
One while it ſinking, fell, and dim appear'd,
Strait then it lively grew, and Heav'n-ward rear'd,
At laſt it lively and erect remain'd,
Love, ſtrong as Death, the Victory had gain'd,
Speech next return'd, and with a Voice yet faint,
She made Requeſt to the harmonious Saint,
Not to deſiſt from God-enam'ring Song,
Which, more than Cordials, would her Life prolong.
The Saint then *Pſyche* ſang, whoſe Name ſhe gueſs'd,
Since to all *Sion* dear, would pleaſe her beſt.

A Squadron of Hell Pow'rs combin'd
To make Aſſaults on *Pſyche*'s Mind,
She for Aſſiſtance pray'd,
To conquer or evade,
And as the Furies near her drew,
His downy Wings her Guardian o'er her threw.

While ſhe was in his Wings inclos'd,
The Rays of which they were compos'd,
Thro' her ſoft Heart conſpir'd,
And ev'ry Atom fir'd,
They both in Love harmonious join'd,
And to out-love each other co-inclin'd.

My Dear, dear Angel, *Pſyche* cry'd,
I'll thine unchangeably abide,
Should a high Seraph dreſs'd
In his moſt radiant Veſt,

Down

Down from his Bliſs to court me fly,
I for thy Sake that Seraph would deny.

O dear Embraces of ſweet Plumes,
Which breath reſtorative Perfumes,
O kind Angelick Breaſt,
Safe Shelter, and ſoft Reſt,
O Heav'n below within theſe Wings,
Where my Soul loves, and joys, and God-ward ſprings,
And God-ward ſprings for God alone,
We both a Love ſuperior own,
And if I love not thee
Next to the bleſſed Three,
Let my dear Guardian not be mine,
And from my Heart be torn by Wrath divine.

In thy Embrace O may I dwell
Secure from the Aſſaults of Hell,
Shouldſt thou thy Wings uncloſe,
And me to Sin expoſe,
The World will damp this ſacred Flame,
I thy Neglect of Guardian Care ſhall blame.

Pſyche, the Angel mildly ſpake,
Thou doſt my Guardian Care miſtake,
The Love I have for thee
Exceeds thy Love to me,
God from my Manſion me diſmiſs'd,
Thy Choice not to determine, but aſſiſt.

The

The glorious Seraph, who had flown
From his high Station near the Throne,
To visit the bleſs'd Maid,
Lodg'd in the bliſsful Shade,
Of his bright Wings his Duty skill'd,
Concurring always with the Good ſhe will'd.

When Hell's Attacks thy Strength tranſcend,
My Wings ſhall thee from Harms defend,
But for the fiery Darts
Shot daily at good Hearts,
The Shield of Faith will quench them all,
Kept wet with Tears of Love, which on it fall.

Infernal Ghoſts are fled away,
Love God, and thou wilt watch and pray,
Love never takes Repoſe
When jealous of its Foes,
Tho' from this Shade I thee diſmiſs,
I'll be thy Help, Guard, Guide, Support, to Bliſs.

See, *Pſyche*, how my Wings unite,
How both contribute to my Flight,
This, if I that expand,
Will not contracted ſtand,
Thus on your Love my Love ſhall wait,
And ſweetly with your Love co-operate.

Proba then roſe tremulous, weak, and wan,
Sustain'd by Love ſhe the next Song began;

Saints

Saints by ſweet Violence, force to Heav'n their way,
And with like Violence force Death's delay.

O Jeſus, thou moſt welcome art,
I feel thee templing in my Heart,
I into Hymn and Love diſſolve,
When I thy boundleſs Love revolve,
Like Hymn, like Love, bleſs'd *Mary* feiz'd
When God to fill her Womb was pleas'd.

Her Womb not long could God enfold,
I'll faſt my God for ever hold,
I love thee, Lord, with all my Might,
My Love thou ſolely doſt excite,
No Age can any Inſtance ſhew
That thou didſt from a Lover go.

Since, Lord, within this mortal Shell
Thy Deity vouchſafes to dwell,
Let no Remains of Ill profane
The Temple where thou doſt remain,
Some Sacrifice I muſt invent
To thee here templing to preſent.

'Tis not my Love will ſerve the turn,
Love's Flames already God-ward burn,
But a new Hymn I muſt compoſe,
Which ſome freſh Ardours may diſcloſe,
That I muſt to the Altar bring,
And ſacrifice it while I ſing.

Next

Next I ſome Prieſteſs muſt ordain
To offer my devoted Strain,
For Prieſteſs I my Love will chuſe,
Love ſhall the Sacrifice peruſe,
Which, if no Blemiſh Love can find,
Shall to the Altar be conſign'd.

But who of all *Eve*'s guilty Race
Of Hymn could reach ſuch perfect Grace,
That it no Tincture ſhould retain
Of Frailties, which our Nature ſtain?
The Saints in Bliſs could never frame
An Hymn that's worthy of God's Name.

Yet ſince 'twas Love the Off'ring made,
And humbly for Acceptance pray'd,
Love will for its Defects atone,
Love gains Admittance to the Throne,
Love, which has Heav'n within its Breaſt
When God there condeſcends to reſt.

Love, take the Scepter of my Soul,
All Springs of Paſſion to controul,
May no Deſire, Hope, Joy, Grief, Fear,
Without Love's Order there appear,
Lord, all the Pow'rs of Love enlarge,
Its Functions better to diſcharge.

But when thy Temple Walls of Clay
Shall moulder by degrees away,

Of

Of all its diſſipated Duſt
Thou wilt be an Accomptant juſt,
And when the Trump the Dead ſhall rouze,
Thou wilt my Body re-eſpouſe.

Tho' Death theſe mortal Walls deface,
Thou wilt not loſe thy Dwelling-place,
My Soul and Love immortal are,
Methinks they now for Flight prepare,
They my lov'd Jeſus ſhall enſhrine,
And plead him at the Throne divine.

This ſung, ſhe to her Cell was ſtrait convey'd,
Where ſhe for happy Diſſolution pray'd,
And ſtrengthen'd with the Euchariſtick Feaſt,
Jeſus her Spirit from her Fleſh releas'd;
As two ſweet Philomels in neighb'ring Neſts
Raiſe and continue emulous Conteſts,
And with all innocent Ambition ſtrive
Which ſhall the other's final Song ſurvive,
Till one of them amidſt her Song expires,
And has her Requiem ſung by th' airy Choirs,
While the Survivreſs in ſoft mournful Tones
The Death of Siſter *Philomel* bemoans;
Thus *Proba* and *Philothea*, that dear Pair,
In Love celeſtial ev'n-harmonious were,
Till tender *Proba* felt her Strength decline,
And ſhe expir'd in hymning Love divine;
Expir'd, but then her Soul more vig'rous grew,
And all her way to Heav'n ſhe hymning flew;

Philothea

Philothea ſang her Flight to bliſsful Reſt,
Longing to ſing with her among the Bleſt;
She of the two more vig'rous, yet betray'd,
By her ſoft Voice, her Sprightlineſs decay'd,
Yet ſtill in ſweet inflammatory Ode
Her Love, t'enflame the Daughters, overflow'd.

Love Enflam'd.

When e'er God's Loves I recollect,
Which Sinners, woe is me, neglect,
Tears up to a full Flood ariſe,
That Souls ſhould God, the Source of Bliſs, deſpiſe;
God, in whom all Inflammatives unite,
Which can our Love excite,
God, whom no Mortal ever truly knew,
But irreſiſtibly his Lover grew.

When Souls to God are reconcil'd,
God calls each Penitent his Child;
She is God's dear Paternal Care,
His Attributes to her propitious are,
She to what Hights Love boundleſs overflows,
By ſweet Experience knows,
She calls God Father, and in that dear Name
Lays to Paternal Bleſſings rightful Claim.

A Love all-wiſe my Soul inſtructs,
And all my Life to Heav'n conducts;
A Love almighty me ſupports
Againſt all Hell's impetuous Efforts;

A Love beneficent hears all my Cries.
And ev'ry Want ſupplies,
A Love infallible my Faith aſſures,
A Love long-ſuff'ring my Defects endures.

From boundleſs Love all Bleſſings flow;
Love all has promis'd to beſtow,
Love to that Promiſe is moſt juſt,
None ever can Love infinite diſtruſt,
Love at all times is preſent in my Need,
When I for Pity plead,
When Guilt, Diſtreſs, Grief, Frailty, Souls invade,
Love then brings Pardon, Comfort, Succour, Aid.

Love gives to all a free Acceſs,
Delights its Votaries to bleſs,
Love all Diſcouragements allays,
Love tenderly re-calls backſliding Strays,
In doing Good Love feels the moſt Repoſe,
And never weary grows,
Love when moſt importun'd takes moſt Delight,
Prone to diffuſe its Goodneſs infinite.

Love in Chaſtizements Beams diſplays,
Which Love in the Chaſtiz'd ſhould raiſe;
His Mercy tempers all their Ills
Blunts his keen Arrows, and his Thunder ſtills,
For Med'cines Love all his Corrections ſends,
Love only Love intends,
They are the Strokes of Love divine, not Ire,
And ſweetly in his Childrens Good conſpire.

God's

God's deareſt Loves my Life ſuſtain,
Not to re-love would be Hell Pain,
No Love divine can be in Hell,
Tho' all God's Loves are there remembred well;
God not to have re-lov'd is the chief Woe,
Which the damn'd Spirits know,
Juſtly are they eternally chaſtiz'd
Who infinite preventing Love deſpis'd.

Love the whole Univerſe deſign'd
To miniſter to Human Kind,
Love Pardon, Glory, Grace, ordain'd,
Love fontal boundleſs never can be drain'd,
Love infinite muſt all-ſufficient be,
God ſhews that Love to me,
In God I acquieſce, God fills Deſire,
O when ſhall I to God, my Love, aſpire!

As *Philomel* alone in tuneful Songs
Her Voice ſinks, raiſes, ſhortens, or prolongs,
And thro' the Scale's whole Compaſs charms the [Ears,
And with variety her Song endears,
With grave, acute, ſweet, mix'd, or double Note,
Sweetning her Air with Trillo's in her Throat,
As if ſhe could into Mens Paſſions dive,
And Tunes agreeable to all contrive,
That the harmonious Art of Pipes or Strings
Reach not the native Muſick which ſhe ſings,
And while the old one ſings, the liſt'ning young
Learn all the Modulations of her Tongue,

And then their Leſſons on their Boughs repeat,
While ſhe ſits ſinging in her high Retreat,
And ſinging Day and Night till Voice is ſpent,
And her own Neſt becomes her Monument;
Thus bleſs'd *Philothea* ſang the Love divine,
And to love God the Daughters to incline,
She ſang it, as it ſhines, in various Lights,
She ſang it as ſublim'd to rapt'rous Hights,
She ſang it as it various Graces fires,
Of Faith, Hope, Joy, Truſt, Pray'r, Zeal, Hymn, [Deſires;
All, while ſhe ſang, in Silence would remain,
And practiſe in their Cells each heav'nly Strain;
She ſang till her ſweet Voice, not Love grew faint,
The Mortal was quite tir'd, but not the Saint;
Her Soul was vig'rous, ready out to fly,
And with unweary'd Zeal hymn God on high;
With Jeſus in her Lips ſhe ſtrait ſank down,
And Heav'n-ward ſeem'd to fly to gain her Crown:
Macario and the Daughters Rivers ſhed
When they beheld the ſweet *Philothea* dead,
All proſtrate fell, and with ſtrong Ardours pray'd
That her celeſtial Bliſs might be delay'd;
Paul long'd to die, yet at the Saints Requeſt
God his Life lengthen'd, and deferr'd his Reſt;
Sweet *Sion*'s Songs would ſink ſhould her they loſe,
As once they ſank among the Captive *Jews*;
With ſtrong ſweet Violence they ſtorm'd God's Ear,
Till in the Saint Life ſeem'd to re-appear;

She

She on a ſudden gave a ſudden Start,
And ſtopt her Soul, juſt ready to depart,
O cruel Pray'r, ſhe cry'd, from th' happy Sphere
Which forc'd me back into this Vale of Tear,
My Soul was getting looſe, and had in ſight
The Joys, the Glories, in the Realm of Light,
I ſaw bleſs'd Souls new freed up Ether ſwim,
I heard them Jeſus, as they mounted, hymn,
Their Robes were like Angelick, full as bright,
Not well to be diſtinguiſh'd at firſt ſight,
The Angels flew on ſpreading Wings, but they
Unwing'd, as ſwiftly flew the ſpacious way,
By their centripetal connat'ral Force,
To their Triune, co-amiable Source,
Their Guardians flew before, to clear the Coaſts
From the Inſults of the damn'd airy Ghoſts;
My Soul juſt taking was a vig'rous Spring
To follow, but my Guardian couch'd his Wing,
And told me I in Fleſh muſt ſtill abide,
With God's Command I readily comply'd,
But hard Command, if God benign e'er laid;
O it was the Command I then obey'd;
But ſince 'tis God's high Will, God's Will be done,
My Days reſiduous I'll contented run;
But ſince my Eyes a Glimpſe of Heav'n have ſeen,
I can no Reliſh take in Things terrene,
Hymn, Joy, and Love, th' Employments are on high,
To them my Soul entirely I'll apply,
And if I by my ſupplemental Days
Can heav'nly Paſſions in the Daughters raiſe,

One bliſsful Moment richly will repay
All Joys I loſt by my terreſtrial Stay.
Forgive me, Lord, no Joys I loſt, but ſtill
My Heav'n poſſeſs'd while I obey'd thy Will;
The Angels never heav'nly Bliſs forego
When they are ſent to do God's Will below;
There's but one Will in Heav'n, the Will divine,
To that all Saints, all Angels, co-incline,
Should we by that ſole Will our Courſes ſteer,
This Earth would turn a beatifick Sphere;
Dear Siſters, by *Macario*'s pious Aid
Our earthly *Sion* heav'nly will be made.
Macario and the Daughters God ador'd,
Who the lov'd Saint to *Sion* had reſtor'd.
Philothea, who to God oft made requeſt
With Hymn and Love, like *Mary*, to be bleſt,
Could not forbear, before the Daughters roſe,
Their Meeting with the heav'nly Maid to cloſe.

Of all who e'er with Heart unfeign'd
Kept Virgin-Love for God unſtain'd,
Propending to no Ill,
With full Conſent of Will,
Bleſs'd *Mary* far excell'd,
Who all rebellious Paſſions quell'd.

She Jeſus in her Womb inclos'd,
There thrice three Months the Babe repos'd,
Then from his Priſon loos'd,
His Morning Beams diffus'd,

But

But in her heav'nly Mind
God-man for ever was enſhrin'd.

God-man his Mother pure rever'd,
And with a thouſand Loves endear'd,
She form'd him in her Breaſt,
By that more nobly bleſt,
Then while her Womb him bore,
As Saint, than Mother, honour'd more.

She ſuper-effluently grac'd,
Away the Pow'rs infernal chas'd,
Her Heart with God was fill'd,
No Thought could be inſtill'd
Her Innocence to ſoil,
But her chaſte Spirit would recoil.

In Reading, Meditation, Praiſe,
Pray'r, Charity, ſhe ſpent her Days,
Ne'er in the World immers'd,
With her dear Son convers'd,
His Beams to recollect,
And in Love-Languors to reflect.

Her Heart bleſs'd Jeſus Ark ſhe made,
Where he his Lovelineſs diſplay'd,
Where Love and Hymn ſhould wait
On Majeſtatick State,
They like the Cherubs plac'd,
The gracious *Shechinah* embrac'd.

Her ardent Love her Hymn ſupply'd,
Hymn Fuel would for Love provide,
Alternately both fir'd,
Alternately inſpir'd,
Alternately increas'd,
Their Alternations never ceas'd.

All Saints, like *Mary*, are enjoin'd
To form God-man in Hearts refin'd,
Each imitable Grace
Muſt there poſſeſs its place,
May I to Jeſus cleave,
And Jeſus in my Heart conceive.

When Jeſus in my Heart is form'd,
I ſhall no more by Hell be ſtorm'd,
His Graces He'll infuſe,
I ne'er ſhall Jeſus looſe,
My Love can ne'er grow cold,
While the Inflammative I hold.

This ſung, the Daughters heard the Ev'ning Call
To Pray'rs, and brake the Meeting in the Hall;
Philothea, *Mary* like, in Jeſus joy'd,
And in Magnificats her Days employ'd.

Urania:

URANIA:

OR,

The Spouſe's Garden.

Let the Word of God dwell in you richly, in all Wiſdom, teaching and admoniſhing one another in Pſalms, and Hymns, and ſpiritual Songs, Col. iv. 16.

URANIA.

YOU ask *Eugenio*, that dear Name,
Which ſets your *Theophil* on flame,
It is *Urania* fair,
She is above compare,
No Metaphors her Lovelineſs can paint,
Or how I love the Saint.

On Flow'rs, Gems, Sun, Moon, Stars, I gaze,
From them Expreſſions ſtrive to raiſe,
But find no Hights of Speech
Her Excellence can reach,

And no Poetick Rapture can declare
The Love to her I bear.

Should you a Female Seraph ſee,
You at firſt Glance would ſay 'twas ſhe,
Yet to your fuller Sight
Urania is more bright,
She the Idea ſeems of Woman-kind
In the Eternal Mind.

There is a Glory on her Face,
Each Motion has celeſtial Grace,
Her Eyes dart Love divine,
And whereſoe'er they ſhine
No Heart is able to reſiſt the Rays
Which ſweetly ſhe diſplays.

The Sun has Spots, but ſhe is clear,
His Beams decline and diſappear,
He bury'd lies in Night,
She is eternal Light,
A beatifick Splendor ſhe retains,
Splendor which never wanes.

When 'tis her Pleaſure to diſcourſe,
Each Word has ſuch ſweet mighty Force,
That Saints her Lips revere,
Rap't when her Voice they hear,
All Joys to which a boundleſs Soul propends
She only comptehends.

To

To her O may your Love aſcend,
May ſhe be ever my Friend's Friend,
You ſhall my Rival be,
Have equal Love with me,
Urania's Lovers never jealous are,
All the like Favours ſhare.

The World will to allure you ſtrive,
And ſenſual Loves for you contrive,
Strong Philtrums it diſtils,
Intoxicating Wills,
A whole laſcivious Legion it will train
To court us to our Bane.

On fair *Urania* fix your Eyes,
You'll then all earthly Loves deſpiſe,
Contemplate Day and Night
Her dear tranſporting Sight,
Her Joys no Diminution have, no End,
And mortal Thought tranſcend.

Since you requeſt me to diſcloſe
Inflammatives which me diſpoſe
Urania to admire,
Chariſſa light the Fire,
Your *Theophil* his Paſſion ſhall reveal,
That you like Love may feel.

The SPOUSE's GARDEN.

IN Dream or Rapture on a Day
Methought I carried was away,
My Guardian me up caught,
And gently to the Spouſe's Garden brought.

There *Theonymphe*'s Beauty ſhines,
She, Jeſus Spouſe, gilds all the Lines,
There Jeſus oft deſcends,
And there the Choir Angelick him attends.

There I the Spouſe's Virgins ſaw
Attending her with ſweeteſt Awe,
And on a ſudden grew
In Love with all the Virgins at firſt view.

Chariſſa's there the heav'nly Muſe,
Wont Love celeſtial to infuſe,
She could aſſiſt me beſt,
And worthy Songs of things divine ſuggeſt.

I for *Chariſſa*'s gracious Aid
Addreſs to *Theonymphe* made,
She ſtrait *Chariſſa* ſent
Song ſacred to inſpire, and Love foment.

With that again I look'd about
To ſingle a fair Virgin out,
But in no one could reſt,
They all had equally my Heart poſſeſt.

I then of *Theonymphe* crave
I univerſal Love might have,
She mildly gives Conſent,
And then my Love had its deſir'd Extent.

Yet I *Uranie* moſt admir'd,
She moſt my Love and Numbers fir'd,
She Conſtellation ſeem'd
Of ev'ry Grace which from the others beam'd.

Chariſſa on a ſudden flown,
Left me diſconſolate alone,
My Spring I felt was dry,
Chariſſa had withdrawn divine Supply.

I tun'd my Lyre, I choſe a Key
Which beſt might with my Love agree,
But when I try'd to ſing,
Hoarſe was my Voice, Love chill, down fell my String.
Stark cold my Heat Poetick grew,
With thoſe Inflammatives in view,
I dear *Chariſſa* miſs'd,
My Love, String, Voice, and Genius, to aſſiſt.

For the fair Saint to aid my Song
I ſought among the lovely Throng,
Could no *Chariſſa* find,
And to the Virgins open'd thus my Mind.

CHARISSA.

Saw ye my Friend this way,
O fair celeſtial Virgins, ſay,
For Jeſus Sake my wandring Spirit guide
Where ſhe may be deſcry'd,
For ſince ſhe from my Eyes withdrew
No Hymn I ſang, no happy Hour I knew.

The Virgins anſwer'd meek,
Who is that Lover whom you ſeek?
See if your Friend, whoſe Preſence you deſire,
Is in our Virgin Choir,
Or paint her Beauty to our Eye,
That we may know her as ſhe paſſes by.

Alas! ſhe is not here,
And yet in ev'ry Virgin dear
I ſome bright Feature ſcatter'd of her find,
Which are in her combin'd,
In Love with you ſhe made me fall,
But made me love *Urania* beſt of all.

She charmingly me draws
To like and chuſe God's holy Laws,
She graves in Moments opportune
The Love of God triune,
And mildly me upbraids, Ah, Friend,
How can you ſuch Love infinite offend?

She, as ſhe ſweetly ſpeaks,
With Love my Heart obdurate breaks,

When

When it lies broken, weeping, and in Pain,
She makes it whole again,
God's Mercy ſhe to me reveals,
Who for dear Jeſus Sake my Pardon ſeals.

To God when reconcil'd,
She forms me into God's own Child,
Freſh Motives of *Urania*'s Love inſpires,
And freſh Devotion fires,
My Mind illumines, ſteers my Will,
Creates a firm Antipathy to Ill.

The more ſhe Love excites,
The more my Duties grow Delights,
Celeſtial Suavity my Soul o'erflows,
No greater Bliſs it knows
Than to love God, and God obey,
And languiſh for his beatifick Ray.

My Steps ſhe gently guides,
O'er all my Actions ſhe preſides,
Prevents, co-operates, to Perfection brings,
She opens all my Springs,
The Streams ſhe up to God directs,
And my Propenſions from the World deflects.

My charitable Saint
Invig'rates me when e'er I faint,
When I am ſinking ſhe my Spirit rears,
And when afflicted, chears,

From

From Sin and Danger me reſtrains,
And when I fall, my Standing ſhe regains.

In all laps'd Human Race
She ſows the Seeds of ev'ry Grace;
She Souls to the Similitude divine
Strives ſweetly to refine,
I nothing am without her Aid,
Ah, if ſhe leaves me, Hell will me invade.

Such is my gracious Friend,
Ah, if you ſaw her this way tend,
For Love of Jeſus her Abode diſcloſe,
And ſet me at Repoſe,
I cannot live from her apart,
She left the Shell, and took away my Heart.

The Virgins then reply'd,
There is no need we you ſhould guide;
Chariſſa 'tis you ſeek, we ſee her ſtand
Next you, at your Right Hand,
When ſhe ſweet Influence ſuſpends,
She carefully her Lovers ſtill attends.

With that I look'd about,
And my glad Eyes ſoon found her out,
Dear Saint, ſaid I, for bright *Urania*'s Sake,
Care of her Lover take,
Should you withdraw your Preſence dear,
Urania's Love cools when you diſappear.

THEOPHIL.

Soon as my Sight *Chariſſa* bleſs'd,
She Fire re-kindled in my Breaſt,
My Strings in Chords combin'd,
In eaſy Numbers I could ſing my Mind.

Since that on all the Virgin Choir
I ſing ſoft Dittys to my Lyre,
When I my Number fill,
Their Beauties freſh Poetick Heat inſtil.

I then another Round begun,
And a freſh Round when that was done,
My Verſe could ne'er be drain'd,
Each time I view'd them I new Matter gain'd.

I bright *Urania* moſt rever'd,
But ſo ſeraphick ſhe appear'd,
My humble Love forbore
To ſuch an hight of Excellence to ſoar.

My humble Love *Urania* ſaw,
And with a Look forbidding Awe
Kind Intimations gave,
That I to her Addreſſes ſhould not wave.

Then num'rous Songs of her I made,
My Songs ſhe with kind Looks repay'd,
I rap't was at her ſight,
She was ſo ſuperefluently bright.

When

When I of other Virgins ſung,
Urania ſo poſſeſs'd my Tongue,
That oft beſides my Aim
I for that Virgin ſang *Urania*'s Name.

The Virgins all high Joys expreſt
To ſee me love *Urania* beſt.
And ſtrove with Motives ſweet
My Love to fix, to heighten, to compleat.

Yet tho' I lov'd *Urania* moſt,
Damn'd Spirits from the envious Coaſt
Me to ſtrange Loves betray'd,
When for a while I left the hallow'd Shade.

Oft I the mild *Urania* griev'd,
She gently me as oft retriev'd,
Till Love, when grown mature,
Would no inſidious Rival Luſt endure.

Let other Poets unrefin'd
Squander on wanton Love the Mind,
Should they *Urania* ſee,
They'd of *Urania* ſing, and love like me.

FIDELIA.

O my *Fidelia*, ſweet as fair,
My Love no longer can forbear,
'Tis time that you ſhould know
How your Attractives all my Soul o'erflow,

You

You are my Heart's Delight,
On Earth I live, I love by Faith, and not by Sight.

All lovely God his Beauties ſhrowds
In diſtant majeſtatick Clouds,
And our terreſtial Race
In his ſeen Works his unſeen Godhead trace;
You, to our Knowledge dim,
Teach an enlighten'd Faith and glorious God to hymn.

Bleſs'd were thoſe Human Eyes of old
Who God incarnate could behold,
What they all clearly ſaw
We only from traduc'd Senſation draw,
It is your ſteddy Eye
Which can by ghoſtly view the ocular ſupply.

All your ſtrong Motives recollect,
Aſſiſt me while I all inſpect,
All Propheſies fulfill'd,
Into the ancient Prophets pre-inſtill'd,
Thoſe chiefly of God-man,
Who on the dol'rous Croſs his Victory began.

The poor mean Perſons Jeſus choſe
Truth Evangelick to diſcloſe,
With Love celeſtial fir'd,
With ſuper-human Myſteries inſpir'd,
What Miracles they wrought,
What worthy Truths of God with God-like Force they taught.

How though Hell Pow'rs their Souls aſſail'd,
The Doctrine of the Croſs prevail'd,
And Heav'n, which lay conceal'd,
Was clearly to the *Gentile* World reveal'd,
What Tortures they ſuſtain'd,
By Martyrdoms ſevere, what wondrous Conqueſts gain'd.
The Gift, the Graces, they poſſeſs'd,
In heav'nly-minded Lives expreſs'd,
How they themſelves deny'd,
All Good encourag'd, and all Ill defy'd,
Invet'rate Vice reclaim'd,
How they not at their own, but God's ſole Glory aim'd.
Impreſs all theſe, and me advance,
Of bright *Urania* to one Glance,
Then ſweet Experience join,
That I may feel the Pow'rs of Truth divine,
And I'll for Jeſus die,
As much aſſur'd as tho' I ſaw him with my Eye.

SPERANZA.

Fair, ſweet *Speranza*, caſt your Anchor here,
Lend me a gentle Ear;
To Lovers you give Hopes of Bliſs,
None in Deſpondence you diſmiſs,
On your kind Anchor I'll recline,
And to your Guidance all I am reſign.

I

I live alas in Ignorance below,
Of Heav'n I little know,
Supernal Joys, tho' I believe,
I cannot fully them conceive,
Remote they from my Prospect lie,
My mortal Sight can never reach so high.

Go, and on all the Promises reflect
God makes to his Elect,
Infuse them all into my Heart,
Shew me in all my Part,
That when to God I have recourse,
I with a Promise may my Pray'r enforce.

Your steddy Anchor to my Spirit give,
I stay'd on that will live,
That shall my num'rous Wants supply,
On that in Dangers I'll rely,
When I to God for Pardon plead,
A Promise will make all my Tears succeed.

You assist in Sorrows with a kind Effort
My drooping Soul support,
My Spirit in all Failings chear,
With humble Hope I am sincere,
And when to God I breath my last,
I'll in my very Grave my Anchor cast.

Tho' then my Dust shall long Vacation keep,
My Death will be but Sleep,

My ſcatter'd Duſt in Hope ſhall reſt,
To join, and be for ever bleſs'd,
And when I put off Fleſh, to you
I with *Urania* rapt ſhall bid adieu.

PHILOTHEA.

Faireſt *Philothea*, I this Day
Devote to you my Love-ſick Lay,
You are the prime Ideal Grace
Which in ſweet Paradiſe had place,
You Man, when innocent, poſſeſt,
E'er he to Luſt gave harbour in his Breaſt.

You ſway'd the Bent of Human Kind,
You Man to central God inclin'd,
Taught how his Paſſions ſhould conſpire
Great God to love and to admire,
His Benefactor to adore,
Who had enrich'd him with ſuch wealthy Store.

But Man forſook his God and you,
From your ſweet Conduct madly flew,
Laps'd Human Race feel to their Coſt
What with their Innocence they loſt,
You ſtill are Love, and Love's your Name,
O kindle in me that primeval Flame!

Shew me *Urania* in her Sphere,
All Motives which her Sight endear,

Shew

Shew me ſweet Jeſus on the Tree,
Pain'd, bleeding, gaſping, dead for me,
All your Inflammatives combine
To ſet me all on fire with Love divine.

My Heart next help me to ſurvey,
And how I boundleſs Love repay,
How I on Sin my Spirit ſpend,
How oft the God of Love offend,
There a ſad Proſpect will appear,
Fit Subject for Grief, Shame, Confuſion, Fear.

Give my hard Heart a tender Stroke,
The Heart by Love is ſooneſt broke,
My Heart when ſoften'd will ſupply
With a whole River either Eye,
I'll *Peter*'s Grief for Sin exceed,
And while my Eyes run down my Heart ſhall bleed.

When I for all the Wounds have griev'd
Dear Jeſus from my Sins receiv'd,
With his ſoft Love my Soul reſtore,
His Love can only heal the Sore,
When you my drooping Spirit raiſe,
I'll love him, and I'll hymn him all my Days.

DESIDERIA.

Caſt on me, *Deſideria*, a ſoft Eye,
Leſt my Heart die,

With you in Nature I conspire,
Like you, am all Desire,
Should you from me retreat
My Heart would lose all vital heav'nly Heat.

When Faith's obscure, and Hope has lost its Hold,
And Love grows cold,
Then I no Refuge have but you,
Bliss endless to pursue,
I to Desire must fly,
No other Grace their Virtues can supply.

When daily Frailties, which I oft bewail,
O'er me prevail,
When my Thought, Meditation, Pray'r,
Disturb'd and wandring are,
Nought can Relief impart,
But in Desires to ease my languid Heart.

My Constancy you never need suspect,
When I reflect
On all Things with impartial Eyes
Which Heav'n and Earth comprize,
Nothing but God I find
Fit to attract an Heav'n-born boundless Mind.

Of Love and of Fruition Heav'ns the Sphere,
Desire reigns here,
Love longs to native Heav'n to go,
In Exile here below

Can-

Cannot Heav'n aſpire,
But by ejaculated warm Deſire.

You 'twixt my dear *Urania* and me
Shall Envoy be,
My *Deſideria* Day and Night
Shall take an Heav'n-ward Flight,
I ſtill have Buſineſs there,
Of Love divine you'll manage my Affair.

Swifter than Morning Rays you'll take your Flight
To bleſſful Sight,
When Death my Spirit ſhall unſheath,
And I my laſt ſhall breath,
I'll to *Urania* ſoar,
And loving Face to Face, deſire no more.

CORDELIA.

Know you, *Cordelia*, my Abode,
Where I of Grief have daily Load?
'Tis in the Vale of Tear,
Where Eye and Ear
Can Witneſs be
How oft I gracious God offended ſee.

But that which moſt afflicts my Mind,
Is to behold myſelf inclin'd
With as deprav'd a Will
To the like Ill,

And that ſad View
Pierces my Heart with Sorrow thro' and thro'.

Your Help, ſweet dear *Cordelia*, give,
Tho' in the Vale of Tear I live,
Ah, look on either Eye,
My Springs are dry,
I much offend,
Yet on my Sins have ſcarce one Drop to ſpend.

From your Repoſitory pour
Tears into me, for you have ſtore
My Tears ſhall then ariſe
And ſwell my Eyes,
Which ſhall diſtil
Till you ſhall ſay that I have wept my Fill.

Yet do not then my Spirit leave,
I Tears ſhall want afreſh to grieve,
My Eyes I ſtill muſt drain,
Muſt weep again
When I well weigh
How boundleſs Love is outrag'd ev'ry day.

Still, fair one, with my Soul abide,
So conſtantly my Eyes ſupply'd,
Sweet Jeſus will endear
My bitterest Tear,
For Bliſs when ripe
Urania from my Eyes all Tears will wipe.

HILA-

HILARIA.

O 'tis a long, a tedious Year,
Since laſt I ſaw my Dear,
For while you with me ſtay,
Tho' a whole Year, ſeems but a Day,
Yet in true Love's Eſteem
One Day of Abſence a whole Year will ſeem.

My Hours I ever ſince you went
In Lamentation ſpent,
I Troubles feel within,
Still guſhing from the World and Sin,
And the ſweet Taſte I loſe
Of Heav'n and Grace, which you alone infuſe.

On bright *Urania*, fix your Eyes,
Hilaria then replies,
She'll be your conſtant Joy,
Which no one Trouble can deſtroy,
No ſublunary Woes
Urania's faithful Lovers diſcompoſe.

Her Lovers live in joyful ſenſe
That God is Love immenſe,
Moſt mighty, and moſt wiſe,
In Conduct, Aid, Support, Supplies,
That Love immenſe and he
In bliſsful Friendſhip ſhould united be.

His Dangers, Sorrows, Slanders, Pains,
Love tempers and reſtrains,

He

He ſees the Friend in all
The Miſeries which him befall,
Makes to his Friend Addreſs,
And never fails of Succour in Diſtreſs.

Jeſus a conſtant Croſs endur'd,
Yet conſtant Joy ſecur'd,
Joy always in his Mind,
His Father all his Woes deſign'd,
His Father's Love he knew,
And in his Agony kept Love in view.

None who in Jeſus Footſteps tread
Can feel true Grief or Dread,
But keeping God in ſight,
In Love immenſe may take delight,
Their Woes are ſhort which Joys
Eternal infinitely overpoiſe.

You'll ne'er have real Trouble more
If you your Sins deplore,
From ev'ry Tear you weep
You will the Joys of Pardon reap,
And Joy will firm abide,
When Sin, the Source of Miſery, is dry'd.

EULABIA.

From your dear Sight, *Eulabia*, I withdrew,
And ever ſince the parting rue,

You

You courted me to ſtay,
I raſhly ran away,
A ſudden Paſſion me aſſail'd,
Which by my yielding over me prevail'd.

My God, *Uranio*, and myſelf I loſt,
With violent Temptation toſs'd,
Methought on this World's Wave
T'wards Rocks my Veſſel drave,
No Helm I had to rule my Bark,
And I t'wards Sin was hurry'd in the Dark.

Danger at laſt my drowſy Soul awoke,
And made me gracious God invoke,
To Pity God inclin'd,
Sent Light and proſp'rous Wind,
I by his Mercy reach'd the Shore,
And vow'd to truſt Self-confidence no more.

Safe landed I gave God his Praiſes due,
Reſolving to fly back to you,
My Conſcience to me taught
What had my Danger wrought,
Ah, leaving you I left God's Fear,
And wanted Light, Skill, Helm, my Boat to ſteer.

Eulabia for th' adopting Spirit pray'd,
Which ſoon my Soul his Temple made,
O then my Heart I felt
To filial Paſſion melt,

I call'd God Father, and could frame
My Tongue to call him by no other Name.

Love heav'nly, which all ſervile Fear excels,
Congenial with the filial dwells,
In Sin God's Sons diſclaim
The Turpitude and Shame,
They, ſhould no Torment Sin attend,
Would grieve ſo good a Father to offend.

God, our great Judge, ſees Hearts, and views [within
The Riſe, Growth, Strength, Reſerves of Sin:
O may I Day and Night
God's Preſence keep in ſight,
I ſhall no wilful Evil do
While my tremendous Judge is in my view.

FIDUCIA.

Since, fair *Fiducia*, I lov'd you,
I no one Trouble knew,
O happy Day
When you taught me the way
My God to pleaſe,
And ſtaid on God my reſtleſs Soul to eaſe.

I in the World long ſought Repoſe,
And nothing got but Woes,
Could nothing find
To fill a boundleſs Mind,

'Tis

'Tis a vain thing,
Of Diſappointments the empoiſon'd Spring.

E'en my own Heart I could not truſt,
Fond of inſidious Luſt,
Which e'er enjoy'd
In its Approach deſtroy'd,
All that I gain'd
Was but by freſh Vexations to be pain'd.

You taught that I ſhould God atone
By penitential Moan,
On God to reſt,
Confiding to be bleſs'd;
O it was you
Taught me my Vow baptiſmal to renew.

Soon as with God I Cov'nant made,
God was my God you ſaid,
I call'd God mine,
Rely'd on Love divine,
And from that Hour
Sin, Luſt, the World, had over me no Pow'r.

My God I cry'd, by that high Name
I laid to God a Claim,
My Soul was fill'd,
Urania Joys inſtill'd,
O I had Store,
I had unfathom'd Ocean void of Shore.

In

In God's Perfections all I ſhar'd,
To call them mine I dar'd,
I all could ſee
Propitious then to me,
Want, Danger, Grief,
Craving before, in them found full Relief.

To my God's Wiſdom I ſubmit,
To chuſe what he thinks fit,
In my God's Might
My Soul is free from Fright,
And I am ſure
That my God's Truth his Promiſe will ſecure.

O I'll my God my Refuge make,
He'll never me forſake,
O the Abyſs
Of the ecſtatick Bliſs,
Tranſcending Senſe
In the appropriating of Love immenſe!

EUSEBIA.

You, fair *Euſebia*, God adore,
You all his Saints with Fervour ſtore,
With Thanks to God I gratefully remind
The Leſſons which you taught to conſecrate Man-
[kind.
The Thoughts of God in Wiſdom, Might,
Dominion, Goodneſs, infinite,

Of

Of all Exiſtence Source, our Souls incline
To worſhip, hymn, admire, the Majeſty Divine.

God's glorious Excellence ſupreme
Excites a ſuitable Eſteem,
Eſteem and Adoration, which to none
Communicable is, but boundleſs God alone.

Frail Human Race on God depends,
God us ſuſtains, ſupports, defends,
And our Dependance on his gracious Care,
Should to depending Souls Recumbence teach and Pray'r.

Had Man continued ſtill unſtain'd,
He ſtill God's Debtor had remain'd,
Our Hymns had infinitely fall'n below
Immenſa Philanthropy, to which our All we owe.

Since, O my God, my All is thine,
I'll in the World ſtile nothing mine,
'Tis Sacrilege to alienate one Thought
From what God-man by Price ineſtimable bought.

I'll like *Urania*'s Lover live,
To God myſelf entirely give,
Raiſe all my Pow'rs, your Vigour moſt intenſe,
To render Homage due to Majeſty immenſe.

Thy Goodneſs, Lord, in ev'ry Light
Devout Affections will excite,

Thou,

Thou, Lord, ſhalt have my Tongue, Hands, Knees,
[and Eyes,
With my enamour'd Heart they all ſhall ſympathize.

To all that's thine I'll Rev'rence pay,
To Prieſt, Revenue, Temple, Day;
Word, Worſhip, Inſtitutions, Laws, and Name,
Due Honour for thy Sake they all moſt juſtly claim.

But that in which I moſt ſhall joy,
Which moſt ſhall all my Pow'rs employ,
Shall be in hymning thee to ſpend my Days,
And to begin in Trine Eternity of Praiſe.

Primeval Worſhip, Lord, retrieve,
For whoſe Decays the Faithful grieve,
For as thy Temple-Off'rings fall or riſe,
Hymnody chills or fires, Religion lives or dies.

May I, as *David* wiſh'd, abide
Where thou art always glorify'd,
Nothing reſembles Heav'n ſo lively here,
As when God-hymning Saints in God's own Houſe
[appear.

HUMILIA.

You, ſweet *Humilia*, the more lovely are
The leſs you know you're fair,
You ſtrive to vail your Face,
Yet ev'ry ſingle Grace

Its

Its Lovelineſs betrays,
You'll never find a Cloud which can eclipſe your
[Rays.

O ſtay with me till in my Heart, fair Saint,
I your Idea paint,
I having that in view
Shall humble be, like you,
Shall ugly Pride deteſt,
When your all-charming Form is on my Soul im-
[preſt.
All that is good in Man, e'en good Deſires,
'Tis gracious God inſpires,
Vile Men can nothing claim
But ſelf-confounding Shame,
That Good by God infus'd
They have with Frailty ſoil'd, or to ill Ends miſ-
[us'd.
Pride, Lord, would of thy Glory thee diveſt,
And thou doſt Pride deteſt,
Urania it forſakes,
Self-love its Idol makes,
Thou, jealous of thy Name,
Next *Lucifer* in Hell for Pride haſt kept the Flame.

When thy juſt Vengeance ſhalt the Proud bring
[down,
Thou wilt the Humble crown,
In Jeſus they confide,
The humble Soul's beſt Guide,

They all Self-love deny,
All Merit they renounce, and on thy Grace rely.
[know,
Their Diſtance they, and their own Vileneſs
And what to thee they owe,
Thy Glory they intend,
Still fearful to offend,
All Praiſe on them beſtow'd,
They thankfully refund on thee, from whom it
[flow'd.

O may I ſtudy my own ſelf to learn,
My Vileneſs to diſcern,
Permit no Fancies vain
Urania's Love to ſtain,
Still willing to be taught
By others what I am and feel, a thing of nought!

My God, tho' I unworthy am to pray,
My Jeſus makes me way,
More vile I am, the more
Thy Mercy I'll adore,
In thine and my own Eyes
The lower I ſink down, the higher I ſhall riſe.

DEVOTA.

I thought her Angel at firſt ſight
Her Look was like *Urania*'s, heav'nly bright,
But at leſs diſtant view
My Saint I knew,

It

It was *Devout* to a Shade retir'd,
The Incenſe of her Pray'r was newly fir'd.

My Soul I felt give vig'rous ſpring
To burſt its Union, and to get on Wing.
Fain it to her would fly.
Her Soul to eye,
O her Devotion had moſt charming Grace,
O I impatient was her Flight to trace!

At laſt my Soul its Paſſage forc'd,
And from my Body ſeem'd a while divorc'd,
In Rapture as ſhe pray'd
I her ſurvey'd,
And when my Soul its Manſion re-aſſum'd,
Methought all o'er I with her Incenſe fum'd.

Her Heart in Heav'n enkindled Love,
Burns conſtant Holocauſt to God above;
And with vivacious Might
To Heav'n takes Flight,
Alacrity Angelick ſhe betrays
In her Obedience, Love, Devotion, Praiſe.

She from the World oft makes Retreats,
She there *Urania* and dear Jeſus meets,
Jeſus with heav'nly Strains
She entertains,
With Hymns and Pray'rs ſhe courts his bliſsful Stay,
And lives in Langhor when he goes away.

When Jeſus for a while withdraws,
She then will hear him in his ſacred Laws,
His holy Book will read
With rev'rend Heed,
She knows, ſhe loves, her beſt Beloved's Voice,
And makes his Croſs, to which he calls, her Choice.

By Meditation fix'd and deep
She of her Reading ſtrives the Crop to reap,
With Judgment unperplex'd
Reviews the Text,
Revolves, repeats, applies, infers, compares,
Till ſhe to all Affections gives their Shares.

Her Mind melts Truth into her Will,
Faith, Hope, Love, Joy, Contrition, to inſtil,
She ev'ry Truth can taſte,
And none runs waſte,
Of what ſhe taſtes the Reliſh ſhe retains,
And holy Life enriches with her Gains.

She more to Grace than Gifts inclin'd,
Lives with *Urania* in ſtrict Friendſhip join'd,
To love God ſhe aſpires,
More not deſires,
And when with Love divine ſhe brighteſt flames,
More at Sincerity than Rapture aims.

The Days to God devoted ſhe reveres,
Her Life ſhe by the Saints Memorials ſteers,
Attend-

Attending with due Care
The Hours of Pray'r,
She ſacred Faſts and Stations ſtrictly keeps,
And for the publick Provocations weeps.

God's Houſe her Paradiſe ſhe ſtiles,
Loves thoſe Souls moſt whom the World leaſt defiles.
Their Ardours to excite
Is her Delight,
'Tis her chief Joy the Altar to frequent,
With Love on Jeſus crucify'd intent.

A Chriſt-like Zeal her Soul o'erpower'd,
By that ſhe wholly ſeem'd to be devour'd.
Could not herſelf contain
At Acts profane,
Afflicted and incens'd when e'er ſhe ſaw
Bold Deſecrations of God's Houſe or Law.

May I by her my Paſſions frame,
Enkindle at her Fervours ſacred Flame,
When e'er my Ardours ſink,
Her Zeal re-think,
And from the Damps which here my Soul moleſt,
Riſe to the endleſs Raptures of the Bleſt!

ANOCHIA.

Revil'd, Oppreſs'd with cauſleſs Hate,
And perſecuted by falſe Friends ingrate,

An Hurricane roſe in my Breaſt,
Which gave my Soul no Reſt,
From Wave to Wave my Bark was toſs'd,
My heav'nly Freight in danger to be loſt.

While meditating Wrath I ſtay'd,
Anchia mild a Viſit to me made,
Her ſoft, devout, endearing Eye,
Soon made the Fury fly,
My Blood enflam'd ſhe gently chill'd,
To regular from rapid Motion ſtill'd.

Ah, Friend, ſhe ſaid, with Accent ſweet,
Did you from ſuff'ring Jeſus learn this Heat?
The Name of Jeſus pierc'd me thro',
She ſaw it, and withdrew,
O to add more ſhe had no need,
At Jeſus Name my Heart began to bleed.

O cruel Wrath, when uncontroul'd,
In Human Gore how often have you roll'd?
The Hearts which lodge you, you diſturb,
You ſtrive to break all Curb,
To angry Souls create more Woe
Than all the Wrongs of an inveterate Foe.

No Low'rings are in Glory ſeen,
My dear *Urania* always is ſerene,
God's Will to ſuffer or to do,
Jeſus I learn from you,

Your

Your Soul was patient, meek, sedate,
No Provocations could your Calm abate.

Your Cross you to the Saints traduc'd,
Their Wrath they never, when provok'd, unsluc'd,
To render Good for Evil taught,
And damp revengeful Thought,
They for their Foes made Christ-like Pray'r,
That they with them might in God's Mercy share.

O gracious Father, ev'ry Day
Sinners thy Love with Outrages repay,
Yet thou long-suff'ring art, and slow
To bend thy 'vengeful Bow,
I in thy Patience long have shar'd,
Which me in my Backslidings mildly spar'd.

When I am injur'd or reuil'd,
May I be, like the Lamb Eternal, mild,
May I the most Obdurate break
By Temper soft and meek,
Heap Coals of Love upon his Head,
Till melting, he relenting Tears shall shed!

The holy Spirit, Source of Love,
The Likeness chose of a meek, harmless Dove,
He dwells in Hearts from Rancour clean,
Sweet, tender, and serene,
And when revengeful Tempests rise,
With heav'nly Love and Joy away he flies.

Father, Lamb, Dove, the bleſſed three,
A Temper teach from all Revenges free,
Father, may I for Jeſus Sake
Of thy ſweet Dove partake,
With Lamb-like Meekneſs to ſuſtain
All thou art pleas'd for Trial to ordain.

THEOTROPIA.

I, *Theotropia*, learn'd from you
God's wiſe Diſpoſals to review,
And to the Will divine
Entirely to give mine,
And ever ſince your ſweeteſt Voice I heard,
You have my troubled Spirit chear'd.

Your Eyes to God exalted are,
You know his Providential Care,
All Things on him depend,
In their Riſe, Growth, and End,
Deriv'd from his Permiſſion or Decree,
Of all you the Alotments ſee.

God pow'rful, gracious, wiſe and juſt,
Cannot to Chance Events entruſt,
And all that Man betides
God bounds, proportions, guides,
We ſhould, as coming from God's Hand, receive
All things in which we joy or grieve.

On God's Almighty Pow'r we reſt,
His Wiſdom chuſes what is beſt,

His

His Goodneſs Pity takes,
And ne'er a Saint forſakes,
His Juſtice will no cauſeleſs Trouble give,
Recumbing on all three we live.

From hence Faith, Hope, Joy, Fear,
On theſe four Wings my Soul I'll rear,
She'll ſtrive to ſoar as high
As four wing'd Seraphs fly,
When t'wards *Urania* dear ſhe ſpreads her Wing,
She'll of God's Love and Wiſdom ſing.

She ſees what gracious God ordains,
She follows his myſterious Trains,
All merciful Intents,
All wonderful Events,
All Evils, from their Ranges and Reſtraints,
Concentring in the Good of Saints.

My Will to thee, Lord, I commit,
Do with it what thy Love thinks fit,
Secure ſhe'll reſt with thee,
In Danger ſtill with me,
Lord, keep her ſafe, the World, if back ſhe flies,
To ſeize her in ſtrong Ambuſh lies.

Ah, ſhould ſhe 'ſcape that furious Striſe,
Yet paſſing thro' the Waves of Life
She'd from her Polar Line
T'wards Vanities decline,

O ſhe would drive me on ſome dang'rous Shore,
O never truſt me with her more.

God, who firſt loving, Love expects,
A Lover's Off'ring ne'er rejects,
To God my All I ow'd,
To God my All reflow'd,
And ever ſince my God my Will poſſeſs'd,
The World could never me moleſt.

When Providence a Lover tries,
Or will his Overſights chaſtize,
Paternal Love in God
Benignly guides the Rod,
It heals where'er it wounds, and its Deſign
Is not a Saint to grieve, but to refine.

Man cannot his Dependance quit,
Muſt to God's Sov'raignty ſubmit,
God's Rule muſt undergo,
Whether he will or no,
They only happy are who God's high Will,
Not out of Force, but Choice fulfil.

While my own Will with God ſhall cloſe,
I challenge all infernal Foes
To raiſe a troublous Storm,
Or Perſecution form,
Urania's Love to cool, or damp my Joy,
Or my ſweet Peace in God deſtroy.

If

If God ſends Pain, I crave no Eaſe,
If God ſends Death, e'en Death will pleaſe,
God's Will all Woes endears,
Frees me from Dread or Tears.
In Love immenſely good, juſt, pow'rful, wiſe,
My Will ſhall ever ſabbatize.

CONSTANTIA.

'Twas in the narrow Way
That leads to everlaſting Day
I often ſtack'd my Pace
As I my fair One ſtrove to trace,
And finding my weak Spirit faint,
I to my dear *Conſtantia* made Complaint.

I ſinking am I cry'd,
How ſhall I this Fatigue abide?
The Hardſhip and the Length
In this long Journey waſte my Strength,
Terrors and Tediums they create,
My Love too feeble is to bear the Weight.

Conſtantia ſweet reply'd,
Take Courage, and in God confide,
View with a ſteddy Eye
Urania calling from on high,
Nothing is tedious, nothing hard,
When God is your Support, and Heav'n Reward.

All pious Souls below
Like Fear, like Frailty undergo,

Yet

Yet none e'er humbly pray'd
To God for Vigour, and for Aid,
But both from gracious God receiv'd,
And felt his Courage and his Strength retriev'd.

How can you Length lament,
When Life is of but ſhort Extent?
To Saints moſt laſting Woes
Death puts a peremptory Cloſe,
No Tedium can a Soul moleſt
Who gains by ſhort Fatigue eternal Reſt.

Go on, each Step you tread
Will gain freſh Strength, and damp your Dread,
Heav'n brighter will appear,
Urania's Sight will damp your Fear,
The Bliſs you purchaſe would be cheap,
Should you ſweat Blood while you the Harveſt reap.

The all-wiſe God ordain'd
Heav'n ſhould by Conflict be obtain'd,
And a victorious Might
God gives to Saints engag'd in Fight,
We various Graces ne'er had known,
Had they not been by Oppoſition ſhewn.

Do not yourſelf amuſe
Tho' dear *Urania*'s Sight you loſe,
Griefs interwoven here
Raiſe Languors for *Urania*'s Sphere,

Keep

Keep Jeſus on the Croſs in ſight,
And nothing can your Soul afflict or fright.

Her Speech was pow'rful ſweet,
And kindled in me heav'nly Heat,
On thee, Lord, I rely,
Freſh Love, freſh Vigour, to ſupply,
I by thy mighty Aid made ſtrong,
Shall fear no Foes, ſhall think no Duty long.

SOPHRONIA.

In the bewild'ring Ways
Of the World's labyrinthal Maze,
Where Vice and Error intricate the Mind,
And make it hard true Bliſs to find,
I ſaw the further Progreſs ſtill I made,
The more irrecoverably I ſtray'd.

To God I humbly cry'd,
For Jeſus Sake my Steps to guide,
My Pray'r ſcarce ended was, when my glad Eye
Saw dear *Sophronia* paſſing by,
To me at firſt ſhe ſeem'd by chance arriv'd,
But her Approach all-gracious God contriv'd.

I begg'd the Saint would pleaſe
My ſad Perplexities to eaſe,
She ſent by God to ſet my Soul at reſt,
Sweetly comply'd with my Requeſt,

Into

Into my Hands ſhe put her guiding Clue,
That I might ſafe paſs Life's Meanders thro'.

Fix firſt, ſaid ſhe, the End
To which your Life ſhould always tend,
God his own Glory and our Bliſs deſigns,
Which no one wiſe for Heav'n diſjoins,
God's Glory is as much our Buſineſs here,
As of the Saints in the ſuperna! Sphere.

To compaſs that great Aim
You muſt all ſenſual End diſclaim,
This Book of God your conſtant Clue muſt be,
From lying Ghoſts to keep you free,
This Grace and Truth in lively Colours ſhews,
This Vice and Error will to Hate expoſe.

In gracious God confide,
Pray for freſh Aids leaſt you backſlide,
Pride Man to Sin, Vice, Hereſy, betrays,
The truly Humble rarely ſtrays,
His Frailty may t'wards venial Errors bend,
God will his Faith from damnable defend.

All Rocks you'll ſee and ſhun,
You into no Extremes will run,
You to your heav'nly Aim will Means adjuſt,
Yourſelf into no Dangers thruſt,
You'll your Behaviour form by Rules exact,
And duly circumſtantiate ev'ry Act.

You'll

You'll your own Heart ſuſpect,
And all infernal Wiles detect,
Temptations, tho' diſguis'd, you'll ſoon deſcry,
Of ſhuning all Occaſions fly,
Of Good all Opportunities embrace,
And brighten by Affliction ev'ry Grace.

You'll with enlighten'd Mind
Good Counſels give to all Mankind,
Your Wiſdom will be plain, benign, and pure,
Will no *Chicanerie* endure,
Man's Life would be of all Embroilments clear,
Would he the Wiſdom learn to be ſincere.

Wiſdom keeps Peace within,
And ne'er extenuates a Sin,
All Actions with Conſideration weighs,
Of Conſcience often takes Surveys,
Time well employs, reſigns to God its Cares,
Lives to *Urania* chaſte, for Death prepares.

In Kingdom-quakes the Wiſe
Feel no diſquieting Surprize,
All-gracious God they know the World controuls,
They to his Conduct form their Souls,
They, ever wiſe for Heav'n, to Heav'n propend,
And welcome Death, by which they Heav'n aſcend.

JUSTELLA.

Steer'd by *Urania*'s pointing Hand,
Juſtella, lead me to a Stand,

Where

Where my free Eyes might Human Race inſpect,
My Soul thence to direct,
To all Degrees the Lines of Juſtice drew;
That I might render all their Due.

In one Command, ſhe ſaid, God join'd
The various Duties of Mankind,
Each Soul Love filial and paternal knows,
They High and Low encloſe,
And due Regards all *Adam*'s Off-ſpring claims,
Under thoſe ſoft endearing Names.

The King who with juſt Title reigns,
The Magiſtrates whom he ordains,
All Fathers, Mothers, Maſters, to whoſe Care
Others ſubjected are,
All Paſtors who the Flocks of Jeſus feed,
To be our Parents God decreed.

God gives to them a Pow'r in Truſt,
They to their Stations ſhould be juſt,
They for God's Glory all things ſhould contrive,
From whom they Pow'r derive,
Should exemplary be, benign, and mild,
To treat Inferiors as a Child.

Inferiors, who Subjection owe,
Muſt Juſtice in Submiſſion ſhew,
Love, honour, reverence, eſteem, obey,
For their Superiors pray,

Be

Be patient when rebuk'd, their Poſts attend,
Prone to pleaſe, tender to offend,

Juſt are all Men who Human Race
With a fraternal Love embrace,
Do Wrong to none, and all with Sweetneſs treat,
Free from revengeful Heat,
Who to all others meaſure juſt the ſame
Which they themſelves from others claim.

O happy Age, would Men unite
In giving all Degrees their Right,
Mens jarring Souls would co-harmonious be,
From War and Rapine free,
Few would be their Accounts, Death their Releaſe,
When with the World and God at Peace.

ZELOTHEA.

When firſt I fair *Zelothea* ſaw
I could not from her Looks my Eyes withdraw,
More I beheld more I admir'd,
And more my Love was with freſh Fuel fir'd,
She made Impreſſions ſweet and ſtrong,
My Love inclin'd to picture her in Song.

In her fair Hand ſhe held a Book,
Whence ſhe Idea's of all Graces took,
'Twas th' Evangelical Record,
Containing all the Actions of her Lord,

At ev'ry Line her Heart was warm'd,
And she her Life by his Example form'd.

She knew her Heart wide open lay
To God's ubiquetary awful Ray,
Gave God the full Possession there,
And watch'd it with a constant jealous Care,
From sensual Aims she kept it pure,
And would no Love co-ordinate endure.

She for God's Sake her God obey'd,
By tender filial Love to Duty sway'd,
Her Conduct by God's Law was steer'd,
The same within as she without appear'd,
God was her settled Choice, her Joy,
Her Love was clean from Mixture or Alloy.

Her Eyes she on God's Glory set,
And all her Actions in that Center met,
Like God she Hypocrites abhorr'd,
Against each Vice in all Disguises warr'd,
At the ador'd triunal Name
She blaz'd all o'er in a seraphick Flame.

Commands which most laps'd Nature griev'd,
She with a complacential Love receiv'd,
Her Zeal was uniform, intense,
To God or Man averse to give Offence,
God had her quinteſſential Might,
Her Pow'rs exalted stood at utmost Hight.

When

When of the Saint this Scetch I drew,
And had her amiable Face in view,
Two gushing Streams of Tears I shed,
As if two Fountains open'd in my Head,
What is your Grief, *Zelothea* cries,
By God's propitious Aid I'll dry your Eyes.

'Tis you, said I, who me have griev'd,
I, fairest Saint, by you must be reliev'd,
I in my Heart your Picture wear,
And from your Picture rises my Despair,
Your Beauties faintly there express'd,
Make me my own Deformities detest.

You are alacrious, I soon tire,
You are all Act, I little but Desire,
I am instable, you are fix'd,
Your Love is pure, mine is with Frailties mix'd,
I tepid am, and you are Fire,
I sink to Earth, and you to Heav'n aspire.

Be of good cheer the Saint reply'd,
Tho' you imperfectly are purify'd,
The Gospel Human Lapse suppos'd,
And on mild Terms was by bless'd Jesus clos'd,
God nothing more requires of Man
Than to become as perfect as he can.

Urania's Lovers here are frail,
Temptations daily here their Souls assail,

Saints may be ſeiz'd with a Surprize,
Strong Paſſions on a ſudden may ariſe,
All that involuntary are
And unavoidable, our God will ſpare.

A thouſand Thanks I to her paid,
Who kindly had my Spirit undiſmay'd,
When ſhe had taught me to obey,
T'wards her Retreat the fair one turn'd away,
To God I gave my Heart full Bent,
Reſolv'd my daily Failings to lament.

EUCRATIA.

O wretched Man, whom Sin in Thraldom leads,
And on his heav'nly Vitals feeds,
Our Food, Clothes, Pleaſures, Sleep, our Souls enſnare,
Our Senſes Sin's Purveyors are,
No Bleſſing God beſtows but Luſt pollutes,
Diſtorting us from Men to Brutes.

The Belly-Criticks ſtudy how to eat,
Nice and luxurious in their Meat,
Their Meals are Surfeits, Nature over-charge,
The Empire of Diſeaſe enlarge,
They ſtarve the Soul, while they the Body feaſt
With Guſto's common to the Beaſt.

The Wretches who are potent to drink Wine,
Degrade themſelves below the Swine,
They

They by Exceſs dull all Delight of Taſte,
They precious Health and Reaſon waſte,
Damp and deliriate the immortal Soul,
And in their own foul Vomits roul,

Our Clothes, deſign'd to warm, and Shame to hide,
We turn to Inſtruments of Pride,
Our very Sleep, which ſhould our Strength recruit,
We to lethargick Sloth tranſmute,
In thoughtleſs Stupefaction loſe our Prime,
And daily die before our time.

Luſt the whole Man, Hand, Ear, Eye, Thought, defiles,
To num'rous Woes our Souls beguiles,
With wanton Beauty and inſidious Looks,
Foul Picture, Poetry, and Books,
Saints dare not the Impurities compute,
Leſt their bare Names ſhould them pollute,

As I alone theſe Lamentations made,
A Virgin Saint approach'd my Shade,
She in a Vail her Beauty ſtrove to ſhrowd,
Methought I lov'd her thro' her Cloud,
She to oblige me ſtrait her Vail withdrew,
'Twas fair *Eucratia* then I knew.

Her Eyes ſhot heav'nly Graces, at firſt ſight
I was all Love, and all Delight,
Each Ray ſhe darted clarify'd my Mind,
She both enamour'd and refin'd,

She bad me keep *Urania's* Love unſtain'd,
And humbly thus to teach me deign'd.

Moſt gracious God, who all on all beſtows,
To Man in Bleſſings overflows,
God all things ſweetly for this Life ordains,
To raiſe Man's Joys, and eaſe his Pains,
His Health and Vigour timely to promote,
Would he his Days to God devote.

'Tis eaſier Luſt to conquer than content,
To quench the Fire, than to foment,
The more Luſts pamper'd are, the more they crave,
Inſatiable as the Grave,
'Tis Virtue's Exerciſe to keep them bound,
Leſt they eternally confound.

Give eleemoſunary Supplies
To needy Nature when ſhe cries,
Food to refreſh, not for meer Pleaſure, Uſe,
Plain, cleanly, wholſome, only chuſe,
Your Meals are Bleſſings when they make you more
For Duty vig'rous than before.

Due Pleaſures Cordials are to drooping Strength,
Should have nor Frequency nor Length,
Clothes add no Worth, Saints oft in Rags are dreſt,
What moſt becomes each State is beſt,
A mod'rate Sleep repairs you for God's Praiſe,
Immod'rate robs him of your Days.

The

The Chaſte have baſhful Looks, a modeſt Mein,
And keep the Heart, God's Temple, clean,
They fear God, fly Pollution, guard each Senſe,
And for themſelves have Reverence,
By Watching, Pray'r, Faſts, Alms, Luſts Fury quell,
And all its Re-aſſaults repel.

Saints to the Med'cine of chaſte Marriage fly,
Who feel their Fevers growing high,
They dread Exceſſes, which the Luſtful pleaſe,
Who turn their Med'cine to Diſeaſe,
But happy Souls, who can their Paſſions tame,
Reſerve for God their Virgin Flame.

This ſaid, ſhe to Self-conqueſt me diſpos'd,
And taking Leave, her Vail re-clos'd,
Saints call'd to Heav'n all ſenſual Paſſions quit,
My God, what Heav'n will not permit,
May I renounce, *Urania*'s Love t' inſure,
By living like the Bleſſed, pure.

AGAPIA.

Agapia coming from above,
Compos'd of perfect Lovelineſs and Love,
I ſpy'd in her late Paſſage thro' the Sphere
On Angels Wings with ſwift Career,
Whither, ſaid I, bleſs'd Virgin, do you go?
Purſue my Track, ſhe ſaid, and you ſhall know.

His Wings my Guardian to me lent,
I flew to ſee where the ſweet Virgin went,
Obſerving the great Haſte ſhe made, I gueſs'd
She flew to viſit one diſtreſs'd,
And to a Lazaretto of Mankind
We came, all griev'd in Body or in Mind.

A miniſterial heav'nly Hoſt
Flew to attend her from the happy Coaſt,
Between their Wings their Vehicles were wrought
With Lading, which for her they brought
From Heav'n's rich Magazine, which God decreed,
To truſt to her to anſwer ev'ry Need.

Soon as I enter'd at the Door
I ſaw of miſerable Wretches ſtore,
Such pitious Sights, ſuch confluential Woe,
Betheſda never yet could ſhew,
Ah, gracious Virgin, who are theſe, ſaid I,
Who loud to Heav'n thus agonizing cry?

You ought to know them all, ſaid ſhe,
You none but Brethren here of Jeſus ſee,
And all who Jeſus love, for Jeſus Sake
Compaſſion on his Brethren take,
'Tis out of Love to Jeſus I deſcend,
Of all Occaſions glad the Poor to tend.

Of Jeſus Brethren to take care
You never ſhould or Purſe or Labour ſpare,

Your

Your very Life you muſt not dear eſteem
Bleſs'd Jeſus Brethren to redeem,
Your Purſe, your Pains, your Life, are of no weight
When you the Croſs of God incarnate rate.

All Kindneſs to his Brethren ſhewn,
As done t' himſelf he'll moſt benignly own,
With Jeſus Love all Saints who overflow,
Joyful on him their All beſtow,
Cold Water he accepts, and ev'ry Mite
With boundleſs Treaſure pays in endleſs Light.

Fear not the ſtanch nice Senſe may meet,
Or loathſome Objects tenderly to treat,
You'll find the Fumes which bleſs'd *Arabia* ſheds
Leſs ſweet than Priſons or ſick Beds,
Where Jeſus in his poor griev'd Brethren cries
For Sympathy and opportune Supplies.

With that from one to one ſhe ſtept,
O'er ev'ry one whom ſhe reliev'd ſhe wept,
She call'd, as melting ſhe 'their Wants ſurvey'd,
The proper Angel to unlade,
And from the Load which 'twixt his Wings he bore
Took for each Want proportionable Store.

Alms for the Poor, Aids for Diſtreſs'd,
For Hungry Food, for naked Limbs a Veſt,
Salves for all Wounds, Med'cines for each Diſeaſe,
Cordials for Faint, for Painful Eaſe,

Relief

Relief for Priſ'ners, Ranſom for the Slaves,
Shrowds for the Dead, for the Unbury'd, Graves.

Bleſſings for Curſes, Love for Hate,
Pardon for Wrongs, Kindneſs to the Ingrate,
Strength for the Weak, ſafe Guidance for the Blind,
Sweet Comforts for each troubled Mind;
To Strangers indigent ſhe Harbour gave,
Took care that Saints ſhould double Portions have.

The Ignorant ſhe then inſtructs,
To ſaving Truth the Erring ſhe conducts,
She on each Soul who cold or heedleſs grows,
Kind Warnings and Reproof beſtows,
Her God-like Love from Jeſus Love proceeds,
For ſinful Souls her Heart, like Jeſus, bleeds.

Urania's Love would you obtain,
Learn Jeſus Love, and how to love again,
When Jeſus in his Brethren you perceive,
Jeſus himſelf in them relieve,
Count that Day loſt when in your Alms and Pray'rs
Dear Jeſus wants his conſecrated Shares.

She, when her Cargo ſhe had ſpent,
To Heav'n with the unladen Angels went,
God, who in Acts of Mercy takes delight,
With brighteſt Glory grac'd her ſight,
No Grace on Earth more Jeſus-like appears
Than Charity, none more to God endears.

THEO-

THALIA.

O leave not off becauſe I come,
Muſt thoſe ſweets Strings, that Voice be dumb?
Your Silence quenches the Delight
Rais'd by your long, long wiſh'd for ſight,
Thanks, fair One, you reſume your Lyre,
Urania's Love afreſh to fire.

Of all the Gifts which Heav'n deſign'd
To hallow and adorn the Mind,
Sweet Poetry has ſuffer'd moſt,
By Bards from the infernal Coaſt,
Who in her beauteous Viſage ſpit
The Putrefaction of their Wit.

The Gift of God, by God infus'd,
Should be for God, the Donor, us'd,
From God primevally it ſtreams,
And ſhould in Hymn reflect his Beams,
And ev'ry Song it ſtrives to ſing
Should have the Flavour of its Spring.

Great God, the Altar to ſupply,
Bright Fire commanded from on high,
The heav'nly Fire *Jehovah* ſent,
Was only on his Altar ſpent,
And all Poetick Heav'n-born Flame
Should be devoted to God's Name.

Great

Great God intends his Gifts divine
Should have an influential Shine,
God is of Love and Joy the Source,
His Gifts ſhould have a God-like Force,
And gifted Poets ſhould excite
Pure heav'nly Love, and pure Delight.

When Bards againſt great God conſpire,
And kindle Fervour at ſtrange Fire,
When they are warm'd by Pagan Heat,
Their borrow'd Phraſes they repeat,
Mean and inglorious Aims purſue,
And find the Pagans them outdo.

Would they to God devote their Wit,
And borrow Lights from ſacred Writ,
Their Fancies nobler Tracks would find,
With brighter Thoughts enrich the Mind,
They then would take ſupernal Flights,
Verſe would retrieve its native Hights.

Souls rais'd to a celeſtial Stand
With Freedom might their Pow'rs expand,
Of Things divine they would diſcourſe,
From the eternal boundleſs Source,
The Subjects would their Souls ſublime,
And keep Wit ever in its Prime.

True Poets are a Saint-like Race,
And with the Gift receive the Grace,

Of

Of their own Songs the Virtue feel,
Warm'd with an Heav'n-enkindled Zeal,
And warm'd itſelf a ſacred Muſe,
Like Ardours may with eaſe infuſe.

A Poet ſhould have Heat and Light,
Of all Things a capacious ſight,
Serenity with Rapture join'd,
Aims noble, Eloquence refin'd,
Strong, modeſt, Sweetneſs to endear,
Expreſſions lively, lofty, clear.

High Thoughts an admirable Theme,
For Decency a chaſte Eſteem,
Of Harmony a perfect Skill,
Juſt Characters of Good and Ill,
And all concenter'd Souls to pleaſe,
Inſtruct, inflame, melt, calm, and eaſe.

Such Graces can no where be found,
Unleſs on conſecrated Ground,
Where Poets fix on God their Thought,
By ſacred Inſpiration taught,
Where each Poetick Vot'ry ſings
In heav'nly Strains of heav'nly Things.

Prophets and Poets were of old
Made of the ſame celeſtial Mould,
O that the Prophets now would ſtrive
That hallow'd Union to revive,

They

They'd sacred Poetry assert,
And the degen'rate Bards convert.

Bards, who will struggle e'er they quit
Their bold and false Pretence to wit,
They'll for a while make hideous Cries
At Priests, who them would exorcise,
But Christian Poets would gain Ground,
And Antichristians Ravings drown'd.

URANIA.

You, bright *Urania*, me upbrid,
That I your Love have ill repaid,
The Crime I must confess
Is heinous to Excess,
I justly lose all Claim to Bliss
When e'er in loving you I grow remiss.

You, who are Loveliness all o'er,
And have of Graces boundless Store,
Who all God's Works out-shine,
The Master-piece divine,
Of so enamouring a Frame,
Which at first sight should all Mankind inflame.

From the first Glance of your bright Look
My Heart a Conflagration took,
Each time your Form I ey'd
Inflammatives supply'd,

Which

Which circulated in each Vein,
Your Image fill'd each Cell within my Brain.

While of your Love I was poſſeſs'd
I felt myſelf compleatly bleſs'd,
You would my Love invite,
When languiſhing, excite,
Would guide, aſſiſt, confirm, ſupport,
And to eternal Bliſs your Lover court.

It was impoſſible I thought
By Rival Beauties to be caught,
I your Attractives knew,
They me ſo ſtrongly drew,
All ſo agreeable appear'd,
That in the World I no Temptation fear'd.

Self-confident my Love to try,
How it would other Loves defy,
I rang'd ſecure about,
Raſh, heedleſs, indevout,
My Eyes I o'er the World let looſe,
Where Vanities with eaſe Man's Love ſeduce.

There I a whole Seraglio met
Of flatt'ring Luſts, which me beſet,
In Combination join'd
To captivate my Mind,
And they peculiar Engines form'd,
By which each Senſe, each Paſſion ſhould be ſtorm'd.

Attacks

Attacks at firſt they ſingly made;
Then all at once my Soul invade,
From you when I was fled,
My Soul they captive led;
And I a Proſtitute became
To the proud Will of each tyrannick Dame.

You, fair One, pity'd me enſlav'd,
Before I your Compaſſion crav'd,
You brake my ſenſual Chain,
Rais'd Love divine again,
You give me Tears which Heav'n atone,
And Re-admittance to the bliſsful Throne.

When you to me ſhould be ſevere,
Your ſoft Reproofs my Soul endear,
You ghoſtly Strength impart,
To re-aſſure my Heart,
And I from your Deliv'rance date
My Title to the beatifick State.

While worldly Joys my Paſſions charm'd,
With deadly Sting each Joy was arm'd,
It Grief and Shame impreſs'd,
Wounded as it careſs'd,
But when *Urania* I embrac'd,
Of Heav'n I had a rapturous Fore-taſte.

URANIA.

When e'er my Reaſon was my Guide,
Terrella I defy'd,

But

But when rebellious Senſe
Brake out from its religious Fence,
I would myſelf beguile,
Her and *Urania* ſtrive to reconcile.

I of *Urania* then complain'd,
That ſhe my Love diſdain'd,
That ſhe was rig'rous grown,
And would have all my Heart, or none,
Would warmly me upbraid
When e'er my Eyes on other Beauties ſtray'd.

Terrella then, who ſeem'd as fair,
I met, compos'd of Snare,
She kindled am'rous Flame,
And quickly I her Slave became,
Yet I to know deſir'd
What Love-confinement ſhe of me requir'd?

The Hagg, who by Coſmeticks ſmear'd,
Fair at firſt ſight appear'd,
Her Uglineſs well knew,
And fearful of too nice a View,
Inſidiouſly declares
Urania ſhould in Love have equal Shares.

The Freedom which *Terrella* gave
Made me the more her Slave,
Urania had ſuch Grace
None her Idea could efface,

Both Beauties charming ſeem'd,
The one I lik'd, the other I eſteem'd.

Glad of this Compromiſe, my Heart
I ſtrove in two to part,
But all was Labour loſt,
Terrella wholly me engroſs'd,
She fair *Urania* made
The Gilding on the Bait ſhe for me laid.

Soon as ſhe was of me poſſeſs'd
I had no Minute Reſt,
She fool'd me with falſe Bliſs,
And peſtilential was her Kiſs,
Inſidious was her Smile,
She was all Vanity, Vexation, Guile.

Experience, which my Eyes unclos'd,
For nobler Love diſpos'd,
And ſtrait I grew aſham'd
That I *Urania* rig'rous nam'd,
More I *Terrella* ey'd
The leſs I could the Sorcereſs abide.

Sooner to North and Southern Pole
You at one time may roll,
Or Light and Darkneſs join,
Than ſuch Antarctick Loves combine,
Urania then I choſe,
In her ſole Love I felt entire Repoſe.

Yet

Yet of Repoſe I weary grew,
Still kept the World in view,
Heav'n I at diſtance ey'd,
Propenſe each Moment to backſlide,
Till with a gracious Beam
Urania deign'd to reſcue my Eſteem.

URANIA.

No Lover yet who ever pin'd,
Led captive by fair Woman-kind,
In Love with me could vie,
Or e'er was half ſo mad as I.

My Love I on an Object plac'd
With not the leaſt Attractive grac'd,
Yet I fond Lover grew,
Tho' I the Object worthleſs knew.

I felt as ſtrong and am'rous Heat
As if its Beauties were compleat,
With all the Graces ſtor'd
By Love's Idolatery ador'd.

Had any one of me enquir'd
What Object thus my Paſſion fir'd?
To tell I was aſham'd
It was myſelf that me inflam'd.

I with myſelf in love was grown,
And my Self-love would Sov'reign own,

Myſelf I only priz'd,
All Loves to Self I ſacrific'd.

Urania oft would me upbraid,
And with ſtrong Checks my Love invade,
What in yourſelf, ſaid ſhe,
Can you that's lovely ſee?

The Queſtion ſtartled me a while,
But I myſelf would re-beguile,
With Truth ſhe me aſſail'd,
But my erroneous Love prevail'd.

She then my lively Picture draws,
Confronts it with God's holy Laws,
I there beheld my Face,
Could ev'ry Feature nicely trace.

What Form is that, I then reply,
With which you thus afflict my Eye?
I never ſaw the like,
Its Features me with Horror ſtrike.

It is a Monſter, not a Man,
Which you have painted on that Plan,
O turn it from my Sight,
And damn it to eternal Night.

'Tis impotent, inconſtant, vain,
Dawb'd with concupiſcential Stain,

To

To its own Woe inclin'd,
Curs'd, mortal, miſerable, blind.

Yet it againſt great God rebels,
With Pride and with Preſumption ſwells,
Bright Conſcience it diſowns,
For Idol-ſelf great God dethrones.

God never made ſo foul a thing,
Sure 'tis from Hell it took its Spring,
And muſt to Hell return,
To fry in ſome infernal Urn.

'Tis your own Picture, ſhe rejoin'd,
Which I preſented to your Mind,
You this your Idol make,
While your *Urania* you forſake.

My Soul ſurpriz'd at that ſad News,
With Heed the Monſter then reviews,
I ſelf with that compar'd,
Found all was true which ſhe declar'd.

Soon as myſelf I fully knew,
I from myſelf all Love withdrew,
Bewail'd my wretched State,
And ever ſince myſelf I hate.

Abhorring ſelf to God I cry,
And from that Moment ſelf deny.

I ſtrive myſelf to clear,
By penitent Heart-humbling Tear.

But finding my own Tear too weak
An Heart ſo hard as mine to break,
Sweet Jeſus I implore
To waſh me in his precious Gore.

Soon as ſweet Jeſus waſh'd me clean,
I felt my Spirit all ſerene,
My Pow'rs were all refin'd,
And to *Urania*'s Love inclin'd.

God his pure Image re-impreſt,
I in my God could only reſt,
And God with Aſpect mild
Was pleas'd to own me for his Child.

Yet ſtill the Picture I retain,
To check me, ſhould I ſin again,
O may I ne'er deface
God's Image planted in its place!

URANIA.

Falſe Man, let me alone,
Make Courtſhip where you are unknown,
You ſhall no more my Love ſurprize
With ſmooth and ſtudy'd Lies.

Thus with an angry Heat
You me, O fair *Urania*, treat,

But

But Anger never long poſſeſt
So ſoft, ſo meek a Breaſt.

Faireſt, I come once more,
Not Love, but Audience to implore,
I'll general Confeſſion make,
Hear me for Pity ſake.

You juſtly me upbraid,
For tho' a ſolemn Vow I made
I to *Urania* would be true,
And love no one but you,

Terrella me aſſail'd,
Smooth'd with Coſmeticks ſhe prevail'd,
I heedleſs dropt into the Snare,
I thought her kind and fair.

My Paſſions to beguile
She empty'd all her Stock of Wile,
Pretending Choice to give me free
Of beauteous Virgins three.

Firſt to attract me came
Honoria, a proud, ſtately Dame,
And I on ſuperficial view
Thought her more fair than you.

To Hight ſhe ſtill aſpir'd,
With Envy and Ambition fir'd,

On all Mankind caſt ſcornful Eyes,
And ſoon would me deſpiſe.

Avidia enter'd next,
Her Look was taking, yet perplex'd,
And the bright trailing Robe ſhe wore
Had Gold and Jewels ſtore.

Pale Fear and anxious Care
Her troubleſome Companions were,
She needy grew by rav'nous Gain,
Vexatious was and vain.

Laſcivia laſt appear'd,
She at firſt ſight my Heart endear'd,
And with a thouſand am'rous Charms
Glided into my Arms.

She ſtrove me to allure
With luſtful Eyes and Songs impure,
I felt ſtrong Poiſon in her Breath,
She Lovers kiſs'd to Death.

I then perceiv'd the Cheat,
From the foul Witches made Retreat,
A thouſand times myſelf revil'd,
By them to be beguil'd.

My Heart could never reſt
Till I my Sins to you confeſt,

With

With bitter Tears I them deplore,
And vow to ſin no more.

If you my Soul acquit,
And to your Favour re-admit,
Eternally my Love diſdain
Should I backſlide again.

You are all o'er divine,
Antarctick to that curſed Trine,
Of modeſt, humble, gentle Mind,
To the Ungrateful kind.

Pure as the bliſsful Light,
To Heav'n you take your daily Flight,
Like Wings to my Devotion lend,
And I'll like you aſcend.

Urania Pity took,
Abſolv'd me with a gracious Look,
Hell, Luſt, the World, with all their Force
Shall me no more divorce.

URANIA.

This is the hundredth time you ſwore
You ne'er would love *Terella* more,
Yet by ſome worldly Toys
Your Spirit ſhe decoys,
And when by her you are deceiv'd,
You fly to me, and beg to be reliev'd.

You,

You, ſoon as I your Spirit eaſe,
Relapſe into your old Diſeaſe,
You oft have felt her Wiles,
Yet court her treach'rous Smiles,
Terrella you your Idol make,
And me, who ſeek your endleſs Bliſs, forſake.

Be gone, falſe Man, enjoy your Choice,
In your *Terrella*'s Arms rejoice,
A Bliſs in her you'll find
Which ſuits a boundleſs Mind,
To her ſole Love yourſelf apply,
And t'wards *Urania* never lift your Eye.

She'll on your Death-bed you ſuſtain,
She'll ſweetly mitigate your Pain,
From Guilt ſhe'll waſh you clean,
Your Conſcience ſhe'll ſerene,
And when you leave this earthly Sphere
She'll to her endleſs Joys her Lover ſteer.

Urania deep Impreſſions made,
Her Ironies I duly weigh'd,
Terrella's Love I knew,
I ſoon ſhould dearly rue,
Tormenting Poiſon it inſtill'd,
Her Lovers ſhe in her Embraces kill'd.

I then abjur'd *Terella*'s Arms,
Spit in her Face, defy'd her Charms,

In

In penitential Veſt
My Follies I confeſt,
Fell proſtrate at *Urania*'s Feet,
Who heard me with a Condeſcenſion ſweet.

On me ſhe caſt a gracious Look,
Forgave me that I her forſook,
A Kiſs of Peace impreſs'd,
I perfectly was bleſs'd,
The Joys I in her Pardon feel
Are too immenſe for Lover to reveal.

URANIA.

Urania led me to the ſpicy Bow'rs,
With Lillies ſtrew'd, and od'rous Flow'rs,
Which in the Spouſe's Garden ſtood,
And overlook'd a Chryſtal Flood,
Where Birds ſing Voluntaries ſweet,
While we our mutual heav'nly Loves repeat.

Urania pleas'd with the aerial Choir,
My Guardian urg'd to tune his Lyre,
And me to ſing an Hymn ſhe pray'd,
To the celeſtial Air he play'd,
And while I ſang of Love divine,
The warbling Birds would ſuit their Notes to mine.

Amidſt my Hymn from the ethereal Sphere
I a ſtrange Angel ſaw appear,

On

On a black Horſe he ſwiftly rode,
On the ſoft Air he lightly trod,
Holding a Balance in his Hand,
To weigh ſcarce Food to ſome obdurate Land.

Urania and my Guardian him invite
At the ſweet Bow'r a while to light,
The Angel with their Wiſh comply'd,
His Horſe he at the Entrance ty'd,
And while he heav'nly News relates,
I took his equal Balance and his Weights.

The wiſe *Urania* oft was wont to ſay,
That would I all things duly weigh,
I then ſhould their juſt Value find,
And the Miſtakes of ſenſual Mind.
God of both Lives gives Option free,
And by their Weights our Choice muſt guided be.

While of both Lives the Goods I weigh with Care,
The earthly tranſitory are,
Uncertain, falſe, afflicting, vain,
Promiſing Joy, performing Pain,
The heav'nly raviſhing, compleat,
Eternal, unimaginably great.

The different Ills into the Scale I throw,
Find th' earthly to be ſhort-liv'd Woe,
And Saints who live afflicted here
Have Comforts which their Pangs endear,

But

But future Torments ne'er expire,
No one cool Drop ſhall check the raging Fire.

Then preſent Ills and future Joys I rate,
But when I weigh the bleſſed State,
Should ſtrongeſt Pains which ſeize Mankind
To torture me be all combin'd,
For Heav'n I ſhould thoſe Pains ſurmount,
And endleſs Joys an eaſy Purchaſe count.

The preſent Goods I weigh 'gainſt future Ills,
But when the Scale Hell Torment fills,
Methinks I envy no crown'd Head,
Proſperity becomes my Dread,
This World's a Magazine of Snares,
Which the curs'd Tempter for our Bane prepares.

Heav'ns Envoy ceas'd, his Balance he retook,
Remounting he the Bow'r forſook,
The fair *Urania* me enjoin'd
To end the Hymn I had deſign'd,
My Guardian touch'd his Strings again,
And in ſweet Chords Birds humour'd ev'ry Strain.

Since that of all things Human Wills purſue,
I ſtill retain Idea's true,
When Vanities my Soul beſet,
The Scales I never ſhall forget,
Or Competition interpoſe,
Twixt tranſient and eternal Joys and Woes.

Urania

URANIA.

Retreating from the Spouſe's Shade,
I to the World Excurſion made,
Where Vanity had me entheall'd,
Had not kind Heav'n my Soul recall'd,
Returning, I a while ſtopt on the Bound
Which parts the World and Garden, to look round.

Nature her Beauty had retriev'd,
The Flow'rs were blown, the Vine was leav'd,
Sweet Odours had perfum'd the Wind,
And warbling Birds in Song combin'd,
A fair One I on either hand eſpy'd,
Who with each other to allure me vy'd.

One in the Spouſe's Shades remain'd
With the polluting World unſtain'd,
The other in turs'd *Eden* ſtay'd,
And, like the Serpent, Souls way-laid,
With ſenſual Miſts the World ſo dim'd my Sight,
I neither could diſcern in native Light.

Two diff'rent ways t'wards me they came,
Enkindling a divided Flame,
On both ſucceſſively I gaz'd,
Both æmulous Affections rais'd,
I ſtrove in vain my Eyes to diſ-unite,
That each of each might have co-equal ſight.

Uranie

Urania firſt her Charms diſclos'd,
Amidſt ſweet Lillies ſhe repos'd,
Lillies which on the Spouſe's Beds,
Where Jeſus walks, erect their Heads,
But yet the faireſt, ſweeteſt Lilly there
Could not in Lovelineſs with her compare.

Terrella ſeem'd to be beguil'd
Into a labyrinthal Wild,
Where Thorns and Briars her diſtreſs'd,
And gor'd her thro' her ſhining Veſt,
And I at the intenerating View,
In haſte to diſengage the fair One, flew.

The ſight I of *Urania* loſt,
Sharp Thorns and Briars the Paſſage croſs'd,
But Love no Pain, no Danger heeds
When it to the Beloved ſpeeds,
And ſoon as I had her dear Preſence gain'd,
She with a thouſand Charms me entertain'd.

But when I thought my Love too free,
I was embroil'd as much as ſhe,
'Twas a bewildring, goring Maze,
Had num'rous interſecting Ways,
But ſhe ſo charming to my Eyes appear'd,
Her Love, her Preſence, the Diſtreſs'd endear'd.

It chanc'd, as warm'd by mutual Heat,
We Co-enamourments repeat,

And

And I with raviſh'd Eyes beheld
Her Cheeks, which I thought all excell'd,
A roving Bee to her ſweet Viſage clung,
And what ſhe ſhould have ſoftly kiſs'd, ſhe ſtung.

I of the Bee Revenge had took,
But that ſhe ſtrait the Field forſook,
With that I to her Cure made haſte,
And as I gently her embrac'd,
My Lips I faſten'd on the wounded Part,
And with a Kiſs ſuck'd out the angry Dart.

But as my Lips from her withdrew,
I ſoon began that Kiſs to rue,
The loathſome Fucus I ſuck'd in,
Which fill'd and glaz'd her furrow'd Skin;
Soon as I ſaw her bare unplaiſter'd Face,
I blam'd myſelf, and loath'd her foul Embrace.

The Witch ſtill freſh Coſmeticks us'd,
And with her Magick me amus'd,
Oft ſhe diverſify'd her Shape,
Urania's Lovelineſs to ape,
And manag'd her Angelical Diſguiſe,
To captivate my too too yielding Eyes.

Urania, who my Folly ey'd,
Emitted Rays my Steps to guide,
I follow'd their bright pointed Track,
They clear'd my Sight, and led me back;

Her

Her heav'nly Form my Heart entirely gain'd,
And ſhe to teach true Love benignly deign'd.

Nothing, ſhe ſaid, in Woman-kind
Is real Beauty, but the Mind,
Should you imagine a fair Face,
Enrich'd with ev'ry ſov'reign Grace,
Which Poets and which Painters vainly boaſt,
Are all in her combin'd, they flatter moſt.

Were ſhe the faireſt God e'er made,
Had all her pow'rful Charms diſplay'd,
Pleaſingly dazling ſenſual Eyes,
Which Souls would at firſt view ſurprize,
Men only would the outward Form admire,
Her Beauty rather Luſt than Love would fire.

One Vice all Liking would eraſe,
And make Men fly from her Embrace,
Were ſhe unchaſte, of Humour ill,
Sway'd not by Reaſon, but her Will,
Squandring, impertinent, uncleanly, loud,
Tyrannick, peeviſh, envious, ſpiteful, proud.

Men would abhor the gaudy Shell,
In which they ſaw a Fury dwell,
Experience Paſſion would confute,
Which wav'd th' Immortal for the Brute,
Enlighten'd Souls true Beauty only place,
Not in evanid Shew, but God-like Grace.

Grace truly beauteous and Heav'n-born,
Which ſhall in Glory Souls adorn,
Which when laſcivious Beauty dies,
And ugly, like damn'd Ghoſts, ſhall riſe,
Shall Form reſume moſt lovely in God's Sight,
In which God will eternally delight.

Poets, the ſhort-liv'd empty thing
Which they call Beauty, fondly ſing,
Which by Diſeaſe to ghaſtly ſinks,
Which, when a Carcaſe, rots and ſtinks,
Which when it ſeems at full, is in its Wane,
And ſoon turns Love to Loathing and Diſdain.

Let am'rous Bards the Paſſion ſtrong
Of Love-ſick *Amnon* paint in Song,
How fir'd by what they Love have ſtil'd,
He *Tamar* to his Arms beguil'd,
How her he hated ſoon as he enjoy'd,
'Tis on ſuch Love their Lives are miſ-employ'd.

Of old the Patriarchal Swains
Compos'd Love Sonnets on the Plains,
They priz'd an humble modeſt Air,
Sang more the Virtuous than the Fair,
Chaſte Ties they made, which Death could not [diſ-join,
Which Heav'n would both perpetuate and refine.

King *Solomon*, while wiſe and good,
Who Poetry beſt underſtood,

Of

Of Numbers taught the true Deſign,
Was to ſing Lovelineſs divine,
He Saintſhip more than fading Beauty ey'd,
And in the mortal ſang th' immortal Bride.

Vain Men in Numbers idolize
What Reaſon moves them to deſpiſe,
None love aright, but who incline
To love and chuſe by Love divine,
What God in Woman loves, is, you are ſure,
True Beauty, and may juſtly Love allure.

That Witch, *Terrella*, Souls way-lays,
Bewilder'd in a thorny Maze,
'Midſt pungent Cares is her Abode,
Which each deluded Worldling goad,
She to her Snares her heedleſs Lovers trains,
And then inſults them in infernal Pains.

If me you for your Friend will chuſe,
I'll pure celeſtial Love infuſe,
On her you ſhall no Paſſion waſte,
But to my Love live ever chaſte,
All Joys eternal in my Love conſpire,
Proportion'd to unlimited Deſire.

I gave t' *Urania* heedful ear,
Saw her Attractives were ſincere,
I now amidſt her Lillies dwell,
Rap't with their Beauty and their Smell,

No Thorns grow there my Reſt to diſcompoſe,
There, void of Prickles, ſprings the od'rous Roſe.

There lives the Soul from Luſt refin'd,
There lives the Will to God reſign'd,
Amidſt th' Effluviums of her Flow'rs
Saints ſpend in Hymns Poetick Pow'rs,
They daily emulate the heav'nly Choir,
Till they in Hymn and Languor ſweet expire.

'Tis in ſuch Love, Hymn, Joy, that I
Wiſh with my Friend to live and die,
And die! for when kind Death we meet,
Our Loves, Hymns, Joys, will be compleat,
My Love, Hymn, Joy, will gain the greater hight
The more it can your Love, Hymn, Joy, excite.

DAMONET *and* THYRSIL:
OR,
CHASTE LOVE deſcribed.

PART I.

YOung *Damonet*, a chaſte religious Swain
As e'er kept Sheep upon the verdant Plain,
Whoſe Parent Shepherds ſtor'd his tender Youth
With deep Impreſſions of celeſtial Truth,
Chanc'd, as he watchful kept his Sheep, to ſpy
A Virgin at a diſtance paſſing by,
Who drave her Sheep at Noon to graze in Shade,
In homely Shepherdeſſes Weeds array'd,
A Virgin humble, meek, devout, and fair,
And as ſhe walk'd ſhe ſang a rural Air,
Sweet was her Voice, and charming was her Face,
Each Motion had a Heart-endearing Grace,
The Shepherd ſaw her with a pleas'd Surprize,
Where-e'er ſhe mov'd ſhe ſtill engag'd his Eyes,
And when her view he loſt, his Spirit griev'd
That of her ſight his Eyes ſhould be depriv'd,
His Soul with Love began to melt all o'er,
And Paſſions roſe he ne'er had felt before,
In her alone he ſomething ſeem'd to find
Which far excell'd all other Woman-kind,
A thouſand times he wiſh'd ſhe was his own,
Admir'd, and lov'd her, tho' as yet unknown;

By Fits he flam'd, cool'd, red'ned, and look'd pale,
And with deep Sighs her Abſence would bewail,
In her remembrance yet he took delight,
But fear'd he never ſhould regain her ſight;
Wakeful he grew, ſometimes in broken Sleep
He dream'd he ſaw her driving of her Sheep,
Oft, that he heard her ſing along the Plain,
And pieces of the Tune poſſeſs'd his Brain;
His Geſture various was, his Pulſe was high,
There was a conſtant Languor in his Eye,
His Spirits, which his Brain inhabit, paid
Their Homage to the Image they had made,
He ſeem'd all Heart, his Heart ſeem'd all unloos'd,
And would fly out, on her to be transfus'd;
Upon the Down he thoughtful ſat all day,
His Sheep before his Eyes would go aſtray,
But he no Sheep could feed, no Strays could mind,
His Eyes, his Soul, were to her Form reſign'd.
One while he with his Pipe his Heart would eaſe,
But no one Air would ſute with his Diſeaſe;
Then he would break his Pipe in Diſcontent,
When that Diſaſter timely to prevent,
A ſudden Fancy ſtarts, he would eſſay
The charming Tune the fair One ſang, to play;
In time he piece by piece the Air retriev'd,
And by that Tune he felt his Heart reliev'd,
He ſeven long Hours repeated it and more,
Till his Hands tir'd, Breath fail'd, and he gave o'er;
And as he ceas'd, a Fancy new aroſe,
To the next Wood and talleſt Oak he goes,

And

And climbing up to the top Branch, look'd round
O'er all the champion circumambient Ground,
To make Diſcoveries on what flow'ry Green
The fair One with her Flock might thence be ſeen,
But he no Traces of his Love perceiv'd,
And down he came with Diſappointment griev'd.
One while he would his violent Paſſion chide,
And humbly pray to God his Choice to guide,
Reſolv'd in God's high Will to acquieſce,
Yet hop'd God to his Love had will'd Succeſs.
Nothing remain'd his Sorrows to diſperſe,
But to his Paſſion to give vent in Verſe,
Verſe, the ſoft Opiate, by all Lovers try'd,
When Love or Converſation is deny'd.
His Fancy her Idea kept in view,
And he in lively Verſe her Picture drew,
Of each Attractive he a Sonnet made,
And ſang them o'er beneath the Oaken Shade,
And as he ſang a Shepherd came that way,
Who ſtopping ſhort o'er-heard his am'rous Lay,
It *Thyrſil* was, whom *Damonet* well knew,
Who thus began as t'wards the Oak he drew.

Thyr. You, *Damonet*, your Hours in ſinging ſpend,
And not at all your numerous Flock attend,
They run aſtray o'er all the bord'ring Ground,
Your Neighbour Swains the Treſpaſſers will pound,
For ſhame, for ſhame, this idle Life forſake,
Of your injurious Sheep due Care to take.

Dam. I have no Flock, my Friend, I am not here,
You in my Likeneſs ſee this Ghoſt appear.

Thyr. No Flock, not here, and you a Ghoſt, ah me,
Do I my Fellow Swain diſtracted ſee?
Or does my Senſe upon my Soul impoſe?
My Sight is clear, and Objects truly ſhews,
This is your Hand, dear Friend, and this your Pipe,
I real Subſtance, and no Phantom gripe.

Dam. If you my Body ſee, my Heart is flown,
She ſtole my Heart, and left my Bulk alone;
Ah, *Thyrſil*, that dear, fair, ſweet Maid, I well
Remember, who ſhe is I cannot tell;
She, O 'tis ſhe my Heart has captive led,
My Flock I never ſince I ſaw her fed;
My Love-ſick Mind I eaſe in am'rous Lays,
While of my Love unknown I ſing the Praiſe.

Thyr. Ah, *Damonet*, are you delirous grown?
Did ever Shepherd love a Maid unknown?

Dam. I, *Thyrſil*, know her by my Ear and Eye,
I heard her Voice, and ſaw her paſſing by,
And if a tranſient Glance this Flame could raiſe,
Ah, were ſhe mine, how would my Paſſion blaze!
But I to find her Perſon who deſpair,
Her Graces ſing, and to that charming Air
I learnt from her, I all my Sonnets ſet,
The Air I never, never ſhall forget.

Thyr. Dear *Damonet*, I know the Plains around,
And all the Maids for Beauty moſt renown'd,
Deſcribe to me her Geſture, Looks, and Dreſs,
I'll wage a Lamb that I this Virgin gueſs.

Dam. Should you my fair one, *Thyrſil*, once deſcry,
You would her Lover turn as well as I;

I long to know whom I would have conceal'd,
Much rather than t' a Rival Swain reveal'd.
[and flow'd

Thyr. Fear not, my Friend, two Moons have ebb'd
Since I my Bliſs to ſweet *Fidelia* ow'd;
I watch'd, I languiſh'd, and I woo'd her long,
To move her made full many a tender Song;
At laſt ſhe ſoftning, vow'd ſhe would be mine,
Next Holiday the Prieſt our Hands will join;
My neighb'ring Swains are building ſhady Bowers,
The Maids are o'er the Gardens gath'ring Flowers,
The Garlands are begun of Pladding fine,
Our Wedding-clothes are made, which richly ſhine,
A skilful Swain's beſpoke, who all that Day,
While the reſt dance, on Oaten Reed muſt play;
Curds, White-pot, Cream, and Cheeſe-cakes, will
[abound,
And Wedding-drink go temperately round;
Each Minute ſeems to me a tedious Age
Till we in the ſweet Nuptial Tie engage;
O *Damonet*; I would not Loves commute,
Would you give yours, and your whole Flock to
[boot.

Dam. But, *Thyrſil*, ſtill methinks I am afraid,
Fidelia, whom you love, may be the Maid.

Thyr. O no, my *Damonet*, your Fear is vain,
She paſs'd not all that Day along this Plain;
Deſcribe your Love, my fatteſt Lamb I'll ſtake
That I of her ſhall glad Diſcov'ry make;

Dare

Dare you not wage your Lamb? *Dam.* Done,
[*Thyrſil,* done,
Againſt myſelf I dare lay ten to one;
I'll give my Lamb, and my whole Flock beſides,
To learn where that dear fair One now abides,
She's in a pure white Flannel Mantua dreſs'd,
Her Beauty cannot be by Words expreſs'd;
You, who my Songs have over-heard, may frame
Some Draughts of her, but all below her Fame;
The Hat ſhe wears to ſhield her from the Sun
Has all the other Virgins Hats out-done,
It is of Flowers compos'd in artful Wreaths.
Kept freſh by ſweet Effluviums, which ſhe breathes.
No Nightingal e'er had ſo ſweet a Voice;
Thyr. O *Damonet,* I now can gueſs your Choice,
It is *Dorilla* which you love ſo well,
Her Charms all but *Fidelia*'s Charms excel.
Dam. Thyrſil, that one Affront I cannot bear,
I ſay *Fidelia* is not half ſo fair.
Thyr. Fie, *Damonet,* your Jealouſy repreſs,
I know them both by ſight, you but by gueſs;
Till you have ſeen them both your Heat ſuſpend,
Provoke not for pure Fancy an old Friend.
Dam. Forgive, dear *Thyrſil,* a young Lover's Rage,
Who thinks his Love the faireſt of the Age;
You in your Love are now at perfect Reſt,
Direct me how I may alike be bleſt;
Where lives that fair One, if not faireſt? ſay,
That I may at her Feet my Paſſion lay.

Thyr.

Thyr. Dear *Damonet*, beyond that Mount are
[Plains,
Where fair *Dorilla* with her Sheep remains.
[won,
Dam. O *Thyrſil*, take your Lamb, for you have
Of all my Flock I will except but one,
An Orphan Lamb, which I by hand have bred,
And out of my own Basket daily fed;
With Lover's Speed I'll to the Mount, and try
If I the fair *Dorilla* can deſcry;
When the Prieſt you ſhall to *Fidelia* join,
Wiſh dear *Dorilla* may as much be mine.

DAMONET *and* DORILLA.

PART II.

WHile to his dear *Fidelia Thyrſil* went,
The Swain ſat ſtill upon his Love intent,
And muſing long, at laſt the Project laid
How he might beſt approach the lovely Maid:
He call'd his Boy, who *Lyſis* was by Name,
Not unacquainted with his Maſter's Flame;
Next the white wicker Basket he took up,
Which held his Dinner, Bottle, and his Cup,
And on the empty bottom drew a Heart
With Mulberries, deep wounded by a Dart;
Next of the Fruits in Orchard or in Field,
And of the Flowers which Plains or Gardens yield,
He

He fill'd it with the choiceſt he could find,
Feaſt and Perfume he in the Basket join'd:
He charg'd his Boy, who to *Dorilla* went,
With ſilent Bows the Basket to preſent;
The Lamb out of the Basket wont to feed,
The Shepherd knew would follow it with ſpeed;
And after both the Youth made wary haſte,
Himſelf he near her in a Thicket plac'd;
He view'd her well, and ſaw ſhe was the ſame
Who kindled firſt, and now increas'd his Flame;
His Boy ſoon laid the Basket at her Feet,
And inſtantly in Silence made Retreat;
The Lamb behind with fair *Dorilla* ſtay'd,
And t'wards the Basket for its Portion bay'd.
Dorilla pleas'd with Basket and with Lamb,
Which ſhe perceiv'd had loſt its tender Dam,
And ſitting down the Flow'rs and Fruits to view,
She a ripe Apple to the Youngling threw;
The Flow'rs ſhe in her Boſom part beſtow'd,
Part o'er the Shade where ſhe repos'd ſhe ſtrew'd;
The Youth, who ſaw them in her Boſom lie,
Beheld the happy Flow'rs with envious Eye;
The Fruit ſhe at her Meal with Guſto ſpent,
Yet wond'ring, mus'd who had the Basket ſent;
And juſt as ſhe the bottom Peaches clear'd
A wounded bloody Heart to her appear'd;
She ſtarts, ſhe falls a trembling, and looks pale,
And ſtrange new tender Paſſions her aſſail;
Ah me! ſhe ſaid, ſure ſome poor am'rous Swain
Lies now transfix'd, and languiſhing in Pain;

I

I know not what Love is, but Shepherds ſing
Tis an afflictive, pleaſing, idle thing;
Yet Men and Maids I ſee to Love incline,
And what it is I now and then divine;
But I deſire to live in Ign'rance ſtill,
Leſt I Repentance purchaſe with my Skill;
I Shepherds hear in Paſtorals complain,
'Tis Hell to love, and not be lov'd again;
Sure Woman-kind is not ſo cruel grown,
Has not a Heart relentleſs as a Stone,
That the Church-yards they ev'ry Year ſhould fill
With pining Lovers, whom they wound and kill;
If Songs be true a Pow'r we Women have
To ruin many, and but one to ſave;
I pity what forſaken Lovers feel,
The Maid who gave the Wound, the Wound muſt heal.

'Twas by miſtake ſure I this Basket got,
No Shaft in all my Life I ever ſhot;
Yet Songs ſay we may pierce a Lover thro'
And not at all perceive the Hurt we do,
That in our Eyelids all our Arrows lie,
Which when we open out at random fly;
But none can Shot involuntary blame,
They only guilty are who ſhoot by Aim;
Men more defenſively their Hearts muſt arm,
Or we live winking leſt we do them Harm;
Yet it would grieve me ſhould a tender Swain
Of Wounds made by my random Shot complain;

My

My Heart to him could never cruel be
Who I was ſure had chaſte true Love for me;
But on right Choice ſince worldly Joys depend,
My Pray'r to God for Guidance ſhall aſcend.
Young *Damonet*, who in near Ambuſh lay,
Still watching when he might approach the Prey,
At her endearing Words appear'd in ſight,
And ſweetly thus ſtrove to prevent the Fright.
[Shade!
Dam. O faireſt of all Maids who grace this
Ah, wonder not I this Approach have made,
I ſeek an Orphan Lamb which ran aſtray,
And neighb'ring Shepherds ſaid it came this way;
No modeſt Shepherdeſs e'er thought it ſtrange
A Swain for Strays ſhould o'er her Paſture range.
Dorilla, ſoon as ſhe the Youth had ſeen,
Could not diſlike his Perſon or his Mein,
Yet from his Looks her cautious Eyes withdrew,
And by ſhort tranſient Glances ſtole his view,
Then made reply in a regardleſs Tone,
Go, ſearch my Flock, and leave me here alone,
I number'd all my Sheep this very Day,
Had it been there I ſhould have ſeen your Stray.
O faireſt Maid the Shepherd ſtrait replies,
That's my ſtray Lamb which in your Basket lies;
With that he call'd it, and it knew his Voice,
And ſeem'd at his glad Preſence to rejoice,
It lick'd his Hand, he much'd it, and it bay'd,
This is my Orphan Lamb, ſaid he, that ſtray'd,
Out

Out of the Basket it was daily fed,
Will o'er the Plains be by that Basket led.
Shepherd, ſhe ſaid, then take your pretty Stray,
Go from my unfrequented Shade away;
She, what ſhe ſpake, wiſh'd inſtantly unſaid,
Hop'd inwardly ſhe ſhould be diſobey'd.
Dam. Sweet, fair *Dorilla*, tho' the Lamb is mine,
I to your Hands my deareſt Lamb reſign,
Do not a faithful Shepherd's Gift diſdain,
It is the prettieſt Lamb e'er friſk'd on Plain.
His Looks, Speech, Gift, the Virgin's Heart [allur'd,
She by degrees his Company endur'd,
Dam. To you I freely with my Youngling part,
The deareſt thing I have beſides my Heart,
That I reſerve. For whom, the Maid rejoin'd?
Dam. For the beſt, faireſt, of all Woman-kind.
Dor. Thrice happy's he who ſhall with her be [bleſs'd,
Who of our Sex the faireſt is and beſt:
But tho' what 'tis to love I cannot tell,
I by Swains Songs their Flatt'ry know full well;
To ev'ry Maid in all the Paſt'ral Tribe
Vain Shepherds thoſe high Epithets aſcribe;
Fond Maids are pleas'd thoſe Flatt'ries to receive,
But they are Fools if they the Swains believe.
Dam. *Dorilla*, juſtly you falſe Shepherds blame,
But ſome there are who have a purer Flame;
All wanton Flatt'rers Virgins ſhould diſguſt,
Who Courtſhip make not out of Love, but Luſt;

I love, and to my fair One's Love aſpire
With a chaſte, conſtant, conjugal Deſire;
I of her Virtues ſing in Songs ſincere,
With no foul Flatteries pollute her Ear;
If in my Songs I her due Praiſe exceed,
Strong Paſſion may for an Indulgence plead;
I love, and think I ne'er enough can ſay,
My Paſſion on her Graces to diſplay,
I clothe them both in ſoft Poetick Speech,
O ſhe deſerves much more than Verſe can reach!
[Joy,

Dor. Adieu, dear Neighbour, God increaſe your
May no one Trouble your chaſte Love annoy;
But ſtay, yet go, ſtay rather, no, farewel,
Something I thought of, what I cannot tell.

Dam. I, faireſt Virgin, have no pow'r to go,
I long, I languiſh, till your Thought I know.

Dor. Bold Swain to ask a Shepherdeſs's Thought.

Dam. If bold I am,'twas you that Boldneſs taught.
Should I depart you'd think what you would ſay,
And then repent you bid me go away;
I'll by you ſit, the Lamb ſhall lie between,
And while you think I'll pipe upon the Green.
The Shepherd pip'd, that very Tune he play'd
The Virgin ſang in paſſing thro' the Glade.
[ſhe,

Dor. That Tune by *Thyrſil* was compos'd, ſaid
Who vow'd he taught it to no one but me;
Who taught it you? *Dam.* It was a Virgin fair,
Who rap't my Heart by ſinging of that Air.

Dor.

Dor. Has *Thyrſil* then deceiv'd me? *Dam.* Fair
[One, no,
'Tis you alone his Compoſition know.
Dor. That Tune by Divination learn'd muſt be,
I certain am you learn'd it not of me.
Dam. Of you alone I learn'd it I avow.
Dor. Of me? Say, Shepherd, when, and how.
[Plain,
Dam. As you your Sheep were driving to this
I, tho' remote, then heard you ſing this Strain,
I to your Song gave all Attention due,
Each Note you warbled pierc'd me thro' and thro',
And in all Songs I of *Dorilla* writ,
I to this Tune my Numbers ſtrove to fit;
I ſaw, I heard, I lov'd at the ſame time,
And ſure, to love *Dorilla* is no Crime?
I felt a ſtrange, yet pleaſurable Smart,
You in my Basket, ſaw my wounded Heart.
Dor. Ah, *Damonet!* 'tis now I plainly ſee
You ſought not your ſtray Orphan Lamb, but me.
Dam. Sweet, fair *Dorilla*, what you gueſs is true,
My Lamb was my Pretence to ſeek for you.
[you find,
Dor. Fond Swain enough, ſince your ſtray Lamb
Take it, and leave the Shepherdeſs behind.
[ſtray,
Dam. Much rather would I let the Lamb ſtill
And with the Shepherdeſs prolong my Stay.
[depart,
Dor. No, Shepherd, you muſt from my Shade
You too preſumptuous are to ask my Heart.

Dam. Yet you have mine, reſtore my Heart again,
Or I ſhall of the Robbery complain.
[Breaſt,?
Dor. Where is your Heart, fond Man, but in your
I never Harbour gave to ſuch a Gueſt.
[lies,
Dam. My Heart has left me, in your Heart it
I ſee it languiſh in your Looks and Eyes;
Will ſweet *Dorilla* no Compaſſion ſhew?
I die if I from ſweet *Dorilla* go.
[dread,
Dor. Fond Lovers Deaths no Shepherdeſs ſhould
They'll ſoon have Reſurrection from the Dead,
The next kind Maid whom on the Plains you meet
Rekindles all your am'rous vital Heat.
Dam. Ah me! What ſhall I ſay, what ſhall I do,
To give aſſurance I love none but you?
I have enquir'd, and know your Paſt'ral Race,
I love your Virtues more than charming Face;
Oft have I pray'd that God would bleſs my Life
With an agreeable endearing Wife,
The greateſt earthly Bleſſing here below
God can on ſolitary Swain beſtow,
And ſoon as you to my glad Eyes appear'd,
My Heart concluded God my Pray'r had heard.
If any Truth is in a Shepherd's Mind,
Who hates th' inſidious Arts of falſe Mankind,
I love *Dorilla*, I love her alone,
And I no other Love will ever own;
I love, in that one Word I comprehend
All that chaſte Lovers ever could intend;

I

I with *Dorilla* long to ſpend my Days,
With her to ſing our good Arch-Shepherd's Praiſe,
Ourſelves and Babes we would to him devote,
I'd Hymns compoſe, and ſet them to the Note,
And while we are employ'd in Paſt'ral Care,
You them ſhould ſing, and I would pipe the Air;
Far from th' infectious World we would remain,
With tender Hearts relieve each needy Swain;
Our Sheep innocuous Lives would to us preach,
And our returning Strays Repentance teach;
Our Lambs would Thoughts of the Lamb ſlain re-
[new,
Heav'n would be always open to our view;
Next God we in each other would delight,
Each ſhould each other to God's Love excite,
In conjugal, in heav'nly Love we'd vie,
So love below, that we may love on high.
When happy Marriages are made above,
Souls feel ſtrong, ſudden, ſympathetick Love,
Dorilla thus by Sympathy was fir'd,
And both in chaſte, dear, mutual Love conſpir'd.

On the bleſſed BLANDINA, *one of the* MARTYRS *of* Lions.

DEath and infernal Pow'rs decreed
The *Gallo-Celtick* Saints ſhould bleed,
While all-wiſe God from Martyrs Veins
Bedew'd uncultivated Plains,
Help me to ſing, O gracious Dove,
A *Lugdunenſian* Martyr's Love!

Among the Candidates of Bliſs,
Aſſaulted by the dark Abyſs,
A Damſel entred on the Stage,
Whom Death eſteem'd below his Rage,
Saints of her Conſtancy had fear,
Yet pray'd that ſhe might perſevere.

As when the great *Goliah* ſaw
The *Hebrew* Champion t'wards him draw,
It outrag'd his enormous Pride
By ſuch a Youth to be defy'd,
Thus Death on a weak Female Heart
Diſdain'd the ſquandring of a Dart.

My very ſight the Tyrant ſaid,
If ſhe perſiſt ſhall ſtrike her dead,

The

The humble Maid her Faith declar'd,
The horrid Fiend upon her ſtar'd,
But ſtrait withdrew, he could not brook
The awful Sweetneſs of her Look.

The Monſter grim, fierce, meager, pale,
Strikes at her with his pois'nous Tail,
But the meek Soul his Malice foil'd,
And on himſelf his Sting recoil'd,
He then ſhot Arrows, but Love held
The Shield of Faith, which them repell'd.

Death raving, Hell invok'd for Aid,
Infernal Torturers obey'd,
Their Pagan Vot'ries they poſſeſs'd,
A Devil rag'd in ev'ry Breaſt,
And the joint Spite of Death and Hell
On young, weak, ſoft, *Blandina* fell.

The Saint when cleans'd from native Stain,
She at the Font was born again,
Of Love preventing felt the Force,
With Jeſus kept ſweet Intercourſe,
He chear'd her with enam'ring Rays,
She paid him in enamour'd Praiſe.

The Holy Spirit on her Head
The precious Oil of Gladneſs ſhed,
It Love diffus'd o'er Heart and Brain,
Love circulated in each Vein,

He in her Soul his Temple built,
Which ſhe kept pure from mortal Guilt.

The Saint when into Priſon caſt,
With Stench, Cold, Hunger, to contraſt,
The Tempter oft eſſay'd in vain
Connivance or Conſent to gain,
Young, fair *Blandina*, would he cry,
Taſte Joys of Life before you die.

You a poor miſerable Slave
May Riches, Pleaſure, Honour, have,
Your Youth and Beauty were deſign'd
To ſolace, not to fly Mankind,
The happieſt of all Human Race
Will happier be in your Embrace.

From all the fiery Darts he threw
With chaſte Abhorrence ſhe withdrew,
When e'er ſhe ſaw a ſuff'ring Saint
Inclining to deſpond or faint,
Her Love afreſh his Courage fir'd,
Till he to Martyrs Love aſpir'd.

Amidſt the Spouſe's flow'ry Grove
Pale Death and Love as Equals ſtrove,
But ſince God-man his Love diſplay'd,
Saints love by his ſweet mighty Aid,
Not only conquers Death, but treads
Triumphant on the Dragon's Heads.

If

If you the Theatre aſcend,
There Love and Death in Fight contend,
Death ſummons his infernal Train
To bring his Magazines of Pain,
Love eying Heav'n for Fight prepares,
By God-intenerating Pray'rs.

My Lord, my God, my Spouſe divine,
All that I am is wholly thine,
Thou, Searcher of my Heart, doſt ſee
I have no Hope, Love, Joy, but thee,
Thy Love I know will not deſpiſe
A Lover's Sighs, who for thee dies.

I am a Slave, but yet am free
From all Reſtraint in loving thee,
My Sex, Youth, Temper, all are frail,
O Love aſſiſt me to prevail,
Thine is my Virgin Flame, ſecure
Thy Spouſe from Hands and Eyes impure.

My Love, deep on my Heart impreſs
Thy unconceivable Diſtreſs,
Which thou didſt on the Croſs ſuſtain,
When thou for me didſt ſuffer Pain,
'Twill eaſe my Dolours at the Stake
To think I ſuffer for thy Sake.

Why, my Tormentors, this Delay!
The Night is bright'ning into Day,

You may want Time to try your Force
Me from my Jeſus to divorce,
On boundleſs Love my Love relies,
I all your vain Efforts deſpiſe.

With cruel unrelenting Hearts
Incarnate Devils act their Parts,
Pierc'd with the Arrows of the Tongue,
Up by her Hands the Saint they hung,
Laid Fire beneath her, with intent
Not to conſume her, but torment.

The Flames, ſhe cry'd, which on me ſeize,
I feel now hight'ning by degrees,
Lord, may thy Love with Ardours kind
Still more and more inflame my Mind,
O that with Love this Fire might riſe,
To burn me a Love-Sacrifice!

Then on the Rack the Saint they ſtretch,
Her Limbs with Screws and Pulleys retch,
They diſlocated all her Bones,
Fain would provoke impatient Groans,
Love was, ſhe cry'd, ſtretch'd on the Tree,
He'll ſweetly ſympathize with me.

New Furies when the former tir'd
To force her to revolt conſpir'd,
They on a Wheel the Virgin tie,
Who ſtill on Jeſus fix'd her Eye,

On

On Iron Spikes they whirl'd her round,
Her Fleſh to rake, and Love confound.

That ſhe might this dire Torture bear,
To head each Point was Jeſus Care,
With ſweet and over-pow'ring Senſe
Of Joys eternal and immenſe,
Lord, cry'd ſhe, in this circling Pain
I center'd in thy Love remain!

Tortures on Tortures they commence,
No Reſpite give from Pains intenſe,
Her Fleſh they with jagg'd Pincers tore,
Her Body was all Wound and Gore,
You cannot, ſaid ſhe, from my Heart
Tear Jeſus, who endears my Smart.

The weary'd Furies craving Reſt,
The Victory of Love confeſt,
Even Death himſelf continuing dumb,
By Silence own'd he was o'ercome,
Strange Force of Love! 'tis that alone
The King of Terrors can dethrone.

Obdurate Pagans, while they gaz'd
Upon the Martyr, ſtood amaz'd,
More Pains ſhe bore than Death employs
When a whole Legion he deſtroys,
But Love, when grown like Martyrs, ſtrong,
Can ſuffer Murder all Day long.

An-

Angelick Convoys, who flew down,
To waft her to a Martyr's Crown,
With Admiration rapp'd, profes'd,
Had they been with like Pains oppres'd,
When Angels fell, they well might doubt
Whether their Love would have held out.

Blandina pain'd, from Morn to Night
Of Love celestial shew'd the Might,
The humblest is the greatest Mind,
By Heav'n for noblest Acts design'd,
A young, weak, Female Slave God chose
To triumph o'er infernal Foes.

As when fierce Tempests Earth assail
With Lightnings, Thunderbolts, and Hail,
And Arctick Wind, which Oaks o'erthrows,
Fix'd on its Root a Lilly grows,
Keeps graceful Scent and lovely Look,
And never fails, tho' rudely shook.

The Saint thus storm'd by dreadful Pains
Her sweet, calm Temper still retains,
Her heav'nly Graces shine more bright,
Her Love shoots up to noble hight,
Jesus, who 'midst the Lillies feeds,
Loves her the more the more she bleeds.

I am a Christian, she proclaim'd,
And Christians are unjustly blam'd,

They

They live obedient to God's Will,
They make Returns of Good for Ill;
May all, dear Lord, who me torment
Own thee their Saviour, and repent.

While tim'rous Souls, who God forsook,
Had Self-confusion in their Look,
Heard Pagans their Revolt upbraid,
Felt inward Horrors them invade,
And Pains which Martyrs far excel,
These Heav'n foretasting, and those Hell.

Blandina and the Martyrs bless'd,
Who, spite of Torture, Christ confess'd,
Had chearful, meek, becoming Grace,
A heav'nly Brightness in their Face,
E'en from their Sores sweet Odours steam'd,
That them perfum'd the Pagans deem'd.

Blandina barr'd from Human Cure,
Forc'd a foul Prison to endure,
To lie on the hard Ground in Chains,
With num'rous Bruises, Wounds and Pains,
Felt the soft Oil of Gladness glide
O'er ev'ry Sore, which Ease supply'd.

The Furies still their Rage renew,
Bring her again to publick view,
With her young Brother forth she came,
In whom she kindled Martyrs Flame,

She

She gave him a dear tender Kiſs,
And cry'd, we'll re-embrace in Bliſs.

She Jeſus Love victorious ſang
While ſhe beheld his dying Pang,
Dear Lord, ſhe pray'd, thy Martyr's Soul
Among thy Lovers ſeal'd enroll!
Angels his Soul to Heav'n convey'd,
In a bright Martyr's Robe array'd.

Lord, cry'd ſhe, I to thee aſpire,
Yet I to thee reſign Deſire,
If thou wouldſt have me ſuffer more,
I freſh Supports of Love implore,
I'll ſtand, while ſhelter'd by thy Wing,
All the Artill'ry Death can bring.

Fiends all imaginable ways
Strove Terror in the Saint to raiſe,
Of all the Martyrs ſhe was laſt,
That eying all the Tortures paſt,
And threaten'd with Pains more extreme,
They might conſtrain her to blaſpheme.

But Love invincible deſpis'd
All Tortures by Hell Pow'rs devis'd,
The barb'rous Rabble at her rav'd,
And Tortures more infernal crav'd,
Her the more cruelly they treat,
The more they foam'd at their Defeat.

Mean

Mean while propitious God contrives
Her Sores for her Preſervatives,
Her Youth, Air, Beauty, they deface,
And to her Joy her Charms eraſe,
And Heathen Luſt her Form contemn'd,
Elſe ſhe to Stews had been condemn'd.

The Fiends freſh Tortures ſtill project,
They fix her on a Croſs erect,
It was the Poſture Jeſus choſe,
For Torment there ſhe felt Repoſe,
Love on the Croſs feels moſt Delight,
All Heav'n congratulate the Sight.

Then ſavage Beaſts they on her ſet,
She made them Wildneſſes forget,
And by her Look they Rage reſtrain,
Than Infidels much more humane,
Our loſt Dominion Love retrieves,
And Homage from wild Beaſts receives.

Her fair white Limbs, by bleeding red,
They laſh'd with Scourges arm'd with Lead,
Each with rude Force the Saint ſurrounds,
Irritates old, and makes new Wounds,
Each Stripe, ſhe cry'd, which, Lord, I feel
For thy dear Love, thy Stripes will heal.

A frightful red-hot Iron Chair
They to torment her then prepare,

My

My Lord, my God, my Love, ſhe cry'd,
As down ſhe ſitting was and fry'd,
The Sun puts out terreſtrial Lamps,
And Love's ſweet Flame this burning damps.

Death rav'd that Love the Day ſhould get;
And for his Foe procur'd a Net,
In that while ſhe enroll'd abides
He a mad furious Bull provides,
Who gor'd and toſs'd her to the Sky,
That Wounds or Falls might make her die.

Her Love as ſhe on high was toſs'd,
So in Love infinite was loſt,
Her Soul in God ſo fix'd remain'd,
She could not mind that ſhe was pain'd,
E'en Death of Grief could then have dy'd
To ſee Love all his Force deride.

When at the Feet of Love all Hell,
With the great King of Terrors, fell,
Propenſion on the Lover ſeiz'd
To be of mortal Body eas'd,
She joy'd the welcome Sword to ſee,
Which from her Clogs would ſet her free.

The Trees which fair *Engaddi* ſhade,
When in their Stems a Wound is made,
In od'rous Balſam bleed away,
Feeling a ſoft and ſweet Decay;

Thus

Thus wounded, as ſhe bleeding lies
She in a ſoft ſweet Languor dies.

Death ſaw her leave this mortal Coaſt,
Of his Succeſs yet made no Boaſt,
She choſe, ſhe languiſh'd to expire,
The Sword fulfill'd but her Deſire,
With her Belov'd to live above,
In Joys proportion'd to her Love.

Let now the Epick Bard, who ſings
In haughty Numbers little things,
Learn his own Models to deſpiſe,
And if to nobleſt Hights he'll riſe,
The Acts of martyr'd Love peruſe,
Which true heroick will infuſe.

See a young, weak, poor, Virgin Slave,
All Tortures, O my Soul, out-brave,
While daily you from Duty fly,
When of the Croſs no Danger's nigh,
O for your Guilt diſſolve in Tears,
And aim at Love, which caſts out Fears!

Go, Song, Blandina's *Acts repeat*
At good Ardelia's *bleſs'd Retreat,*
Hymn, a well-choſen Book, and Pray'r,
You'll find are her Employments there,
She'll to the Life the Heroine Saint
In Verſe ſublime and tender, paint.

Imitations

Imitations of *Horace.*

Integer Vitæ.

THE Saint who God's bright Image bears
A Conſcience pure for Armour wears,
Needs neither Sword, Spear, Arrow, Dart,
To guard his Heart.

Thro' Deſarts deſolate and wide
He feels no Thirſt, he wants no Guide,
No Staff when on the pointed Heads
Of Rocks he treads.

While I ſang Jeſus, t'wards me came
Infernal Wolves, but that ſweet Name,
Which rapt my Heart, put them to Flight
In horrid Fright.

In Climes where Monſters moſt abound
Such hideous Shapes were never found,
Nor heard on the Atlantick Shore
So loud a Roar.

Tho' I ſhould in the Arctick Seas,
In Alps of Ice encruſted, freeze,
Where no refreſhing Gleams of Light
Approach my ſight;

Tho'

Tho' frying where the Sun all Day
Shoots perpendicular fierce Ray,
I'll Jeſus ſing, whoſe gracious Beams
Glads both Extreams.

Dona gratus eram, Licentio & Urania.

LICENTIO.

While I was to *Urania* dear,
And felt the Joys of Love ſincere,
Of Bliſs I then arriv'd at hight,
And Kings ſeem'd little in my ſight,
Had all the World its Charms combin'd,
Urania would have all out-ſhin'd.

URANIA.

While I, *Licentio*, had your Heart,
And ſaw you with lewd *Flora* part,
I felt Enamourations ſweet,
Tranſported with a Joy ſo great,
That I engag'd the Pow'rs above
With Harp and Hymn to ſing our Love.

LICENTIO.

But *Flora* me afreſh allures,
No Rival Beauty ſhe endures,

O ſhe enchants my Ear and Eye,
O I with her could live and die,
Die! we of Death abhor the Name,
Which damps our co-endearing Flame.

URANIA.

I, ſince *Licentio* me forſook,
Into my Heart *Conſtantio* took,
He in my Love will perſevere,
And Death we neither of us fear,
We both at Love eternal aim,
And Love which ſenſual is diſclaim.

LICENTIO.

But ſhould *Licentio Flora* leave,
And for his ſhameful Paſſion grieve,
Confeſs how much he was beguil'd,
Beg humbly to be reconcil'd,
Urania's Love entirely own,
And in his Heart her re-enthrone.

URANIA.

Tho' you than Vanity more light,
Urania's Favours often ſlight,
Tho' dear *Conſtantio* for my Sake
Will ſuffer Rack, or Wheel, or Stake,
Yet ſhould *Licentio Flora* quit,
I'll to my Heart him re-admit.

Ehen

Eheu fugaces.

Swift flies, dear Friend, Time's tranſient [Wave,
To diſembogue us in the Grave,
Fate bears an univerſal Sway,
We moulder by degrees away,
Even Saints, who moſt Death's Sting defy,
Yet at their Call to Bliſs muſt die.

Should we to ſullen Fate each Day
An Hecatomb for Off'ring pay,
We yet no Pity ſhould excite,
Even *Og* and *Iſhbebenob*'s Might,
Whoſe Looks made Armies quit the Field,
Muſt to the King of Terrors yield.

Poor Slaves with thoſe who Scepters bore
Sink huddled into native Ore,
They who War, Shipwreck, Plague, ſurvive,
In vain with Death for Maſtery ſtrive,
All paſs the Gulf to mount on high,
Like *Laz'rus*, or with *Dives* fry.

This Paradiſe, my Joy of Life,
Thoſe pretty Babes, this pleaſing Wife,
Theſe Plants, Flow'rs, Groves, which charm [my Eyes,
I muſt forſake at Death's Surprize,

Cypreſs alone will with me ſtay,
To ſhrowd its ſhort-liv'd Maſter's Clay.

Yet Death in vain exerts its Might
To rob me of one dear Delight,
Sweet Muſick and devoted Song
I hope to perfect and prolong,
When I with Harp and Hymn divine
Adore the co-harmonious Trine.

O while we breath this fleeting Air
May we for endleſs Life prepare,
To heav'nly Love continue chaſte,
All its ſweet Effluences taſte,
Till at the Source, when going hence,
We drink our Fill of Joy immenſe.

Quem tu, Melpomene.

Urania, to a Soul below
When Love you ſupereffluent ſhew,
You ne'er exalt him to a Throne,
His Cares, his Dangers to bemoan,
Make him no Miniſter of State,
To bear the Crown's vicarious Hate,
To ſacrifice his Strength and Eaſe,
And drudge for thoſe he cannot pleaſe,
No Gen'ral's Truncheon for him chuſe,
His Life each Hour expos'd to loſe,